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CHRISTMAS AND
THE WAR

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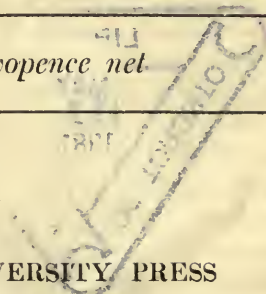
A SERMON

BY

T. B. STRONG

DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

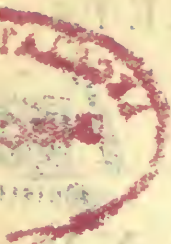
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1914-1915

The following sermon was preached before the University in the Cathedral, Christ Church, on Christmas Day 1914 by the writer, as Dean of the Cathedral, in accordance with custom.



CHRISTMAS AND THE WAR

'And the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it tares? And he said unto them, An enemy hath done this.'—St. Matthew xiii, 27 and 28 (part).

ANY one who reads the Bible carefully will not fail, I think, to notice two very remarkable points in the view of human life which is found there. On the one hand, we find a very clear and uncompromising view of sin. The characters whose lives we read of there are represented as human in this respect, that they are beset with temptations, and not infrequently fall. And when this happens there is no doubt as to the view which the writers take of them. When David commits his great sin, for instance, he is frankly condemned; there is no attempt to represent him as appealing from conventional standards to a higher law; he has just committed murder and adultery, and he must repent and face his punishment, and that is all. So, there are no excuses made for St. Peter's denials of our Lord; he was warned of his danger, but he was headstrong and self-confident, and fell accordingly. The great figures of Bible history are human in this, that they are liable to fall, and when they do their excellence in other respects does not mitigate judgement: their sin is wicked—just like the sin of any-

body else. And, on the other hand, the Bible is always looking forward, not to progress but to perfection. It asks for freedom from sin altogether ; it puts before us the picture of an ideal king who will rule God's people in righteousness, an ideal Church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. And all this is set out as inevitable, as being near at hand, as already started and at work, with full knowledge and frankest recognition of the actual state of the world. There is never any disposition to minimize the evil in the world, or to deny the fundamental wickedness of this evil ; or, on the other hand, to put up with anything less than absolute perfection. The followers of Christ have to be perfect, as their Father in Heaven is perfect.

Now this contrast between what is and what ought to be, which the Bible accepts so frankly, is always before us, is a source of much disturbance of mind, not unnaturally, to many people, and sets them to work trying to explain it. It involves them in discussions of the origin of evil, the freedom of the will, the omnipotence of God, and so on. We do not find any such discussions in the Bible. On the contrary, it is always implied that if we are perplexed God Himself is not, and that His wisdom and providence govern and control the whole order of the world, and will know how to deal with those elements in the world which seem to be thwarting His purpose. So when our Lord meets with unbelief, it is in this conviction that He rests His confidence. When the Jews ask murmuringly, 'How can a man, whose father and mother we know, come and tell us that He has come down from heaven?' He is sad, but not astonished. God has the whole matter in His control, even unbelief ; no man can come to Me, He says, unless the Father that sent Me draw him.

St. Paul in 2 Thessalonians, and St. John in the Revelation, are prepared to see a tide of evil rising higher than ever before, and they do not falter at the vision ; God has His hand upon the world and guides it, and He knows when and how the power of evil can be met and finally crushed.

The Parable of the Tares, from which my text comes, puts this lesson in a most vivid form. It describes for us, if we may say so, the look of the Kingdom of God in the world. Our Lord had come preaching the Kingdom, and He knew that many people expected that when the Kingdom came it would come with a great convulsion of nature and social life ; the King would come and visibly destroy His enemies, banish all evil, and produce at a blow times of peace and righteousness. And the parable warns us against this expectation. The householder has sown good seed, of that there is no doubt : but there is a watchful enemy near who is sure to sow tares if he can. So when the servants come and tell him that the tares have already begun to appear, he is sad but he is not surprised. He knows the work of the enemy, and he knows what the result—so harassing and perplexing to faith—will necessarily be. It is that his field over which he has taken so much pains will bring forth a mixed crop, like fields over which no such trouble has been taken. There will be wheat, no doubt, but there will also be tares ; people will come and look and take note and say that after all it is very like other fields, that it is clear that you cannot keep tares out, however hard you try, and that, perhaps, as they seem part of the nature of things, they cannot be so mischievous after all.

Our Lord warns us in this parable that the Church will look like that in the world ; it will be a mixed

thing ; many of the evils which ought to have no place in it will be there ; and the world will take note of the fact. And it is this that will cause us so much pain and try us so hardly. Inside the Church, we can listen to the comforting assurance of the householder that the mischief, though serious, is not beyond remedy and is not permanent ; we can cherish that hope. But it is when we hear the comments of the world that we understand how serious the mischief is. It weakens all the witness of the followers of Christ, if it can be said with a fair show of reason : ‘ They are just like everybody else ; they talk big, and make large promises ; but when you come to look at them all their talk vanishes away ; they do not practise what they preach.’

We cannot, I think, avoid thinking of this lesson which Christ teaches us in the Parable of the Tares at this present time. For we are in face of a contrast that makes, or ought to make, the whole Christian world ashamed. To-day we recall the Birth of Christ and all that it meant for the world ; how with Him a new force came into the life of man, strong enough to deliver him from his sins, to break off the chains of bad habit that held him from fulfilling his own highest hopes, and to bring him again into the favour and blessing of his God. This treasure was committed to the keeping of Christ’s followers, and the gift of it was to issue in peace throughout the race of men. Quarrelling and tyranny and war belonged to the old bad state of things when man was at variance with God and had no complete guidance for his religion or his moral life. For nineteen hundred years this gift has been in the world. It has won great triumphs ; individuals and nations have won victories in its strength over themselves and their temptations. It has had reverses, and the confident joy with which

the first Christians set out upon their task of spreading it through the world is hard to reclaim. And now those nations which have the strongest claim to represent the effect of the gift and message of Christ in their outward life have fallen into a state of war and bitter, savage hate. As we look back upon the events preceding the outbreak, and as the papers get into print from various sources that passed among those in whose hands the issue lay, we seem to see how inevitable it all was ; but this, even if we know, as we think we do, who made it inevitable, does not modify the judgment we must pass upon the position of Europe at this time ; it is profoundly un-Christian ; it does represent a failure, on a tragic scale, of peoples professedly Christian to live up to their principles. I do not mean that we were not right to go to war ; we should have failed hardly less completely if we had refused ; it would be a grievous and ruinous failure now, if we were to shrink from sacrifice, however great and painful, which may be necessary to secure triumph for our cause. I do not ignore, again, the wonderful feeling of unity in our own nation and empire which the call to arms has evoked. Still less do I ignore the splendid and chivalrous valour with which the young men of England have come forward, sacrificing, in many cases—in all cases, postponing—their hopes and prospects in the way of useful civil work, and ready to offer their lives. I should indeed be unworthy of holding office in this House and University if I felt no pride in the spirit and temper of those who have gone out from here—and I know that they are but representatives of the whole young manhood of this country ; from all districts and classes the story is the same. We do right to glory in this ; to face our trials bravely, and to rejoice

in the justice of our cause. But when all this is said and done, there is no help for it ; we must admit that the war is profoundly in opposition to the whole message of Christmas Day. It is like the tares in the field ; it comes from the old mischief of the enemy of mankind. It will develop splendid courage and self-control and tenderness, and we know that God has His hand upon it all and will work His will through it ; but war is not the Christian way in which these Christian virtues ought to be developed, nor the way in which God likes best to carry out His purpose.

Now this is, perhaps, one of the most important lessons of the Parable of the Tares, that if you want really to attain the end which God has in view, you must set about it in God's way. The servants came to the householder and said, ' Here are all these tares : shall we go and pull them up ? ' That seems the obvious thing to do ; the tares have got there through sin and the malice of the enemy ; why not pull them up at once ? But that is not the householder's way. It is, if we may use modern words, the way of the pacifist—the peace-at-any-price man. He will bring about the millennium by not having any war. But that is not the right way, though it seems so complete and persuasive ; you must let your tares grow with the wheat. The war ought not to be there, but you must fight it out now that you are in it. And one of the things it has got to teach us is that there is no way of finding peace ' as a real and permanent policy ' except the way of Christ Himself. Surely we have already learnt out of this war and its circumstances how not to attain peace. Various methods have been put before us. There was the method of militarism—and it is hard to understand how any one ever believed in that. The militarist motto is, ' If you want peace, prepare for

war. Arm yourself to the teeth ; find out by any means, high or low, what everybody else is doing ; be ready always to anticipate a blow ; make yourself feared, so that everybody will be afraid to go to war with you.' It is hardly possible to conceive a peace less like the peace of God than that which is attained in this way. Or, again, it has been said, ' Trust to the financiers. They will show you the advantages of trade and commerce, the dislocation in these things which comes of war, the theoretical impossibility of war, in modern days, when nations and their interests are so closely intertwined one with another.' This has broken down. In spite of all these considerations, here we are with the whole of Europe in a blaze. And what is more, commerce not only fails to prevent such wars as that we are now engaged in, it leads to serious trouble—to veiled civil warfare—in the various states concerned. Certainly the exchange of commodities under the unfettered operation of the laws of supply and demand does not produce God's peace, or anybody else's peace. And then there is education. This, at any rate, ought to keep people sane and prevent their being swept by passion. Certainly it ought ; and certainly there are people whose learning leads to a balance of mind and a sense of proportion which enable them to think justly on any matter presented to them. But you cannot count on education to produce this result. Learning sometimes makes people querulous and anxious about small points ; sometimes it disables them from judging decisively about anything ; sometimes it enables them to defend theories, with great ingenuity and persuasiveness, which no one with an open-air knowledge of mankind would believe for a moment. So far as sheer weight of book-learning is concerned the German professoriate is the most learned body of men in

the world, but their learning has not, at this present time, made for either wisdom or peace.

All these things—education, commerce, even the power and will for self-defence—are things good in themselves in different degrees and for different ends. But the peace of God will not come through any of them or all of them combined. The way of God's peace is the way which the Son of God laid down when He became incarnate: He being in the form of God thought it not a thing to be grasped at to be equal with God, but emptied Himself and was found in fashion as a man. He sought not His own, but made Himself of no account. That is the way in which peace on earth will come, and the hope is that out of this war we may learn something of this and cease to look for peace in the wrong way. The war is too big a thing and involves too many nations for anything to remain as it was before. We have trusted too much, in the past, I am sure, to the wrong things, and the result is that till the war shook us all together we had class arrayed against class, and all sorts of causes of bitterness active amongst us. Whatever we do in the field and on the sea, we shall have suffered real defeat in this war if we go back into the old conditions and resuscitate the old party watchwords and get back into the old narrow grooves of useless and interminable conflict. If, by God's grace and help, the Allies win in the field, we must look forward to a great clearing away of old prejudices and cant phrases and delusions, to a more frank appeal to the principles of the religion which we profess, and to a more trustful attempt to attain God's end in His own way. There is no doubt as to what that way is; the story of Christmas Day sets it before us beyond the possibility of mistake. The world as we know it, and the Church as we know it, is a mixed thing

in which the work of the enemy of mankind has found entrance, and the only power that can destroy this work is the Son of God, who for us men and for our salvation came down, as on this day, from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.

WHY WE ARE AT WAR

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CORONEL AND THE
FALKLAND ISLANDS

BY

A. NEVILLE HILDITCH

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SOUTHERN SOUTH AMERICA

CORONEL AND THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE PACIFIC TRADE ROUTES

IN 1592, John Davis, the arctic explorer, after whom the strait between Greenland and the North American mainland is named, made an attempt, in company with Thomas Cavendish, to find a new route to Asia by the Straits of Magellan. Differences arose between the two leaders. One was an explorer : the other had a tendency towards freebooting. They parted off the coast of Patagonia. Davis, driven out of his course by stormy weather, found himself among a cluster of unknown and uninhabited islands, some three hundred miles east of the Straits of Magellan. This group, after many changes and vicissitudes, passed finally into the hands of Great Britain, and became known as the Falkland Islands.

They consist of two large islands and of about one hundred islets, rocks, and sandbanks. The fragments of many wrecks testify to the dangers of navigation, though masses of giant seaweed act as buoys for many of the rocks. So numerous are the penguins, thronging in battalions the smaller islands and the inland lagoons, that the governor of the colony is nicknamed King of the Penguins. As New Zealand is said to be the most English of British possessions, the Falklands may

perhaps be appropriately termed the most Scottish. Their general appearance resembles that of the Outer Hebrides. Of the population, who number some 2,000, a large proportion are of Scottish extraction. The climate is not unlike that of the north-west of Scotland. The winters are misty and rainy, but not excessively cold. So violent are the winds, that it is said to be impossible to play tennis or croquet, unless walls are erected as shelter, while cabbages grown in the kitchen-gardens of the shepherds, the only cultivated ground, are at times uprooted and scattered like straw. The surface, much of which is bogland, is in some parts mountainous, and is generally wild and rugged. Small streams and shallow freshwater tarns abound. A natural curiosity, regarded with great wonder, exists in 'stone-rivers'; long, glistening lines of quartzite rock débris, which, without the aid of water, slide gradually to lower levels. There are no roads. Innumerable sheep, the familiar Cheviots and Southdowns, graze upon the wild scurvy-grass and sorrel. The colony is destitute of trees, and possesses but few shrubs. The one tree that it can boast, an object of much care and curiosity, stands in the Governor's garden. The seat of government, and the only town, is Port Stanley, with a population of about 950. Its general aspect recalls a small town of the western highlands of Scotland. Many of the houses, square, white-washed, and grey-slated, possess small greenhouse-porches, gay with fuchsias and pelargoniums, in pleasing contrast to the prevailing barrenness. A small cathedral, Christ Church, and an imposing barracks, generally occupied by a company of marines, stand in the midst of the town. The Government House might be taken for an Orkney or Shetland manse. The administration of the colony and of its

dependencies is vested in a Governor, aided by a Colonial Secretary, and by an executive and a legislative council. The Governor acts as Chief Justice, and the Colonial Secretary as Police Magistrate. There is a local jail, capable of accommodating six offenders at a time. Its resources are not stated, however, to be habitually strained. Education is compulsory: the Government maintains schools and travelling teachers. The inhabitants are principally engaged in sheep-farming and seafaring industries. The colony is prosperous, with a trade that of late years has grown with extraordinary rapidity. The dividends paid by the Falkland Islands Company might excite the envy of many a London director. Stanley's importance has been increased by the erection of wireless installation; and as a coaling and refitting station for vessels rounding the Horn, the harbour, large, safe, and accessible, is of immense value.

To this remote outpost of empire came tidings of war in August, 1914. Great excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. News was very slow in getting through: the mails, usually a month in transit, became very erratic. But the colony eagerly undertook a share in the burden of the Empire; £2,250 was voted towards the war-chest; £750 was collected on behalf of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Detached, though keen, interest changed, however, as the weeks passed, to intimate alarm. The Governor, Mr. Allardyce, received a wireless message from the Admiralty that he must expect a raid. German cruisers were suspected to be in the neighbourhood. Never before had the colony known such bustle and such excitement. They, the inhabitants of the remote Falklands, were to play a part in the struggle that was tugging at the roots of the world's civilization. The exhilaration of expectancy and of

danger broke suddenly into their uneventful, though not easy, lives. But there was cause for keen anxiety. The colonists were, however, reassured for a time by a visit from three British warships, the cruisers *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Glasgow*, with the armed liner *Otranto*.

The *Good Hope* had, at the declaration of war, been patrolling the Irish coast. She was ordered to sweep the Atlantic trade routes for hostile cruisers. She reached the coast of North America, after many false alarms, stopping English merchantmen on the way, and informing the astonished skippers of the war and of their course in consequence. When forty miles east of New York, Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock came aboard with his staff, and hoisted his flag. The Admiral turned southwards, sweeping constantly for the enemy. Passing through the West Indies, he proceeded to the coast of Brazil. Here he was joined by the *Glasgow*. The *Good Hope* had picked up the *Monmouth* previously. The three ships, accompanied by the auxiliary cruiser *Otranto*, kept a southerly course. The discovery at Pernambuco of twenty-three German merchantmen snugly ensconced behind the breakwater, in neutral harbour, proved very galling. The Straits of Magellan and the cold Tierra del Fuego were at length reached. The squadron was on the scent of three German cruisers, the *Leipzig*, *Dresden*, and *Nürnberg*. It was suspected that they had gone to coal in this remote corner of the oceans. Their secret and friendly wireless stations were heard talking in code. The British made swoops upon wild and unsurveyed bays and inlets. The land around was covered with ice and snow, and the many huge glaciers formed a sight wonderful to behold. But the search had proved fruit-

less. After rounding the Horn several times, the squadron had turned towards the Falklands.

The inhabitants could not long rely, however, upon these powerful guardians. The squadron, after coaling, departed, again bound for the Straits of Magellan and the Pacific. Its strength was certainly adequate to tackle with success the three German ships believed to be in the vicinity. The colony could depend upon Admiral Cradock to protect it to the best of his ability. But it was not improbable that the enemy might evade the patrolling cruisers, and descend upon the hapless Falklands without warning. The Governor saw the advisability of instant preparation. On October 19 he issued a notice that all women and children were to leave Stanley. Provisions, stores, and clothes were hastily removed into the interior, which was locally termed the 'camp'. The colony possessed a Volunteer Rifle Company, some 120 strong, and two nine-pounder field-guns. Further volunteers were enrolled and armed. Suddenly, on November 3, an alarming wireless message was received. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* were reported to have been sunk off the coast of Chili. It was unsigned. There was no proof of its authenticity. But the next day another message followed from the captain of the *Glasgow*. The disaster was confirmed. The *Glasgow*, in company with H.M.S. *Canopus*, was running with all speed for the Falklands. They were probably being followed by the victorious Germans. Four days of acute suspense followed. The situation seemed critical. The Governor passed several nights without taking off his clothes, in expectancy of wireless messages that needed instant decoding. People slept beside their telephones. Early in the morning of Sunday, November 8, the two warships arrived.

The *Glasgow* was badly damaged. An enormous hole, three feet by nine feet, gaped in her side. A shell had wrecked Captain Luce's cabin, giving off fumes such as rendered unconscious several men who rushed in to put out the fire. The vessel had escaped any serious outbreak, however, and had suffered only four slight casualties. Warm tributes were paid by the captain to the cool and disciplined conduct of both officers and men. The *Canopus* had not been engaged. But a narrative of the preceding events may now be appropriate.

Vice-Admiral the Graf Maximilian von Spee was in command, at the outbreak of hostilities, of the German China fleet stationed at Tsing Tau. A successor, indeed, had been appointed, and was on the way to relieve him. But just before war was declared von Spee and his squadron steamed off into the open seas. To remain at Tsing Tau while vastly superior forces were closing in upon him would be to little purpose. Commerce raiding offered a field for rendering valuable service to the Fatherland. The *Emden* was dispatched to the southern seas. The *Leipzig* and the *Nürnberg* proceeded across the Pacific, and began to prey upon the western coast of South America. Half the maritime trade of Chili was carried in English ships. Many of them might be seized and destroyed at little risk. The Admiral, with his two remaining vessels, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, successfully evaded the hostile fleets for some time. On September 14 he touched at Apia, in German Samoa, familiar to readers of Robert Louis Stevenson. It could be remembered how, fifteen years before, this colony, shortly to fall before a New Zealand expeditionary force, had been a bone of contention between Great Britain and Germany. Captain Sturdee, whom von Spee was soon to meet in more arduous

operations, had on that occasion commanded the British force in the tribal warfare. Eight days later, on September 22, the two German cruisers arrived off Papeete, in Tahiti, one of the loveliest of Pacific islands. A small disarmed French gunboat lying there was sunk, and the town was bombarded. The Admiral, planning a concentration of German ships, then steamed east across the Pacific. He got into touch with friendly vessels. By skilful manœuvring he finally brought five warships, with colliers, together near Valparaiso.

The German ships were all of recent construction. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* were armoured cruisers of 11,600 tons. The *Leipzig*, the *Nürnberg*, and the *Dresden* were light cruisers of about 3,500 tons. The armament of the larger vessels included eight 8-2-inch and six 6-inch guns. The smaller relied upon either ten or twelve 4-inch pieces. Each ship carried torpedo tubes, and the speed of each was about twenty-two or twenty-three knots an hour. The *Dresden*, however, could go to twenty-seven knots. The squadron possessed all-important allies. Several German merchant-marine companies, notably the *Kosmos*, plied along the Chilian coast. The tonnage of their vessels, indeed, amounted to no less than half that of the English companies. The advance of German enterprise in Chili in recent years had been very marked. Von Spee's great stumbling-block was coal. The laws of war prevented him from sending more than three of his warships into a neutral port at the same time, from staying there more than twenty-four hours, from taking more coal than was necessary to reach the nearest German harbour, from coaling again for three months at a port of the same nationality. But if German merchantmen, hampered by no such restrictions,

could constantly renew his supplies, the difficulty of fuel could be to some extent met. Provisions and secret information as to British movements could also be obtained through the same source. Such employment of merchantmen, however, being contrary to international law, would have to be clandestine. The great Pacific coast offered numerous harbours and abundant facilities for being utilized as a base under such conditions. It showed many historic precedents for bold and adventurous exploits which could not fail to appeal to an admiral whose family, ennobled by the Emperor Charles VI, took pride in its ancient and aristocratic lineage. The occasion seemed opportune, moreover, for the accomplishment, by himself, his officers, and men, of deeds which should inspire their posterity as British naval traditions, for lack of other, at present inspired them. They could recall how, on this very coast, in 1578-9, Drake, the master raider, had seized a Spanish treasure-ship off Valdivia, had descended like a hawk upon Callao, had pounced upon another great galleon, taking nearly a million pounds in gold and silver; and how the intrepid mariner, sailing off into the unknown ocean, had circumnavigated the globe, while the furious de Toledo waited, with eleven warships, in the Straits of Magellan. Why, indeed, should not the Germans imitate, in the twentieth century, the deeds of Drake in the sixteenth? If they preyed ruthlessly upon English merchantmen, laden with the wealth of the West, if they made a descent upon the Falkland Islands, if then they were to disappear into the wide Pacific, a career of splendid adventure and of unbounded usefulness would earn for them both the respect and the plaudits of the world. Australian and Japanese warships were sweeping the eastern Pacific

for them. Many British vessels, called from useful employment elsewhere, would have to join in the search for them. But so vast was the area that they might elude their enemies for months. British ships were already cruising near the Horn, possibly unaware that a concentration of the Germans had been effected. It was not unlikely that von Spee might be able to cut off and to destroy stray units of the patrolling squadrons. The Graf could see many opportunities of serving effectively the cause of the Fatherland. He must utilize them to the full.

Sir Christopher Cradock, meanwhile, had rounded the Horn once more, and was cruising northwards up the coast of Chili. That coast, indeed, once the haunt of corsairs and filibusters, was rich in historic associations and in natural beauties. An element of grandeur and of mystery seemed to hover around the countless ridges and peaks of the Andes, stretching, with the gleam of their eternal snows, for four thousand miles, and gazing down across the illimitable waters of the occident. Upon the plateaux, miles above sea level, stood old stone temples and pyramids which rivalled in massiveness and ingenuity those of Egypt and of Babylon. The student of ancient civilizations could trace, in the mystic deities of the Incas and Araucanians, a strange similarity to the deities of the Chaldeans and Babylonians. Speculation upon this analogy formed a fascinating theme. This coast, too, was sacred to memories that could not but be dear to sailors as gallant and daring as Cradock, since his services in China, in 1900, was known to be. Among other familiar British names, Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, had won enduring glory in the struggle for Chilian independence, nearly a hundred years before. The conditions of naval warfare had, indeed, through the

introduction of armour and the perfection of weapons, radically changed since Cochrane, in a series of singularly audacious exploits, had overcome the fleets of Spain. Sea-fighting had become purely a matter of science. The object of strategy was to concentrate faster ships and more powerful guns against weaker force. The odds with which Cradock was to contend against the Germans were greater in proportion, if less in bulk, than the odds with which Cochrane had contended, with his peasant crews and his hulks, against the Spanish 'wooden-walls'. Admiral Cradock now knew that there were two more cruisers in the neighbourhood than had at first been supposed. The *Canopus* had accordingly been sent to join his squadron. But she was a battleship, and much slower than the cruisers. She could travel no faster than at eighteen knots. Cradock proceeded northwards, ahead of the *Canopus*, made a rendezvous off Concepcion Bay for his colliers, and went into Coronel and on to Valparaiso to pick up news and receive letters. The squadron then returned to the rendezvous and coaled. This completed, the Admiral directed the *Glasgow* to proceed again to Coronel to dispatch certain cables. Captain Luce duly carried out his mission, and left Coronel at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, November 1, steaming northwards to rejoin the other ships. A gale was rising. The wind was blowing strongly from the south. Heavy seas continually buffeted the vessel. At two o'clock a wireless signal was received from the *Good Hope*. Apparently from wireless calls there was an enemy ship to northward. The squadron must spread out in line, proceeding in a direction north-east-by-east, the flagship forming one extremity, the *Glasgow* the other. It was to move at fifteen knots. At twenty minutes past

four in the afternoon, smoke was observed upon the horizon. The *Glasgow* put on speed and approached. Officers soon made out the funnels of four cruisers. It was the enemy. The Germans, their big armoured cruisers leading, and the smaller behind, gave chase.

The *Glasgow* swept round to northward, calling to the flagship with her wireless. Von Spee, anticipating this move, at once set his wireless in operation, in order to jamb the British signals. Captain Luce soon picked up the *Monmouth* and the *Otranto*, and the three ships raced northwards towards the flagship, the *Glasgow* leading. At about five o'clock the *Good Hope* was seen approaching. The three ships wheeled into line behind her, and the whole squadron now proceeded south. Von Spee, coming up from that direction in line ahead, about twelve miles off, changed his course and also proceeded south, keeping nearer to the coast. The wind was now blowing almost with the force of a hurricane. So heavy was the sea that small boats would have been unable to keep afloat. But the sky was not completely overcast, and the sun was shining. Firing had not opened. The washing of the seas and the roaring of the wind deafened the ear to other sounds. The warship of to-day, when her great turbines are whirling round at their highest speed, moves without throb and almost without vibration through the waves. The two squadrons, drawing level, the Germans nearer to the coast, raced in the teeth of the gale, in two parallel lines, to the south.

Sir Christopher Cradock could not but realize that the situation was hazardous. He had three vessels capable of fighting men-of-war. The *Otranto* was only an armed liner, and must withdraw when the battle developed. The *Good Hope* displaced some 14,000 tons, and was

armed with two 9·2-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns. The *Monmouth*, with a tonnage of 9,800, carried fourteen 6-inch pieces, but the *Glasgow*, a ship of 4,800 tons, had only two of the 6-inch weapons. It was certain that the German 8·2-inch guns, if the shooting was at all good, would be found to outrange and outclass the British. Cradock was certainly at a disadvantage in gun-power. His protective armour was weaker than that of the enemy. Nor did his speed give him any superiority. Though the *Glasgow* was capable of twenty-six knots, the flagship and the *Monmouth* could only go to twenty-three. But there was another consideration which the Admiral might weigh. Coming slowly up from the south, but probably still a considerable distance off, was the battleship *Canopus*. Her presence would give the British a decided preponderance. She was a vessel of some 13,000 tons, and her armament included four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch pieces. How far was she away? How soon could she arrive upon the scene? Evening was closing in. Cradock was steering hard in her direction. If the British, engaging the enemy immediately, could keep them in play throughout the night, when firing must necessarily be desultory, perhaps morning would bring the *Canopus* hastening into the action. It was possible that the Germans did not know of her proximity. They might, accepting the contest, and expecting to cripple the British next morning at their leisure, find themselves trapped. But in any case they should not be allowed to proceed without some such attempt being made to destroy them. It must not be said that, because the enemy was in greater force, a British squadron had taken to flight. Perhaps it would be better, since darkness would afford little opportunity of manœuvring for action, to draw nearer and to

engage fairly soon. It was about a quarter past six. The Germans were about 15,000 yards distant. Cradock ordered the speed of his squadron to seventeen knots. He then signalled by wireless to the *Canopus*, 'I am going to attack enemy now'.

The sun was setting. The western horizon was mantled by a canopy of gold. Von Spee's manœuvre in closing in nearer to the shore had placed him in an advantageous position as regards the light. The British ships, when the sun had set, were sharply outlined against the glowing sky. The Germans were partly hidden in the failing light and by the mountainous coast. The island of Santa Maria, off Coronel, lay in the distance. Von Spee had been gradually closing to within 12,000 yards. The appropriate moment for engaging seemed to be approaching. A few minutes after sunset, about seven o'clock, the leading German cruiser opened fire with her largest guns. Shells shrieked over and short of the *Good Hope*, some falling within five hundred yards. As battle was now imminent, the *Otranto* began to haul out of line, and to edge away to the south-west. The squadrons were converging rapidly, but the smaller cruisers were as yet out of range. The British replied in quick succession to the German fire. As the distance lessened, each ship engaged that opposite in the line. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* had to bear the brunt of the broadsides of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. The *Glasgow*, in the rear, exchanged shots with the light cruisers, the *Leipzig* and the *Dresden*. The shooting was deadly. The third of the rapid salvos of the enemy armoured cruisers set the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* afire. Shells began to find their mark, some exploding overhead and bursting in all directions. In about ten minutes the *Monmouth* sheered off the line to westward

about one hundred yards. She was being hit heavily. Her foremost turret, shielding one of her 6-inch guns, was in flames. She seemed to be reeling and shaking. She fell back into line, however, and then out again to eastward, her 6-inch guns roaring intermittently. Darkness was now gathering fast. The range had narrowed to about 5,000 yards. The seven ships were all in action. Many shells striking the sea sent up columns of white spray, showing weirdly in the twilight. It was an impressive scene. The dim light, the heavy seas, the rolling of the vessels, distracted the aim. Some of the guns upon the main decks, being near the water-line, became with each roll almost awash. The British could fire only at the flashes of the enemy's guns. Often the heavy head seas hid even the flashes from the gunlayers. It was impossible to gauge the effect of their shells. The fore-turret of the *Good Hope* burst into flames, and she began to fall away out of line towards the enemy. The *Glasgow* kept up a continual fire upon the German light cruisers with one of her 6-inch guns and her port batteries. A shell struck her below deck, and men waited for the planks to rise. No explosion nor fire, however, occurred. But the British flagship was now burning brightly forward, and was falling more and more out of line to eastward. It was about a quarter to eight. Suddenly there was the roar of an explosion. The part about the *Good Hope's* after-funnel split asunder, and a column of flame, sparks, and débris was blown up to a height of about two hundred feet. She never fired her guns again. Total destruction must have followed. Sir Christopher Cradock and nine hundred brave sailors went down in the stormy deep. The other ships raced past her in the darkness. The *Monmouth* was in great distress. She left the line

after a while, and turned back, steaming with difficulty to north-west. She had ceased firing. The vessels had been travelling at a rate which varied from seven to seventeen knots. The *Glasgow*, now left alone, eased her speed in order to avoid shells intended for the *Monmouth*. The Germans dropped slowly back. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* now concentrated their salvos upon the *Glasgow*. The range was about 4,500 yards. A shell struck the second funnel: five others hit her side at the waterline, but fortunately not in dangerous places. Luce, her captain, since the flagship was no more, was senior officer. He brought his vessel round and moved rapidly back.

The *Monmouth* had now fallen away to a north-easterly course. Luce stood by signalling, Could she steer north-west? She was making water badly forward, Captain Brandt answered, and he wanted to get stern to sea. The enemy were following, Luce signalled again. There was no reply. The *Glasgow* steamed nearer. The *Monmouth* was in a sinking condition. Her bows were under water, and the men were assembled at the stern. The sea was running very high. Rain and mist had come on, though a moon was now rising. The enemy had altered course, and were approaching in line abreast about 6,000 yards away. A light kept twinkling at regular intervals from one of the ships. They were signalling in Morse, and evidently were forming plans of action. Firing was still proceeding intermittently. It was about half-past eight. Captain Luce could see nothing for it but to abandon the *Monmouth* to her fate. To rescue her crew, under such conditions, was impossible, while to stand by and endeavour to defend her would be folly. The *Glasgow* was not armoured, and could not contend with

armoured vessels. Of the two guns she possessed capable of piercing the enemy's armour, one had been put out of action ten minutes after the start. If she stayed and fought to the end, 370 good lives, in addition to the sufficiently heavy toll of 1,600 in the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*, would be needlessly sacrificed. The *Canopus*, moreover, must be warned. She was coming up from the south to sure destruction. She could hardly be expected successfully to combat the whole German squadron. Nevertheless, it must have been with heavy hearts that the men of the *Glasgow* turned away to seek safety in flight. It is recorded that, as they moved off into the darkness, a cheer broke forth from the *Monmouth's* decks. Before the sinking vessel became lost to sight another and a third went up. At about a quarter past nine the *Nürnberg*, which had not been engaged in the main action, came across the *Monmouth*. It is said that, though in a sinking condition, the British ship attempted to ram her enemy. But the *Nürnberg* began to bombard her, and she capsized.

The *Glasgow* steamed off in a north-westerly direction. A few minutes before nine the enemy became lost to sight. Half an hour later many distant flashes of gunfire, the death-struggle of the *Monmouth*, were seen. The play of a searchlight, which lasted a few seconds and then disappeared, was also observed. The vessel bore round gradually to the south. Her wireless was put into operation, and she made efforts to get through to the *Canopus*. But the Germans had again set their apparatus in motion, and the messages were jammed. Only after some hours was the *Glasgow* successful. Steaming hard at twenty-four knots through the heavy seas, her engines and boilers fortunately being

intact, she at length joined the battleship. The two ships made straight for the Falkland Islands.

The news of the disaster stirred great alarm in the colony. Before the day on which the ships arrived was out the dismay was further increased. The *Canopus* at first expected to stay ten days. Her presence provided substantial relief. If the enemy appeared, she and even the damaged *Glasgow* could give a very good account of themselves. But during the morning Captain Grant of the *Canopus* received a wireless message from the Admiralty. He was to proceed immediately to Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow*. The Brazilian Government had granted the latter permission to enter the dry dock there to make urgent repairs. But seven days only were allowed for this purpose. In the evening the warships cast off, and steamed away to northward.

Stanley was now in an unenviable situation. A powerful German squadron, flushed with victory, was probably making for the Islands. The colony was almost defenceless. All the opposition that the enemy would meet would be from a few hundred volunteers. A wireless message that came through emphasized the imminence of the danger. Warnings and instructions were outlined. If the enemy landed, the volunteers were to fight. But retiring tactics must be adopted. Care should be taken to keep out of range of the enemy's big guns. The Governor at once called a council of war. There could be little doubt that a descent would be made upon the colony. The position was full of peril. But resistance must certainly be offered. The few women, children, and old men who still remained at Stanley must be sent away immediately. Fortunately the time of year was propitious. November is, indeed, in the Falklands

considered the only dry month. The ground is then covered with a variety of sweet-scented flowers. Further, all the stores it was possible to remove must be taken into the 'camp'. Quantities of provisions must be hidden away at various points within reach of the town. In order to add to the mobility of the defending force, it would be well to bring in another hundred horses from the 'camp'. Every man should be mounted. These measures were duly carried out. Every preparation was made and every precaution taken. Everybody began to pack up boxes of goods. Clothes, stores, and valuables were all taken away to safety. Books, papers, and money were removed from the Government offices, and from the headquarters of the Falkland Islands Company. What was not sent away was buried. The official papers and code-books were buried every night, and dug up and dried every morning. The Governor's tablecloths gave rise to much anxiety. It was thought, since they were marked 'G. R.', they would be liable to insult by the Germans. They were accordingly buried. This conscientious loyalty, however, proved costly. The Governor's silver, wrapped in green baize, was, unfortunately, placed in the same hole. The tablecloths became mixed up with the baize. The damp got through, and the linen was badly stained. There was a feeling that the attack would come at dawn. People sat up all night, and only went to bed when morning was well advanced. All offices were closed and business was suspended. This state of tension lasted several days. At length, from the look-out post above the town, a warship, apparently a cruiser, was seen making straight for the wireless station. When she got within range she turned broadside on. Her decks were cleared for action.

There was a call to arms. Church and dockyard

bells pealed out the alarm. Non-combatants streamed out of the town into the 'camp'. The volunteers paraded, and lined up with their horses. It would soon become a question whether to resist a landing or to retire. In any event the men were ready and provided with emergency rations. But no firing sounded. Signals were exchanged between the vessel and the shore. It was a false alarm. The newcomer was H.M.S. *Canopus*.

She had proceeded, in accordance with her orders, towards Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow*. When two days' journey off her destination, however, she received another message. She was directed to return and to defend the Falklands in case of attack. These instructions were received with mingled feelings. To fight alone a powerful squadron was by no means an attractive prospect. Duty, however, was duty. The *Canopus* turned about, and retraced her passage. She set her wireless in operation, and tried to get through to Stanley. But for some reason she was unable to do so. It was concluded that the Germans had made a raid and had destroyed the wireless station. Probably they had occupied the town. The outlook seemed serious. The *Canopus* had her instructions, however, and there was no drawing back. The decks were cleared for action. Ammunition was served out. Guns were loaded and trained. With every man at his post the ship steamed at full speed into the harbour. Great was the relief when it was found that all was well.

The inhabitants were not less relieved. The presence of the battleship was felt to add materially to the security of the town. The Germans would probably hesitate before attacking a ship of her size. If they sustained damage involving loss of fighting efficiency, there was no harbour they could turn to for repair,

except so far as their seaworthiness was affected. Nevertheless, it was almost certain that some raid upon the Islands would be attempted. Guns were landed from the ship, and measures were taken to make the defence as effective as possible. Perhaps if the enemy blockaded Stanley, the British would be able to hold out until other warships, certain to be sent to avenge the defeat, arrived. Relief could hardly be expected for two or three weeks. The Falklands formed a very distant corner of the Empire. It was doubtful, indeed, whether even the ubiquitous German spy had penetrated to these remote and barren shores. It could, however, be recalled that, in 1882, a German expedition had landed on South Georgia, a dependent island of the Falklands, eight hundred miles to their south-east, to observe the transit of Venus. Upon that same island, indeed, another and a quite unsuspecting expedition had landed, early in that very month, November. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, had left Buenos Ayres on the morning of October 26, on his way across the antarctic continent. His little vessel of 230 tons, the *Endurance*, passed through the war zone in safety, and reached South Georgia on November 5. He remained for about a month before leaving for the lonely tracts for which his little party was bound. The island was his last link with civilization. Though sub-antarctic, it possessed features as up-to-date as electric-light, universal even in pigsties and henhouses. And the march of man, it was observed, had introduced the familiar animals of the farmyard, and even a monkey, into a region whose valleys, destitute of tree or shrub, lay clothed with perpetual snow.

Meanwhile, November passed into December without any appearance of the Germans off the Falklands. The

tension became very much relieved. Women and children were brought back to Stanley, after being away a month or six weeks. Messages emanating from the hostile squadron, registered by the wireless station, indicated that the enemy were still in the vicinity. But the condition of the colony became again almost normal. The relief and security were complete when, at length, on Monday, December 7, a powerful British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, arrived at Port Stanley. There were seven warships, besides the *Canopus*. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had left Plymouth on November 11, and had proceeded to the West Indies. Their mission was to avenge Coronel. They had picked up at Albatross Rock the *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Bristol*, *Kent*, *Glasgow*, now repaired, and *Macedonia*, an armed liner. All had then steamed southwards towards the Falklands. The vessels started coaling. Officers came ashore to stretch their legs. Certain stores were laid in. It was anticipated that the squadron would depart in search of the enemy on the evening of the following day. That search might, indeed, be a matter of months. Early next morning, December 8, at about eight o'clock, a volunteer observer posted on Sapper's Hill, two miles from Stanley, sighted two vessels upon the horizon. Twenty minutes later the smoke of two others came into view in the same direction. They were soon recognized as German cruisers. The excitement was intense. The news was immediately carried to the authorities. It was hastily signalled to the fleet. Most of the ships were at anchor in Port William, the outer entrance to Port Stanley. Some of the naval officers were aroused from their repose. It is recorded that, upon hearing the news, the flag-lieutenant dashed down to Admiral Sturdee's cabin, clad in his

pyjamas. Sir Doveton was shaving. The lieutenant poured forth his information. 'Well,' said the Admiral, dryly, 'you had better go and get dressed. We'll see about it later.'¹

The Graf von Spee had, meanwhile, after the Battle of Coronel, been devoting himself to harrying maritime commerce. The Falklands could wait for the present. Since the beginning of hostilities the work of his light cruisers had been moderately successful. The *Nürnberg* had cut the cable between Bamfield, British Columbia, and Fanning Island. The *Leipzig* had accounted for at least four British merchantmen, and the *Dresden* for at least two more. The armed liner *Eitel Friedrich* had also achieved some success. Several traders had had narrow escapes. The Chilian coast was in a state of blockade to British vessels, the ports being crowded with shipping that hesitated to venture forth into the danger zone. The Germans were masters of the Pacific and South Atlantic trade routes. The Straits of Magellan and the Horn formed a great waterway of commerce, which for sailing vessels was, indeed, the only eastern outlet from the Pacific. But completely as he had the situation in hand, von Spee was experiencing increasing problems and difficulties with regard to supplies of coal and provisions. Without these he was impotent. He had been employing German merchantmen to great advantage for refueling. But trouble was brewing with the Chilian authorities. Many signs were leading the latter to suspect that, contrary to international

¹ The writer cannot vouch for the truth of this anecdote, which he merely records as given in a letter published in the press. But the source from which it was taken, together with many of the preceding details of the condition of Stanley during the period of tension, has proved so accurate in essential points of fact, that their insertion seems justifiable.

law, German traders were loading at Chilian ports cargoes of coal and provisions, contraband of war, and were transferring them at sea to the German warships. There were other causes of complaint. Juan Fernandez, the isle of romance and of mystery, the home of the original of Robinson Crusoe, was said to have been degraded into use as a base for apportioning the booty, coals and victuals, among the belligerent vessels. The island was a Chilian possession. It was practically certain that von Spee's squadron had stayed there beyond the legal limit of time. A French merchantman had, contrary to rule, also been sunk there by the *Dresden*, within Chilian territorial waters. Inquiries in other quarters were being made, moreover, as to the friendly wireless stations which the Germans had been utilizing secretly in Colombia and Ecuador; while a rumour was current in the United States, that neutral vessels had been seized and pillaged on the high seas. Von Spee soon found that he was nearing the end even of his illegitimate resources. He had tried the patience of the Chilian authorities too far. About the middle of November they suddenly prohibited, as a provisional measure, the vessels of the Kosmos Company from leaving any Chilian port. On November 24. a Government ship was sent to Juan Fernandez to investigate, and to see that Chilian neutrality was upheld. Many such signs seemed to warn von Spee that the time was appropriate to a sudden disappearance. He gathered his squadron for a descent at last upon the Falklands. His plans must be, not merely for a raid, but for an occupation. There were probably two or three small ships there. They should be sunk. The wireless station must be destroyed. The Islands, after a landing had been effected and the defence reduced, could be used

as a base for the German operations. There were large quantities of coal and stores at Stanley. The harbour possessed facilities for refitting. To dislodge a strong German naval force, with adequate guns, placed in occupation of the colony, would be a difficult task for the enemy. The Falklands had many possibilities. According to von Spee's information they were feebly defended and would fall an easy prey. At length, early in the morning of December 8, the Admiral brought his fleet off Stanley. His five cruisers approached from the south. They were, of course, observed. A warning gun, probably from one of the small ships which he would shortly sink, sounded the alarm inside the harbour. There was no need, however, for haste. At twenty minutes past nine the *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* moved towards the wireless station, and brought their guns to bear upon it. But suddenly from inside the harbour there came the thunder of a big gun. Five shells, of very heavy calibre, screamed in quick succession from over the low-lying land. One of the vessels was struck. Surprise and bewilderment took the Germans. This was most unexpected. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* hastily retired out of range.

Sir Doveton and his fleet, meanwhile, had gone to breakfast. Steam for full speed was got up as rapidly as possible. Coaling operations had recommenced at 6.30 that morning. The colliers were hurriedly cast off, and the decks were cleared for action. Officers and men were delighted at the prospect of an early fight. The Germans had saved them a long cold search around the Horn by calling for them. There was going to be no mistake this time. The enemy could not escape. Sturdee's squadron was superior both in weight and

speed to the German. It consisted of two battle-cruisers of over 17,000 tons, the *Invincible* and *Inflexible*; of three cruisers of about 10,000 tons, the *Carnarvon*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall*; and of two light cruisers of 4,800 tons, the *Glasgow* and *Bristol*. The primary armament of the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* was eight 12-inch guns; of the *Carnarvon*, four 7.5-inch; of the *Kent* and *Cornwall*, fourteen 6-inch; of the *Glasgow* and *Bristol*, two 6-inch. The speed of the battle-cruisers was twenty-eight knots; of the three middle-class cruisers, twenty-two to twenty-four knots; and of the light cruisers, twenty-five to twenty-six knots. In size, in armament, in speed, the British squadron would decidedly preponderate. Admiral Sturdee, however, though confident of victory, was determined to take no risks, and to minimize loss in men and material by making full use of his superior long-range gunfire, and of his superior speed. He would wait, screened by the land, until the Germans had drawn nearer. Everything should be got ready carefully. Undue excitement was to be deprecated. Meanwhile, he watched the enemy closely. At about a quarter to nine, Captain Grant of the *Canopus* reported that the first two ships sighted were now about eight miles away: the other two were still at a distance of some twenty miles. The *Kent* passed down the harbour and took up a position at the entrance. Five minutes later the smoke of a fifth German vessel was observed. When, in about half an hour's time, the two leading enemy ships made a threatening move in the direction of the wireless station, the Admiral ordered a swift counterstroke. Officers upon the hills above the town signalled the range, 11,000 yards, to the *Canopus*. She opened fire with her 12-inch guns. The Germans hoisted their colours and drew back.

Their masts and smoke were now visible from the upper bridge of the *Invincible* across the low land bounding Port William on the south. Within a few minutes the two cruisers altered course and made for the harbour-mouth. Here the *Kent* lay stationed. It seemed that the Germans were about to engage her. As, however, they approached, the masts and funnels of two large ships at anchor within the port became visible to them. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* could hardly expect to contend alone with this force. They at once changed their direction, and moved back at increased speed to join their consorts.

The morning was gloriously fine. The sun shone brightly, the sky was clear, the sea was calm, and a breeze blew lightly from the north-west. It was one of the rare bright stretches that visit the Islands, for usually rain falls, mostly in misty drizzles, on about 250 days in the year. At twenty minutes to ten the *Glasgow* weighed anchor, and joined the *Kent* at the harbour-mouth. Five minutes later the rest of the squadron weighed, and began to steam out. The battleship *Canopus*, her speed making her unsuitable for a chase, was left in harbour. The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* also remained behind for the present. By a dexterous use of oil fuel the two battle-cruisers were kept shrouded as much as possible in dense clouds of smoke. The enemy for some time could not gauge their size. But as vessel after vessel emerged, Admiral von Spee grew uneasy. The English were in altogether unexpected strength. His squadron could not cope with such force. He had played into the enemy's hands, and unless he could outspeed their ships, the game was up. Without hesitation, he steamed off at high speed to eastward. The British followed, steaming

at fifteen to eighteen knots. The enemy, to their south-east, were easily visible. At twenty past ten an order for a general chase was signalled. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* quickly drew to the fore. The Germans were roughly in line abreast, 20,000 yards, or some eleven miles, ahead. The morning sunlight, the gleaming seas, the grey warships, white foam springing from their bows, tearing at high speed through the waves, formed a magnificent spectacle. Crowds of the inhabitants of Stanley gathered upon the hills above the town to view the chase. The excitement and enthusiasm were intense. The vessels were in sight about two hours. At about a quarter past eleven it was reported from a point in the south of East Falkland that three other German ships were in sight. They were probably colliers or transports. The *Bristol* signalled the information to Admiral Sturdee. He at once ordered her, with the armed liner *Macedonia*, to hasten in their direction and destroy them. The newcomers made off to south-west, and the British followed. Meanwhile, the rest of the squadron, now travelling at twenty-three knots, were slowly closing upon the enemy. The distance had narrowed to 15-16,000 yards. The British were within striking range. Nevertheless, Sturdee decided to wait till after dinner before engaging. His guns could outdistance those of the enemy. It would be advisable for him to keep at long range. The Germans, on the other hand, would be forced, when firing commenced, to alter course and draw in, in order to bring their own guns into play. The men had their midday meal at twelve o'clock as usual. It is said that comfortable time was allowed afterwards for a smoke. The *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, and *Glasgow* at about 12.30. increased their speed to between twenty-five

and twenty-eight knots, and went on ahead. Just after a quarter to one there was a signal from the Admiral: 'Open fire and engage the enemy.' A few minutes later there were sharp commands. The ranges were signalled, and the bigger guns were laid. Fiery glares and dense clouds of smoke burst suddenly from their muzzles. The air quivered with their thunder. Shells went screaming in the direction of the nearest light cruiser, the *Leipzig*, which was dropping rapidly astern. The firing was uncomfortably accurate. The three smaller German cruisers very soon left the line, and made an attempt, veering off to the south, to scatter and escape. Flame and smoke issued from the *Leipzig*, before she drew clear, where a shell had struck. Sir Doveton Sturdee directed the *Glasgow*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall* to pursue the German light cruisers. With his remaining vessels, the *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the slower *Carnarvon*, he turned upon the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, and began operations in earnest.

The interval of sunlight which had opened the day with such promise was of short duration. The sky became overcast. Soon after four o'clock the air was thick with rain-mist. From 1.15 onwards for three hours a fierce duel was maintained between the two British battle-cruisers and the two German armoured cruisers. The enemy made every effort to get away. They replied to the British fire for some time, having dropped back to within 13,500 yards. But shortly after two o'clock they changed their course, and began to haul out to south-east. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had eased their speed, and the range now widened by about 3,000 yards. A second chase ensued. A full-rigged sailing-ship appeared in the distance at about a quarter to three. Her crew must have beheld

an awe-inspiring scene. Shortly before the hour firing recommenced. The action began to develop. Great coolness and efficiency were shown on board the British vessels. Every man was at his battle-station, behind armour. Fire-control parties were at their instruments. Water from numerous hoses was flooding the decks as a precaution against fire. The roaring of the discharges, the screaming of the shells, the clangour of metal upon metal, the crashes of the explosions, made up a tumult that was painful in its intensity. During intervals in the firing came the rushing of the waves and of the breeze, and the grinding and grunting of the hydraulic engines in the turrets, where swung, training constantly upon the enemy, the greater guns. The Germans soon began to show signs of distress. The *Scharnhorst* particularly suffered. Dense clouds of smoke, making it difficult for the British accurately to gauge the damage, rose from her decks. Shells rending her side disclosed momentarily the dull red glow of flame. She was burning fiercely. The firing on both sides was deadly, though the German had slackened considerably. But the British vessels, through their preponderance in gunfire, suffered little damage. Their 12-inch guns hit their marks constantly, while the 8.2-inch guns of the *Scharnhorst* were accurate, but ineffective. She veered to starboard at about 3.30, to bring into play her starboard batteries. Both her masts and three of her four funnels were shot away. At length the German flagship began to settle down rapidly in the waters. It was about a quarter past four. There was a swirl of the seas and a rush of steam and smoke. The *Scharnhorst* disappeared. She went down with her flag flying to an ocean grave, bearing 760 brave men and a gallant admiral, whose name will deservedly

rank high in the annals of German naval history. The *Gneisenau* passed on the far side of her sunken flagship. With the guns of both battle-cruisers now bearing upon her alone, the German was soon in sore straits. But she fought on gallantly for a considerable time. At half-past five she had ceased firing, and appeared to be sinking. She had suffered severe damage. Smoke and steam were rising everywhere. Her bridge had been shot away. Her foremost funnel was resting against the second. Her upper deck was so shattered that it could not be crossed, and every man upon it had been killed. An exploding shell had hurled one of the gun-turrets bodily overboard. Fire was raging aft. Her colours had been shot away several times, and hoisted as often. One of the flags was hauled down at about twenty to six, though that at the peak was still flying. She began to fire again with a single gun. The *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the *Carnarvon*, which had now come up, closed in upon the doomed vessel. Firing was recommenced. The *Gneisenau* was not moving. Both her engines were smashed. Shells striking the water near her sent up colossal columns of water, which, falling upon the ship, put out some of the fires. She soon began to settle down in the waves. All her guns were now out of action, and Sturdee ordered the 'Cease fire'. There could be little doubt that her stubborn resistance was nearing its end. The German commander lined up his men on the decks. The ammunition was exhausted. The ship would soon go down. Some six hundred men had already been killed. The survivors had better provide themselves with articles for their support in the water. At six o'clock the *Gneisenau* heeled over suddenly. Clouds of steam sprang forth. Her stem swung up into the

air, and she sank. Large numbers of her crew could be seen floating in the icy waves, hanging on to pieces of wreckage, and uttering terribly uncanny cries. The sea was choppy. Drizzling rain was falling. The British steamed up immediately. All undamaged boats were got out. Ropes were lowered. Lifebuoys and spars were thrown to the drowning men. But many of them, numbed by the freezing water, let go their hold and sank. About 180, among them the captain of the *Gneisenau*, were saved. It is said that much agreeable surprise, upon the discovery that their anticipations of being shot would not be realized, was manifested by the German sailors.

Meanwhile, battle had been in progress elsewhere. The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* had overtaken the transports *Baden* and *Santa Isabel*, had captured their crews, and had sunk the ships. The armed liner accompanying them, the *Eitel Friedrich*, had, however, made off and got away by means of her superior speed. The *Kent*, *Glasgow*, and *Cornwall* had pursued the German light cruisers in a southerly direction. The *Dresden*, the fastest, proved too speedy a vessel to overtake. She was ahead of her consorts, upon either quarter, and made her escape whilst they were being engaged. The *Kent* gave chase to the *Nürnberg*. The *Glasgow*, in pursuit of the *Leipzig*, raced ahead of the *Cornwall*, and by about three o'clock in the afternoon had closed sufficiently, within 12,000 yards, to open fire with her foremost guns. The German ship turned every now and then to fire a salvo. Soon a regular battle began which was maintained for some hours. Shells fell all around the *Glasgow*. There were several narrow escapes, but the casualties were few. Shortly after six a wireless message was received from Admiral Sturdee,

announcing that the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* had been sunk. A cheer surged up, and the men set to work with renewed spirits and energy. The *Cornwall* had come up some time before, and the *Leipzig* was now severely damaged. But she fought on for three more hours. Darkness came on. The German cruiser began to burn fore and aft. It was nine o'clock before she at last turned over and sank.

The British vessels had, during the course of the action, steamed miles apart, and far out of sight of land. During the evening and night they began to get into touch with one another and with Stanley by means of their wireless. All the ships except the *Kent* were accounted for, and reported all well. But no reply was forthcoming to the numerous calls, 'Kent, Kent, Kent', that were sent out. She had, in chase of the *Nürnberg*, lost all touch with the rest of the squadron. There was great uneasiness. It was feared that she had been lost. The other ships were directed to search for her, and for the *Nürnberg* and the *Dresden*. Late in the afternoon of the following day, however, she entered Stanley harbour safely. Her wireless had been destroyed, but she had sunk the *Nürnberg*, after a very stern struggle. The German captain, Schönberg, is reported, indeed, to have said at Honolulu, 'The *Nürnberg* will very likely be our coffin. But we are ready to fight to the last'. He had fought and died true to his words. The German ship was ordinarily more than a knot faster than the British. But the engineers and stokers of the *Kent* rose magnificently to the occasion. Fuel was piled high. Her engines were strained to the utmost. Soon she was speeding through the waves at twenty-five knots, a knot and a half more than her registered speed. The *Nürnberg* drew nearer. At five o'clock she was within range, and

firing was opened. A sharp action began which lasted some two and a half hours. The *Kent* was struck many times, and lost several men. She had one narrow escape. A bursting shell ignited some cordite charges, and a flash of flame went down the hoist into the ammunition passage. Some empty shell bags began to burn. But a sergeant picked up a cordite charge and hurled it out of danger. Seizing a fire hose, he flooded the compartment and extinguished the fire. A disastrous explosion, which might have proved fatal to the vessel, was thus averted. Her silken ensign and jack, presented by the ladies of *Kent*, were torn to ribbons. The gallant captain collected the pieces, some being caught in the rigging, and carefully preserved them. The *Nürnberg*, however, was soon in sore straits. Many shells struck her, and she was set afire. Day drew into evening, and darkness deepened. The Germans ceased firing, and the *Kent*, within about 3,000 yards, followed suit upon the enemy's colours being hauled down. The *Nürnberg* sank just before half-past seven. As she disappeared beneath the surface, men upon her quarter-deck were waving the German ensign. The *Kent*, after picking up some survivors, put about, and returned to Stanley.

Here the rest of the squadron soon gathered. Congratulatory telegrams began to pour in to Sir Doveton Sturdee. And the curtain closed, in the flush of triumph, upon the most memorable and most dramatic episode in the history of the Falklands.

One further episode remains to complete the story. The *Dresden* and the armed liner *Eitel Friedrich*, the sole survivors of the German squadron, made once more for the Pacific. They were lost sight of for many weeks. Suspicious movements and activities on the part of

German merchantmen were, however, again observed. The Government wireless station at Valparaiso intercepted messages from the *Dresden* summoning friendly vessels to bring her supplies. Persistent rumours began to be circulated that she was hiding in the inlets of southern Chili. During January, 1915, the *Eitel Friedrich* seized and destroyed six vessels, chiefly sailing-ships, some in Pacific, most in Atlantic waters. In February she accounted for four more. Towards the end of the month a British barque was sunk by the *Dresden*. The position was again rapidly becoming troublesome. The movement of British shipping on the Chilian coast had to be suspended. But the *Glasgow* and the *Kent* were on the *Dresden's* track. The *Kent* entered Coronel on March 13, coaled, and departed the same night. The *Eitel Friedrich*, meanwhile, had arrived at Newport News, a United States port, with her engines badly in need of repair. Much indignation was aroused among Americans by the announcement that one of her victims had been an American vessel. The German liner had many prisoners on board. Declarations of a resolve, if he had been caught by the British, to have sunk fighting to the last, were repeatedly and emphatically declaimed by the German captain. Five days later he learned that the *Dresden* had tamely surrendered off Juan Fernandez after a five minutes' action. The *Kent*, at nine o'clock on the morning after she had left Coronel, together with the *Glasgow* and the auxiliary cruiser *Orama*, came up with the *Dresden* near the island. A sharp encounter followed. The German cruiser was hit heavily. Fire broke out. In five minutes' time she hauled down her colours and hoisted a white flag. The crew were taken off. The *Dresden* continued to burn for some time, until finally her magazine exploded and

she sank. The German officers contended that their vessel was sunk within Chilian territorial waters. It had not hitherto been noticeable that their consciences were concerned to maintain Chilian neutrality inviolate.

The Battle of the Falkland Islands was the first decisive naval contest of the war. It removed a formidable menace to the trade routes. It relieved British convoys and transports from danger of interruption. It freed many battleships and cruisers, engaged in sweeping the oceans, for other usefulness. It gave Great Britain effective mastery of the outer seas. Henceforth German naval ambition, frustrated in its endeavour to disorganize the trade routes, was forced, within the limits of the North Sea and of British waters, to seek less adventurous but more disreputable ends. A series of bombardments of coast towns was planned. A preliminary success was followed by a galling disaster. Foiled a second time, Germany is attempting now to terrorize British waters, by deliberate submarine piracy, to all maritime commerce. Her project has elicited the protests of neutral States. It has excited no dismay among the allied nations.

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 Districts in which French is the language of the people.

SWITZERLAND

ALSACE-LORRAINE

FRANCE is not at war about Alsace-Lorraine, but nobody doubts that if the Germans are beaten she will get back the provinces torn from her forty-four years ago. Her sacrifices, her credit, her security require their restitution, and since an unprovoked attack upon her has revived the memory of her bitterest humiliation, her people will be content with nothing less. But French pride and French power are not alone concerned. There is a sense of justice to be satisfied, and the desire for a lasting settlement. Perhaps some Englishmen are a little doubtful (though their sympathies are heartily with our Ally) whether a better could not be devised in the interest both of the inhabitants and of European tranquillity. They have been told that the problem is delicate and complex. It is clearly less simple than it was before the German experiment, which has failed, but has inevitably introduced new factors. Is there no case for compromise, for an equitable partition, or for the establishment of a neutral 'buffer' state?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us go back to the Treaty of Frankfort (May 10, 1871), by which Alsace-Lorraine, the Reichsland, came into being. The Germans, when they exacted the surrender of French territory¹ as part of the price of peace, did nothing for which history does not furnish precedents in plenty;

¹ It comprised the department of the Lower Rhine, almost all that of the Upper Rhine, more than half the department of the Moselle, a third of the Meurthe and a corner of the Vosges. All the Alsace of history, except Belfort, is included in this territory, and about the third part of the Duchy of Lorraine, with Metz and the Pays Messin

they only denied—in contradiction to the spirit of the time—the right of human groups, conscious of a collective personality, to dispose of themselves and to choose their allegiance. This right, which could have no meaning while national sentiment was weak and vacillating and the desires of subjects inarticulate, had gradually imposed itself—rather by the force of experience than with the authority of a doctrine—upon the respect of Christendom. It had, even in modern times, been more than once subordinated to diplomatic convenience, overborne by ambitious rulers or misguided nations; but never without protest. Far oftener, during the nineteenth century, it had been successfully asserted—against Napoleon, against the Turk, against the Austrian—with the applause of Europe. Only a few years earlier, the cession of Savoy and Nice to France had been submitted to a popular vote.¹ In the case of Alsace-Lorraine, the consent of the population was dispensed with. But before their nationality was taken from them, the free institutions under which they had lived happily allowed their protest to be heard. The solemn declaration of all their Deputies, elected by a last act of citizenship, under the invader's eye, to the Assembly at Bordeaux, records the historic refusal of a million and a half of French citizens to become German subjects.

Failing the consent of their new compatriots, the victors were willing to justify the annexation upon other grounds. Of its military object German statesmen made no secret.² But their apologists were not content

¹ April 22, 1860. There were 135,449 voters on the register: 130,839 voted; 130,533 approved the cession.

² The new frontier corresponded pretty nearly with that traced in anticipation of victory by the Prussian general staff ('the map with

to say that a strategic frontier was necessary to the new Empire, and that necessity knows no law. They appealed to history, to race, to language, to that very principle of nationalities of which the Treaty of Frankfort embodies in fact a flagrant violation.¹ With a curious pedantry they argued that Alsace-Lorraine had been an integral part of Germany until by force and fraud the French got possession of it. Its people, of German blood and German speech, had never ceased to belong to the German nation. In reclaiming them at last, united Germany was only vindicating an ancient imprescriptible right. To these allegations there is one answer which makes it unnecessary to test their accuracy. It is that since human beings are not chattels but reasonable creatures, no argument drawn from a past state of things, from kinship or from community of speech, can justify the forcible incorporation of a group of men into a system which they regard as alien, or their severance from a system which they prefer and with which they recognize their affinity. If the Alsatians and the Lorrainers had desired to become German, all other reasons would be superfluous; since they were unwilling, no reasons whatever can avail.

The German apology has not convinced the world, but these assertions, irrelevant as they are, have undeniably impressed it. It is therefore worth while, by way of parenthesis, to qualify their crudity.

1. The question of race, for what it is worth, is not the green border') at an early stage of the war. The exception was the city of Belfort with the zone of its fortifications, which was finally left in French hands in exchange for the additional surrender of a few places on the Luxembourg border, particularly valuable on account of mineral wealth.

¹ See Mommsen's *Letters to the Italian People* (1870) and the answer of Fustel de Coulanges.

settled by hasty generalization. Caesar found these countries inhabited by Gauls and harried by Germans. Whatever the racial significance of their incursions and their colonies in early centuries, the Celtic strain certainly endures. In Alsace, a physical type characteristically Gallic is met with not infrequently; in Lorraine it appears to predominate on either side of the present frontier. A man from Metz looks like a man from Nancy, and both look uncommonly like Frenchmen. It is, besides, preposterous to forget intermarriage, as if Alsace and Lorraine while they were parts of France had been insulated from the rest of the country.

2. French is the mother-tongue of a few small districts in Alsace (Schirmeck, Ste-Marie-aux-Mines, La Poutroye, the Valley of the Bruche), and of a considerable portion of Lorraine across the frontier, including Metz¹ and the Pays Messin, where German, until the annexation, was never heard. In the north-eastern corner of Lorraine, the people speak a German dialect closely resembling that which prevails in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Another German dialect is spoken by the immense majority of native Alsatians. French, before the war, was very generally spoken by the educated classes at Strasbourg, Mulhouse, Colmar, Thionville, and in other towns where the popular speech is Germanic. It was, of course, everywhere understood.

3. Alsace and Lorraine, after being occupied successively by Gauls, Romans, Alamans and Franks, became attached in the ninth and tenth centuries to the Holy Roman Empire. Their fortunes were different. From the fifteenth century onward the Duchy of Lorraine was

¹ I have heard the remark that Metz 'sounds German'. It is pronounced *Messe*. *Tz* for *z* or *ts* at the end of French names is rather common. Cf. Gretz, Batz, Beaumetz, Retz.

an autonomous and considerable state: its rulers, while acknowledging the Emperor's nominal suzerainty, alternately leaned upon the French king and quarrelled with him, and often played an active part in French affairs. Alsace, for some hundreds of years before it became French, was little more than a geographical expression, in which were included self-governing republics and the Ten Free Towns, episcopal fiefs, hereditary fiefs of the House of Austria, and counties and baronies innumerable. The morality of the several transactions by which, between 1551 and 1766, the kingdom of France acquired the two provinces, has been diversely appreciated. In the religious wars Henry II protected the Protestant princes of Germany against Charles V, and was invited by them, as a reward, to take possession of the three episcopal cities of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. After the Thirty Years' War, the Empire ceded its rights over Alsace (but in terms of singular obscurity) to Louis XIV. Strasbourg retained its virtual independence until 1681, when it was beset by the King's armies and capitulated. The Duchy of Lorraine, with that of Bar, fell peacefully to France by a kind of family arrangement. Lastly, in 1798, the little Swiss Commonwealth of Mulhouse, once included in Alsace, was at its own desire incorporated in the French Republic. It is not pretended that in any of these instances a German population was wrenched by France from a homogeneous political system. No doubt Metz in the sixteenth century, Strasbourg in the seventeenth, would have preferred a prosperous neutrality, if in those troubled times independence could have been reconciled with safety. Perhaps between Stanislas and the Revolution Lorraine sometimes regretted the desertion of its last ruler of the native line, the husband

of Maria Theresa. But it is a fact that from the first the French kings set themselves to win the confidence of their new subjects ; and the evidence is overwhelming that they succeeded in a delicate task. The assimilation of Alsace was discreet and gradual. Its governors were in general well chosen. Its distinctive traditions and its language were respected. Its industries were fostered, and for the first time in their history its people felt themselves secure. The Protestants of Alsace were privileged ; so were the Jews of Metz. As for the Duchy of Lorraine, it was in essentials French already before it was united to the kingdom of France. What was left to do was done by the Revolution. Lorraine and Alsace embraced its doctrines with enthusiasm. The *Marseillaise* was sung for the first time in the house of the mayor of Strasbourg. The Republican spirit indeed was in the blood of the Strasbourgeois and of the Messin ; and to no part of France did the extinction of feudal rights bring greater relief than to these provinces, where so many foreign princelings still had privileges. In the repulse of the invader and in the Napoleonic wars Alsace and Lorraine played a glorious part. They gave to the French armies Ney and Kellermann, Kléber and Lefebvre, to name no lesser heroes. And from Napoleon's fall until the end of the French connexion, their loyalty remained above reproach ; they were visibly prosperous, undeniably contented ; and they contributed freely and conspicuously to all the activities of the national life.

The Germans in 1871 had little to gain by an appeal from the reluctance of the conquered provinces to their remoter history ; but the past does throw some light upon the chances with which the experiment of annexation started. Its success—a gradual moral conquest

confirming the material—would, without question, have purchased in time the world's condonation for an abuse of victory; and perhaps success was not impossible, though the task was far more difficult than that which the French monarchy assumed when it replaced a complicated insecurity in old Alsace by firm and equal government. It was not so easy for the Germans to attach to a system which was itself upon probation a people which had thought itself happy in its long association with the French fortunes. And for that heavier undertaking they had no similar aptitude. The attractive genius of France has easily reconciled diversities of race and speech upon her borders: it is no wonder if the Alsatians made as good Frenchmen as Basques, or Bretons, or Flemings. But among the German virtues that virtue of the imagination which we call sympathy is wanting. And it seems in this instance as if their crazy theory of race had persuaded the conquerors that no effort on their part was needed to accustom these new Germans to a change of nationality which involved a change of status.

For they had been free citizens of a homogeneous commonwealth; and now they entered a federal system upon an exceptional footing of subordination to its five-and-twenty sovereign States. Alsace-Lorraine, the ransom of France, was in this sense a pledge of German unity, that it had been won by their joint effort under the leadership of Prussia. By the logic of conquest it became, not a new member of the federation, but the common property of all. And though since 1871 the machinery of its government has been readjusted more than once, the most plausible 'concessions'¹ have

¹ Until 1874 it was governed directly from the Imperial Chancellery through an Ober-präsident at Strasbourg; then by a Statthalter

still maintained it in the condition of a subject province, dependent (as none of the German States depend) upon the will and pleasure of the Emperor, the Federal Council, and the Imperial Parliament at Berlin. It is not certain that a real and not precarious autonomy within the Empire—such, let us suppose, as is guaranteed to the tiny principality of Reuss—would have assured the whole-hearted acquiescence of the population in the new order of things: but that was apparently the best chance, and it was not taken. Indeed it must be evident that this constitutional inequality was indispensable, if the methods of Germanization which are most agreeable to the Prussian spirit were to be employed. They may be described in two words: colonizing and repression.

An army of officials, schoolmasters, clerks, shopkeepers, artisans, from the hungrier States of the Empire, began at once to pour into the Reichsland—the grateful clients and the industrious servants of the central powers; and the invasion did not cease when it had filled the room left vacant by the exodus of natives, of whom some thousands forsook their homes to keep their nationality. Alsace-Lorraine—economically a German dumping-ground—has been administered primarily in the interest of strangers: their growing numbers, their services, their demands, with four Secretaries of State appointed by the Emperor. From 1874 until 1911 there was a Provincial Delegation of 30 (later of 56) members, chosen by indirect suffrage, at first a purely consultative body, which in 1879 obtained limited powers of legislation subject to the veto of the Federal Council, but no control over the Executive. In 1911 a Constitution was granted to Alsace-Lorraine, or rather imposed upon it, by the central powers: the chief innovation was a Diet of two houses (the lower elected by the people), and the representation of the Reichsland upon the Federal Council by two Deputies—Imperial nominees.

have largely determined the policy pursued, and in particular the successive steps in the direction of legislative independence which have proved but a lure to the original population. The immigrants, however, have disappointed the hopes of the Pan-Germanists. They are still a minority; they are liable to homesickness; and they have shown themselves powerless to leaven the lump. Immigrant families, on the contrary, have been known to become good Alsatians within a generation; but, upon the whole, in all these years there has been no real contact between Wälsche (or Französling) and Schwob,¹ let alone anything like fusion.

German rule in the annexed provinces has been sometimes spoken of, with excusable exaggeration, as cruelly oppressive. It is nearer the mark to call it, in general terms, irksome, suspicious, provocative, and, above all else, incredibly tactless. For though there have been cases enough of oppression in the strict sense, it must not be supposed that the Alsatians, or even the French-speaking people of the Pays Messin, have been usually treated like mere Poles. There was even a short period when, under the first Statthalter, a Saxon—Manteuffel—a policy of conciliation, of regard for local feeling, of scrupulous impartiality, seemed about to be tried. The clamour of the Pan-Germans soon obliged the kind and courteous old soldier to repent. The charge of weakness was rebutted by acts of palpable tyranny; and it was then that the ‘dictatorship clause’ was first brought into force, which allowed the executive at its sole discretion to place the Reichsland under a reign of terror. But, apart from exceptional moments, the constant spirit of the Imperial

¹ The Alsatian name for a German suggests that the first enemies of Alsace were Suabians.

administration has been expressed by the relentless persecution of the French language, the effacement of old landmarks, the outraging of local piety, the proscription of every emblem that could suggest the memory of happier days. The native press has been muzzled, and a system of delation organized in every village; men have been sent to jail for whistling a tune, and women fined for wearing a ribbon or a flower; students' societies, athletic clubs, professional corporations have been broken up on suspicion of a vague Gallicizing tendency. And the method has its comic as well as its odious side. Zealous functionaries contributed after their kind to the Germanizing process by insisting that the Christian name of René should be registered Renatus, and by changing 'restaurant' to 'Restauration', and 'coiffeur' to 'Friseur'.

Both elements were present in the notorious but not unprecedented business of Saverne, which startled all Europe at the end of 1913. In that quiet town of Lower Alsace, an ill-conditioned Prussian subaltern provoked some effervescence by abusing the Alsatians before his men, and the military lost their heads in trying to restore order. There was laughter—not only in Saverne—when it was known that young Hotspur could not venture so far as the pastrycook's or the tobacconist's without an escort—fixed bayonets to protect him from the jeering urchins of the place! There was some indignation, too, about the crippled cobbler who was spitted for flouting the majesty of the Prussian uniform, and the civil notabilities who were clapped into a damp cellar for protesting. The Strasbourg court-martial, the acquittal of the responsible chief, the Crown Prince's congratulations, were a revelation to some of us; and our newspapers talked a good

deal at the time about North Germans and South Germans and the overriding of civil rights by military privilege. But the real lesson of the incident was that in forty years and more the Prussians had made no progress in the task of governing a province in spite of itself, and that the subject people was not only not assimilated, but by no means cowed.

The resistance of Alsace-Lorraine, which has never taken the form of rebellion or of conspiracy, and has been the more effective for that, is a consoling page to read in recent European history. It has been maintained against all kinds of pressure by a population in great part deprived of its natural leaders: for within the interval allowed by the Treaty of Frankfort, most of those who had the means to leave the country, and many who risked their livelihood by leaving, declared themselves Frenchmen, and sought a new home in France, in Algeria, or abroad. Those who remained were made more helpless by this exodus. Moreover, the general belief that the French would soon return was unfavourable to an active defence of their immediate interests. For some years Alsace-Lorraine languished in a sullen passivity, nursing its hope and its regrets, content to express its fidelity by sending its fifteen deputies time after time to Parliament with a single mandate—to protest. There was some effort, in Manteuffel's early days, to throw off this indifference to the present; but it was the critical period which followed—marked as it was by frontier incidents, trials, expulsions, domiciliary visits, the closing of private schools, the virtual exclusion of visitors from France—that ended by converting the provinces to a new policy since known as Nationalism. It is the policy of the generation which had grown up under

German rule and had got to know the Germans. Its aim has been 'to make the house fit to live in', while reserving the larger question of justice for the future. It had its centre, Colmar; and its leaders—such men as the Abbé Wetterlé, MM. Preiss and Blumenthal; and its method was a political opportunism implying no sacrifice of sentiment, but guided by a sure sense of reality and by the will to endure. The Nationalists in the Reichstag and the Delegation have consented to form temporary alliances with German parties—the Catholic Centre, the Social Democrats—in order to achieve certain practical results; the abolition of the odious dictatorship and a relative emancipation of the press are the most substantial of them. They could not succeed in winning for the Reichsland a position of complete equality with the other States; and the new constitution which replaced the Delegation by a Diet, while maintaining an irresponsible executive, was accepted, not as a concession, but as an attempt (which has been defeated) to crumble the particularist opposition into groups easily absorbed by the great divisions of German parliamentarism. But the resistance has by no means been confined to public action. It was impossible to cut off all intercourse between natives of the Reichsland and their kinsmen across the frontier, or to extirpate from the soil a language which seemed to confer a kind of aristocracy upon those who used it. The Prussian schoolmaster with his impudent travesties of history was no match for the Alsatian parent; Prussian pedantry has only stimulated the rich and subtle humour of old Alsace.¹ In the French-

¹ It is displayed, for example, in the dialect comedy which is a main part of the indigenous literature; more notoriously in the delicious caricatures of Zislin and 'Hansi' (J.-J. Waltz—now a French officer and serving in Alsace).

speaking districts of annexed Lorraine, where the native population has not even the advantage of understanding the usurpers, nationalism has upon the whole been less enterprising. Since Metz lost her great bishop, Mgr. Dupont des Loges, and her valiant tribune Antoine, the Messins, easily outnumbered by immigrants and soldiery, have found their chief consolation in anniversaries, in the study of their civic past and in the pious care of graves. But such episodes as that of 'la Lorraine sportive' illustrate their tenacity; and in the country-sides, where the clergy are the natural guardians of the French tradition, even the superficial signs of Germanization are wanting. Both provinces, in a word, have shown themselves spiritually invincible; and by the experience of altered conditions in the working have grown more and more conscious of a fundamental incongruity between two civilizations, that which they had irrevocably chosen, and that which has endeavoured vainly to assimilate them.

It is sometimes asked by foreigners whether Alsace-Lorraine would not have become a contented portion of the German Empire if the French had frankly accepted the result of their disasters and renounced the hope of recovering their lost territory. The only possible answer, for those who are familiar with the general direction of republican policy, is that, if anything could have finally discouraged the old population of the annexed provinces, it is the indifference to their prospects long exhibited by official France, with the implied assent of at least a considerable part of the French nation. Of course it is true that for a brief interval after the Terrible Year the eyes of nearly all Frenchmen were fixed upon the Vosges, the Rhine, and the Moselle. All France expected a fresh trial of strength,

and hoped for better fortune. It was the time when every town and almost every village in France had its little colony of exiles, among whom (to the ultimate detriment of their cause) not a few genuine Prussians mingled, abusing French hospitality under the shelter of an 'Alsatian' accent. The pathos of the case was then liberally exploited on the stage, in fiction, in the press, and at the tribune; the martyrdom of the severed brothers, their approaching rescue, the imminence of *la revanche*,¹ were romantic themes, handled for the most part somewhat childishly, and not always perhaps with complete sincerity. It is equally true that in the last few years French interest in Alsace-Lorraine has once more quickened, with a better knowledge of the facts; and that a revival of the old aspiration has been one sure sign of recovered vitality—just as the implicit renouncement of a whole intervening generation had been the most depressing symptom of a diminished national energy. Gambetta's famous 'N'en parlons jamais, pensons-y toujours', had announced a policy of indefinite adjournment, and lent an air of specious dignity to the mood of tacit resignation. The distracting influence of civil quarrels, colonial diversions, that vague terror of Caesarism following a successful war which long haunted the diplomacy of the Republic, a widely diffused prosperity counselling comfortable acquiescence, the emasculate theories of internationalists, the fact that the centre of gravity in French politics has shifted to a part of the country which its immunity from invasion and its happy climate predisposed to an

¹ As mistranslation plays some part in international affairs, it is worth while noting that *revanche* does not mean vengeance ('I will repay, saith the Lord'), but 'getting even', that is, the recovery of a lost advantage.

amiable materialism—all these causes contributed to keep the question of Alsace-Lorraine dormant in French minds. It would be easy to exaggerate their apathy. At no time have there been wanting patriots who refused to forget or to despair. For many, as for Paul Déroulède, the hope of reversing the decision of 1871 and of redressing the abuse of victory was a lifelong, all-absorbing passion. His League of Patriots had no other object. It has furnished the genius of Maurice Barrès with its most virile inspiration. And at critical moments (as when, in 1887, the Schnaebelé affair, which founded Boulanger's popularity, all but precipitated a new conflict) the attitude of the whole people showed how thinly the old wound was cicatrized. It may be added that no Frenchman speaking in the name of France ever dared to use language implying a formal acceptance of mutilated frontiers. But many, in the interests of a political propaganda, humanitarian or socialistic, were only too ready to profess themselves sceptical of Alsatian sympathies.

Now and again, a hasty visit to Strasbourg has had no other object than to corroborate surmises which would tend to release French consciences from the obligation of constancy. Stories of successful Germanization and a contented Reichsland were collected from German immigrants or the rare renegades among native Alsations, or deduced from the negative results of an indiscreet catechism. A bitter experience of ubiquitous spies has made Alsations—who are not demonstrative by nature—less inclined than ever to wear their hearts upon their sleeves. And the form of inquiry was often such that an honest answer might bear an ambiguous interpretation.—‘Are you loyal to the German Empire?’—‘We are its subjects and respect its laws; we are

not conspirators.'—'What is your aim?'—'To secure justice and autonomy by constitutional means. We want Alsace for the Alsatians.'—'Then you do not hope to become Frenchmen again?'—'Whatever our preferences, we know that only the sword can make us French. Does France desire war? We do not. We would rather remain as we are than that, because of us, such a calamity should visit the two nations.'—With such replies as these the inquisitive stranger had to be content. Naturally, they were made the most of by peace-mongers and Germanophils; and provoked a storm of protest among Alsatians in France as well as among such other Frenchmen as had enjoyed special opportunities of exploring the intimate predilections of the people. But few foresaw how soon events were to release them from their honourable reserve. All the anguish of choice has been spared them by the German aggression; and no one imagines Alsace-Lorraine disposed to cling to its masters in the hour of their defeat.

We may now revert to the question anticipated at the beginning of this paper, whether the case is one for compromise. It may be said that any alternative to pure and simple retrocession is of academic interest, because nothing but the failure of the allied arms can shake the resolve of the whole French people to make the provinces, not a French possession, but a part of France once more. Yet it is not an idle scruple which desires to be assured that a decision in which we for our part have no voice is one which we can applaud without hesitation as both just and hopeful. Let us then consider very briefly three other conceivable solutions of the problem: complete autonomy within the German Empire; national independence, with

guaranteed neutrality ; the partition of the territory and population between Germany and France.

1. The first supposes the integrity of the Empire as at present constituted. Within it, the former Reichsland would become a Republic forming a new federal unit. It would frame its own constitution. It would be governed and administered by officers responsible to the people alone. This was, before the war, the nationalist ideal. It had no prospect of becoming a reality, and that for reasons which the war has made more peremptory still. For in the German (and especially the Prussian) view, Alsace-Lorraine is a pledge of German unity, the sign of German hegemony, and the spring-board for a fresh attack upon France. An Alsace-Lorraine which ceased to be that would have no value in German eyes ; and Germany would consent to its autonomy only with a secret resolve to reduce it as soon as possible to the old subjection.

2. A new European State might be created—the ‘ buffer ’ state of Alsace-Lorraine. It would be neutral, and the Powers would guarantee its neutrality. With the warning of Belgium before us, the prospect is not very hopeful. A special danger would lie in the presence of German colonists—a constant pretext for German intervention. And there is no evidence that the people would be satisfied with this solution. A race so eminently military will hardly desire to be neutralized. Moreover, the internal harmony of such a state cannot be assured. It would not form a natural unit. The part of Lorraine annexed in 1871 is but a fragment. Lorrainers and Alsations, though associated in misfortune, have little else in common but their former status of French citizens. In the sixteenth century, no doubt, the Duchy of Lorraine and the little commonwealths of Alsace

would have desired no other fate than to be allowed to live their life in complete independence of their powerful neighbours. It is too late to-day: history cannot be unmade.

‘The first act of an Alsatian Republic’, said an Alsatian patriot recently, ‘would be to declare war upon France. France would then be forced to annex us!’

3. The Reichsland might be divided between France and Germany. But what would be the basis of division? Language? This would be mere pedantry, for speech is no sure index of sympathies. And what would be the fate of that portion of the country which remained German? If its condition were still subordinate, imagine the reprisals that threaten the native population which has welcomed the French army! If it received autonomy, all the objections to the first alternative apply.

None of these, in short, is a settlement at once equitable and likely to prove lasting. What else shall we conclude, but that unconditional restitution will alone completely redress the wrong done in 1871; alone satisfy the inclinations of those inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine who, because they belong to its soil and because they have suffered violence, have the sole right to be consulted;¹ and will alone put these fair countries in possession of their full human resources by recalling to their homes the Alsatians and Lorrainers of the dispersion? Above all, this is a settlement which will not be a leap in the

¹ The idea of a referendum, which has been plausibly put forward, finds no favour among Frenchmen who reflect that, if held under German control, it could not be considered as a test of indigenous feeling. It would be grotesquely unfair to ask German colonists whether they prefer that a country where they have no business should be French or German, while the very numerous natives driven into exile were excluded from the vote.

dark, but a return to an order of things which stood the test of many generations.

To say this is not to forget that the experiment which has failed has altered many things. Thoughtful Frenchmen are well aware that France and her lost provinces cannot meet as if they had only parted yesterday. Forty-four years of separate life have raised difficulties which did not exist before the Germans came. They believe that France can deal with them patiently and justly. There is the problem of the German immigrants. Not all of them, we may suppose, will wish to leave the country which has become their home ; there has been some—though relatively little—intermarriage between them and the old stock ; and wholesale expulsion would inflict hardship upon many innocent people. It will be the task of the Republic to mediate between the different elements of its population, and to promote their ultimate fusion. Again, the younger generation know little of France but by hearsay. The immense majority of Frenchmen have had no real contact with their former countrymen. It is inevitable that there should be surprises upon both sides. Her long insulation has undoubtedly made Alsace more than ever conscious of her distinctive moral personality, and the futile efforts of the Prussians to subdue her soul have stimulated a jealous attachment to her particular usages. French tact may be trusted to respect them. Since the French troops got a firm footing in Upper Alsace, the highest authorities have brought a message of fraternity and a promise of liberal treatment to the reclaimed districts. The responsible assurances of General Joffre and President Poincaré, like the welcome which French soldiers have found beyond the Vosges, are of the happiest augury for the future of the sturdy, refined, industrious,

and reasonable people of Alsace-Lorraine, whose virtues even the rich diversity of the French temperament has sorely missed, and whose faithfulness and fortitude command the sympathy of Europe.

SOME DOCUMENTS

1. The Declaration read, in the name of the representatives of the five departments concerned, before the French National Assembly at Bordeaux, March 1, 1871, after the vote ratifying the preliminaries of Peace:—

‘ Les représentants de l’Alsace et de la Lorraine ont déposé, avant toute négociation de paix, sur le bureau de l’Assemblée Nationale, une déclaration affirmant de la manière la plus formelle, au nom de ces deux provinces, leur volonté et leur droit de rester françaises.

Livrés, au mépris de toute justice et par un odieux abus de la force, à la domination de l’étranger, nous avons un dernier devoir à remplir. Nous déclarons encore une fois nul et non venu un pacte qui dispose de nous sans notre consentement.

La revendication de nos droits reste à jamais ouverte à tous et à chacun dans la forme et dans la mesure que notre conscience nous dictera.

Au moment de quitter cette enceinte où notre dignité ne nous permet plus de siéger, et malgré l’amertume de notre douleur, la pensée suprême que nous trouvons au fond de nos cœurs est une pensée de reconnaissance pour ceux qui, pendant six mois, n’ont pas cessé de nous défendre, et d’inaltérable attachement à la patrie dont nous sommes violemment arrachés.

Nous vous suivrons de nos vœux et nous attendrons, avec une confiance entière dans l’avenir, que la France régénérée reprenne le cours de sa grande destinée.

Vos frères d’Alsace et de Lorraine, séparés en ce moment de la famille commune, conserveront à la France, absente de leurs foyers, une affection filiale, jusqu’au jour où elle viendra y reprendre sa place.’

2. GENERAL JOFFRE, at Thann, November, 1914 :—

‘ Notre retour est définitif, vous êtes Français pour toujours.

La France apporte, avec les libertés qu'elle a toujours représentées, le respect de vos libertés à vous, des libertés alsaciennes, de vos traditions, de vos convictions, de vos mœurs.

Je suis la France, vous êtes l'Alsace ; je vous apporte le baiser de la France.’

3. PRESIDENT POINCARÉ, at Saint-Amarin, February 12, 1915 :—

‘ Je viens confirmer aux populations d'Alsace les déclarations que leur a déjà faites le général Joffre. La France, heureuse d'ouvrir les bras à l'Alsace si longtemps et si cruellement séparée d'elle, ne doute pas que la victoire n'assure bientôt la délivrance des provinces qui lui ont été arrachées par la force ; et tout en respectant leurs traditions et leurs libertés elle leur rendra leur place au foyer de la patrie.’

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TROYON
AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE
BATTLE OF THE AISNE

BY

A. NEVILLE HILDITCH

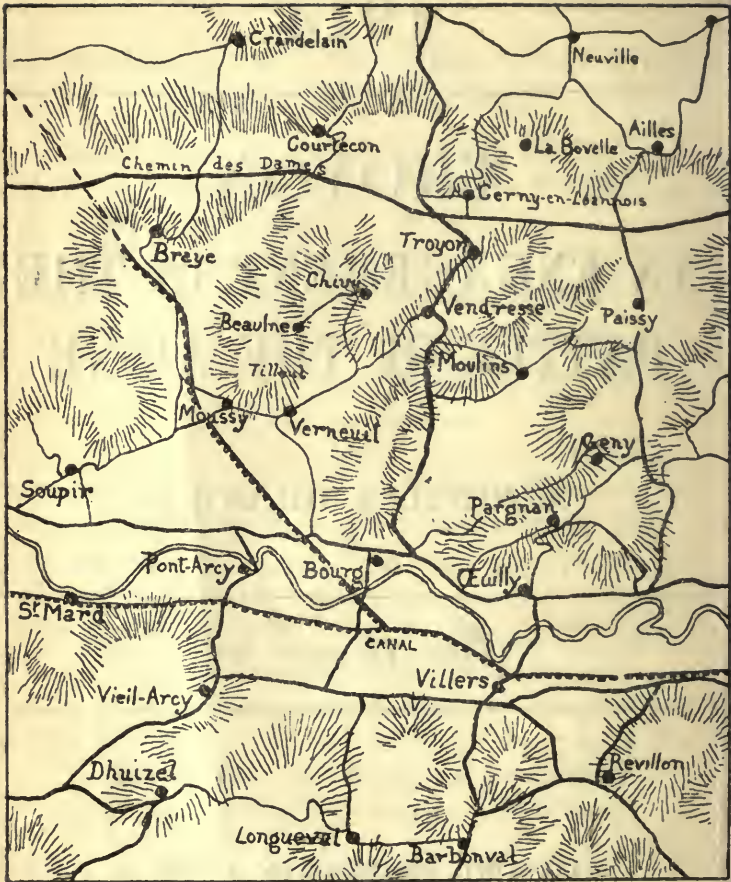
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TROYON: AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE¹

No conflict in history exceeds in magnitude or importance the battle which commenced on the banks of the Aisne on September 13, 1914. The numbers engaged were upwards of two millions. The area involved stretched on September 13 from Verdun to Noyon, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, and included Laon and Soissons, Rheims and Compiègne. The immense battle-line lengthened from day to day. On September 28, its western extremity was Peronne. On October 2, gun defied gun from Verdun to Laon, from Laon to Arras. The Battle of the Aisne, which already summarized many engagements that once historians would have dignified, but modern comparisons forbid to be described, as battles in themselves, became itself part of one gigantic conflict which raged from the bounds of England to the confines of Switzerland. The thunder of the guns reverberated from the cliffs of Dover to the gorges of the Swiss Jura. But of the whole battle-line of the Aisne no section was more strategically important than that occupied by the British. Not one of the separate engagements, of the British or of the French, which together comprised the battle, was more strategically important or more stubbornly contested than that fought in the woods and on the hill-sides around Troyon. The struggle

¹ An outline of this narrative may be found in Sir John French's dispatch dated October 8, and published October 18.

opened with a night-attack in the early hours of September 14. How that struggle was won it is our purpose to describe.

Shortly after midnight on September 14, the 2nd Infantry Brigade, billeted in Moulins, began to muster. The conditions, indeed, were favourable to a night-attack. Rain fell at intervals. Heavy mist intensified the darkness. Nevertheless, Brigadier-General Bulfin could not but feel anxiety as to his prospects of success. The force under his command, now mustering without bugle-call or beat of drum, only numbered some 4,000 men. It comprised battalions of the King's Royal Rifles, the Royal Sussex, the Northamptonshire, the Loyal North Lancashire Regiments, and was supported by the 25th Artillery Brigade, which was short of a battery. There was ground for believing, and it was afterwards clearly established, that in the previous week the Germans had carefully selected their position, had taken all ranges, had dug gun-pits and trenches, with the object of making a determined stand here, rather than upon the banks of the Aisne between Œuilly and the Pont-Arcy. Only a few hours before, on the morning of the 13th, the whole 1st British Division had met with little opposition in crossing the river. But the formidable position to which the enemy had retired, south of the line of the Chemin des Dames, looked down at the wooded slopes around Troyon across a wide valley almost destitute of cover. Some of the oldest local inhabitants could remember that this very spot had been held by the Germans in the campaign of 1871. There was another tradition. Historians asserted that, a short distance away, on the hill above Bourg and Comin, Labienus, the lieutenant of Caesar,

had successfully defended Gaul against barbarians attacking from the north. Excavation a few years before had revealed in the huge quarries there, now occupied by modern artillery, a subterranean village containing quantities of Gallic pottery and arms. The Germans might well be expected to offer considerable resistance. Signs, moreover, were not wanting of the constant watchfulness and activity of both the opposing armies. Desultory firing and the occasional screech of a shell broke the silence at intervals. The Medical Corps were at work bringing in the wounded. Great search-lights swept ceaselessly the death-ridden valley of the Aisne. If those great shafts of light, which the mist hampered but did not destroy, were to play on the woods and fields of Troyon and Vendresse, the British could scarcely hope to deliver their attack without previous discovery. As Bulfin awaited somewhat anxiously the return of the officers' patrol he had sent out to reconnoitre, perhaps he recalled under what different circumstances he had fought in the highlands of Burma, or gained distinction in the South African campaigns. Shortly before three o'clock the officers returned. They reported to the General a considerable force of the enemy near a factory north of Troyon.

Troyon lies on the Laon road, about half-way between Cerny and Vendresse. Wooded slopes of considerable height separate it from where, to its north, near Cerny, the Laon road crosses the Chemin des Dames. West of Troyon, densely wooded country undulates towards the high hills around Braye. East of Troyon a spur of hills rises sharply. Southwards, between Moulins and Troyon, continuous woodland could conceal, but would not facilitate, the approach of the British.

At three o'clock Bulfin ordered the King's Royal

Rifles and the Royal Sussex Regiment to move forward from Moulins. The advance was made as noiselessly as possible. Everything depended upon the enemy being surprised. At length the British drew near. The apprehensions of some of the officers were at one point alarmed by hearing a sudden sharp cry. A stray shot, an effect of the general desultory firing, had shattered the arm of one of the men. He could not restrain a cry of agony. But next moment the brave fellow seized a piece of turf with his uninjured hand and thrust it between his teeth. He held it in this position till he was able to crawl back through the lines. Soon the British came into touch with the German outposts. To conceal their approach now was hardly possible, and they pushed on rapidly till they gained the ground to the north of Troyon. A large factory, occupied by an expectant foe, now impeded further advance. The Germans opened fire. The alarm given, the German batteries in the entrenchments near the factory also opened fire. Meanwhile, the British had formed a firing line, and had begun to creep forward. The skilful use they made of their ground on that day called forth the admiration of the Germans themselves. All efforts to advance, however, were soon checked by the continuous fusillade. The black heights, the factory silhouetted against the sky, the dark wooded slopes, presented to the British lying under cover a front sparkling with innumerable points of fire, illumined by the flashes and shaken by the thunder of numerous guns. Light rain and soaking mist aggravated the discomforts but lessened the dangers of the men. Reinforcements were at hand. At four o'clock the Northamptonshire Regiment had left Moulins and advanced to occupy the hills east of

Troyon. A considerable time passed with the line, thus extended, keeping up a hot fire and advancing where possible. All efforts to dislodge the enemy from the factory proved futile. It was held in considerable force. The darkness, the mist, the rain-sodden ground, hampered the advance of the artillery. The east was paling. The shadows in the woods were growing grey. Dawn would soon break. It was not unlikely that the Rifles and the Sussex Regiment would be unable to maintain their position when revealed by daylight. About six o'clock, therefore, Bulfin directed the Loyal North Lancashires, who had proceeded from Moulins to Vendresse, to support their comrades at Troyon in a determined effort to make headway. The effort proved unavailing. Shortly afterwards, however, the 1st Infantry Brigade arrived. The Coldstream Guards were hurried to the right, the Grenadier, the Irish, the Scots Guards to the left, of the 2nd Brigade.

These reinforcements soon made themselves felt. The very presence of the Guards, indeed, was of considerable moral value. The glory of innumerable campaigns had made them jealous of a reputation won upon such fields as Malplaquet and Fontenoy, as Talavera and Barrosa, and as Inkerman. No other corps of soldiers existing could show as fine a record as that which numbered among its achievements the capture of Gibraltar and the defence of Hougomont at the crisis of Waterloo. The Coldstreams particularly could recall an old resentment against the foes they now faced. Over a hundred years before, in 1793, British and Prussians lay opposite French entrenchments in a forest. They were then allies. 5,000 Austrians had been thrice repulsed with a loss of 1,700 men. The Prussians were asked to undertake the attack.

Their general, who also commanded the British, sent the Coldstreams, only 600 strong, alone to the assault. It was impossible to carry the entrenchments. The regiment was cut up severely. But it could not be dislodged from the wood.

A vigorous attack was now made upon the German lines. The position was rushed at the point of the bayonet. Unsupported by artillery, the British met with a heavy rifle and shell fire before they reached the enemy's trenches. Tremendous hand-to-hand fighting followed. Fourteen years before, stout Boer burghers, impervious to fear of the bullet, had fled in terror at the flash of the deadly bayonet. The Germans had so far shown a partiality for artillery duels, for steady advance in packed masses, for the weight of numbers. They were not accustomed to calculate, nor inclined to rely, upon the dash and the *élan*, as the French say, of a charge with the cold steel. Unable to withstand the furious British assault, they abandoned five guns in a hurried retreat ; 280 prisoners were taken to the rear by the Sussex Regiment, 47 by the Scots Guards.

The capture of the factory could only be effected after a desperate struggle and with considerable loss. The Loyal North Lancashires lay opposite the position. It presented difficulties, indeed, which might well cause misgivings to the bravest. Every door was sure to be bolted and barred. Death lurked behind every window. But the Loyal North Lancashires could not hesitate while other regiments on their right and left were striking vigorously at the foe. A party of them forced a passage over shattered doors and barricades, over ruined furniture, over the piled corpses of the slain. Some prisoners and several machine guns fell

into their hands. The position thus won was held by men of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment throughout the day.

The morning, which had dawned amid the roar of action, was cold and windy, and showed the British how formidable was their task. The line to which the Germans had retreated was strong. Concealed artillery strengthened their entrenchments, which covered a long stretch of rising open ground. The fusillade recommenced and continued with renewed violence. At about nine o'clock the screech of shells coming from the British lines announced that at last the British artillery was able to render the infantry effective support.

Our purpose is merely to record the operations which took place in the neighbourhood of Troyon on September 14. But it is necessary to mention the position of the Allies on either flank of the brigades engaged, which belonged to the 1st Division. To the right of the line of the 1st and 2nd Brigades, on the further side of the spur of hills to the east of Troyon, the troops from French Morocco were entrenched in echelon. They came, indeed, from a region on which Germany had once cast covetous eyes. She had had, however, when she sent the *Panther* to Agadir, good reason to desire to make dependants, or at least allies, of the Moroccans. For they had proved terrible foes. On the left of the 1st Division the 2nd Division had been advancing since an early hour towards Ostel and Braye. The 6th Infantry Brigade, the right wing of the 2nd Division, at nine o'clock reached Tilleul. Here its progress was checked by that artillery and rifle fire which had checked effectually the progress of the brigades north of Troyon. A dangerous

interval of ground disconnected the firing lines of these two forces. Sir Douglas Haig grasped the importance of covering this interval. It was more than likely that the enemy would choose a point so vulnerable for counter-attack. The 3rd Infantry Brigade was at hand. At six o'clock it had left Bourg, where it had been billeted during the night, and had at ten o'clock reached a point one mile south of Vendresse. It was immediately ordered to continue the line of the 1st Brigade and to connect with and aid the right of the 2nd Division. This disposition was speedily justified. No sooner had the 3rd Brigade covered the interval, than a heavy shrapnel fire was opened upon them, and a strong hostile column was found to be advancing.

The commanding officer of the 3rd Brigade, Brigadier-General James Landon, took prompt and decisive action. Two of his battalions made a vigorous counter-attack. A battery of field-guns was rushed into action, and opened fire at short range with deadly effect. The German artillery, hurling a continuous shower of shells during the whole day upon and around Vendresse, could not inflict on the British such slaughter as one deadly hail of shell and bullet could inflict upon the close masses of German infantry. The advancing column, menaced on either flank, hastily recoiled.

Both British and German lines were now strongly held. The fighting during the whole of the morning and till late in the afternoon continued to be of a most desperate character. Both the opposing forces continually delivered attacks and counter-attacks. British and Germans advanced and retired in turn, surging and receding like breakers on a sea-coast. The men in the firing lines took turns in the dangerous duty of

watching for advancing enemies, while the rest lay low in the protecting trenches. Artillery boomed continually from the hill-sides. Maxim and rifle fire crackled ceaselessly in the woods and valleys. At times a sonorous unmistakable hum swelled the volume of sound. The aeroplanes, despite rain and wind, were continually upon the alert. The troops on solid ground watched them circling at dizzy heights amid the flashes of bursting shells, and marvelled at the coolness, the intrepidity, and the skill of those who controlled levers and recorded observations as they hovered, the mark for every hostile gun, in the open sky. No ditch or wall screened the airmen from the most certain and the most horrible of deaths. Only their speed and their good fortune could elude the stray bullet and the flying splinter of shell which would send those delicate mechanisms hurtling to earth. During the course of the struggle a German aeroplane flew at a great height over the British lines. It was well out of reach of fire. A British machine rose, swept in a wide semicircle around its opponent, and mounted steadily. The German, becoming alive to these movements, made efforts to attack his adversary from above. He swooped suddenly and fired. The British swerved giddily upwards, and gained the same altitude as the German. Those who watched from below that remarkable duel could see the two machines manœuvring at a great height for the upper place, and could hear distantly the sound of shots. The airmen showed superb nerve. The struggle ranged up and down for some minutes. Then the British seized a sudden advantage of superior height. The machines seemed to close. The German staggered, its pilot struck by a revolver shot. His slow descent to earth left his adversary in possession of the

air. The British aeroplane, skimming and humming downwards amid the cheers of thousands, could well claim to have marked a signal instance of that personal ascendancy which Sir John French so emphatically extols, and which seems to offer chances of Great Britain adding the dominion of the air to her world-wide domain of the seas.¹

Many instances are recorded of the successes and checks of that strenuous day. At one point the enemy were shelled out of their trenches and abandoned two machine guns. Fifty of them surrendered at the call of ten British. At another point a battalion of the Guards, the Camerons, and the Black Watch delivered in turn a fierce assault upon the German lines. It was necessary to traverse about half a mile of open ground. They went off with a cheer. The air was full of the scream of shrapnel and the whistle of bullets. So hot and so concentrated was the fusillade that the British were compelled to retire with severe loss. Equally unsuccessful but not less heroic was a charge of the Welsh Regiment. That occasion was rendered memorable by the gallantry of the captain who, struck down while leading the charge and laying about him with an empty rifle, kept uttering dying exhortations of 'Stick it, Welsh!' 'Stick it, Welsh!' His men were, indeed, compelled to retire over his body. But such was the devotion he had inspired that his soldier-servant, afterwards rewarded for his courage with the Victoria Cross, ran out about a hundred yards, exposed to heavy fire, to pick up and bring back to cover his mortally wounded captain. The energy and tenacity

¹ It cannot be claimed as certain that this occurrence took place on September 14. Nevertheless, the evidence is sufficiently strong to warrant its insertion in the narrative of that day's events.

with which they were assailed, however, prompted some Germans to fall back upon a base expedient. A white flag was seen to flutter out at one point in the German lines. It was the token of surrender. A body of the Coldstreams, Grenadiers, Irish Guards, and Connaughts went forward to take the prisoners. No sooner were they well in the open than out burst a ring of fire from concealed artillery. The Germans who had affected to surrender poured in a hot rifle fire. The British, caught in a trap, were cut up in face of a withering fusillade. They perished as martyrs to the unsuspecting faith of chivalry, and as victims of the most disgraceful form of treachery.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon before a perceptible weakening of the German counter-attacks and resistance indicated that a general advance might safely be undertaken. Sir Douglas Haig ordered his whole corps to push forward. The enemy still offered considerable opposition, and maintained very heavy artillery and rifle fire. It was not found possible to advance far. Cerny was in possession of the Germans. The day had been long and strenuous. The enemy had been forced back a considerable distance. The troops were very weary. Nevertheless, most of the contested ground, from the Chemin des Dames on the right to Chivy onwards, was occupied by the British before night fell.

The 1st Army Corps, and particularly the 1st Division of that Corps, had, indeed, good reason to be satisfied with the result of the day's operations. They had gained a very considerable stretch of difficult and dangerous ground, covered with woods that harboured the infantry and concealed the artillery of the enemy. They had had to contest every yard, to dig trenches

continually, to creep forward slowly, and occasionally to retire. They had captured 600 prisoners and twelve guns. They had repulsed repeated and prolonged attacks. The Commander-in-Chief asserted in a dispatch that the advanced and commanding position they had won alone enabled him to maintain his ground for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the northern bank of the Aisne. The casualties had indeed been severe. One brigade alone had lost three of its four colonels. But the captured trenches showed that the Germans had suffered far more heavily.

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THE WAR AND THE COTTON TRADE

ECONOMIC considerations are not of primary importance in the present crisis, but they are of great importance nevertheless. The Allies are called upon to strengthen any weak spots in their powers of endurance and mobilize their resources to the full. Endurance and resources are compounded largely of economic factors. It has, therefore, been essential to examine our industries with the object of discovering any dislocations in the process of wealth production that required State aid, and any problems of unemployment that there might be to solve. The Government has kept itself informed about the economic position—and it has done much to render it as remarkably satisfactory as it is. But it is expedient that the public also should realize how we stand, for a nation is most steadfast when its constituent members have made up their minds in the light of all-round knowledge. The modest purpose of this pamphlet is to afford the requisite information, as tersely and exactly as possible, with regard to one of our chief industries, namely, the cotton industry.‡

Properly to understand the situation in the cotton industry it will be desirable to consider it in relation to industry as a whole. At the outbreak of war, many people were exceedingly uneasy about the future, with reference to employment generally. They imagined

that crowds of the able-bodied would soon be without the means of livelihood. They anticipated that little things and big things in the business world would give way beyond immediate repair, when its intricate organization felt the shock of war, and that much of our industrialism would be crippled for the time being.

Events have belied these fears and proved that a highly complex economic system is far more adaptable than was generally supposed. This is not really surprising. It is primitive society, not civilized society, that should respond least readily to a change in environment. Not a little of the complexity of modern business operates in facilitating such rearrangements in structure and alterations in productive functioning as may be requisite. It is only because of the development of a capacity in business to modify itself rapidly as need arises, that the amazingly delicate equipoise maintained in the international division of labour has been rendered at all possible. At any rate, experience has now demonstrated that, with assistance from the Government here and there, weakened springs of action in the economic system can be rapidly strengthened, and fractured parts mended or replaced. The foreign exchanges broke down (that is to say, debts to England could only be paid at a ruinous charge); to-day most of them are working almost normally. The bottoms were knocked out of the Stock Exchange and the money market; to-day, in each of these markets, dealers are finding a sure footing on a new basis of value. Credit was strained, but it did not snap, and bankruptcies have been uncommon. The cotton market, with other similar institutions, had to seek restoration behind the closed doors of the moratorium; but to-day on the floor at Liverpool and New York

all that is needful is being done again to pass cotton from the growers to the users. The shock of the war has emphatically not reduced our business institutions to wreckage.

But there was another reason why apprehension was felt about employment. It was argued that a great slice would be cut away from the continental market, that many other foreign markets would suffer in purchasing-power, through the loss of their trade with parts of the European continent, that home buyers would be exceptionally economical in view of the uncertainty that war cast over the future; and that, consequently, there would not be enough work to keep everybody occupied. This argument impressed, because of the elements of undoubted truth contained in it. But it was one-sided. It overlooked, or under-emphasized, that markets lost to sellers were equally lost to buyers: that, for instance, the replacement of German exports by the like or similar goods would be sought. It also overlooked, or under-emphasized, that an immense new demand, representing war needs, would arise—the need for men to fight and the need for men and women to make clothing and accoutrements and munitions of war for our own and our Allies' forces, or to make what would have to be exported to pay for the things obtained from neutrals. Finally, it assumed that people would not settle down to war conditions so rapidly as they did, that earnings would not be so satisfactory as they are, and that excessive caution at home in buying would not, therefore, be discouraged as it has been.

When a broad view is taken, it is apparent that a shrinkage of some of the old demands was inevitable. But to the old demands was added an enormous new

demand. And it might have been foreseen that the latter would far transcend the volume of demand lost by the shrinkage of the old demand. As a matter of fact it is found that it is so. Two problems confront us, and neither is a problem of general unemployment. The one, largely insoluble, is the problem of a shortage of labour, and the other, already half solved, is a problem of readjustment.

Shortage of labour is beginning to be felt unmistakably. Certain exports have fallen off, not because markets have dropped away, but because there are only a few goods to spare to send them. Prices are rising, partly in consequence of high freights (largely due to a dearth of ships) and war insurance, or the locking-up of certain supplies (for instance, wheat in Russia), or their inadequacy for the times. But these are not the only causes. Others are operating, even where those enumerated above are unimportant, negligible, or non-existent, and, of these others, one of some weight is the paucity of labour for making and moving goods, in view of the needs of the armies and navies, and in view of the numbers of men who have flocked to the colours. Taking the country as a whole, the truth is that the effect of reduced demands has not been felt since the first few weeks of war because the ordinary demand that remains is still too great to be satisfied by the limited amount of labour and capital available for the purpose of satisfying it. In the relations between producers and everyday buyers, the trouble is not mainly that the former cannot break through the economy (enforced or voluntary) of the latter, to dispose of what they have made: the trouble is mainly that the buyers cannot get as much as they still want, and are forcing prices up by their competition

with one another. The general situation brought about by the war resembles what would happen in a game of musical chairs if you kept adding more chairs than you took away. In that event all the chairs could not be occupied. So now all demands cannot be met.

On the whole and in the rough, this is an accurate envisagement of the present position, though it may involve for some readers an inversion of ideas. But to these generalizations there are notable exceptions. There are 'luxury' trades that can only be utilized to a small extent, if at all, for war needs. The experience of these must be mainly of depression. And there are merchants through whose hands fewer goods are passing, and who are therefore giving less employment. Also, one would be prepared to find an important exception in a great localized world-industry like the Lancashire cotton industry. For a home industry that satisfied a very large portion of the world's demand for the class of things it produced might easily suffer, through but a slight percentage withdrawal of ordinary demand, a much larger absolute loss than it could hope to recoup by responding to direct and indirect war requirements. It has, therefore, been anxiously inquired on all hands how our cotton industry is faring.¹

The cotton industry of the British Isles is the most stupendous in the whole world. Of spindles it possesses nearly 40 per cent. of the world's supply, and nearly twice as many as the next biggest cotton-spinning country, namely, the United States; while its power-looms number nearly 800,000 in all, as against some

¹ A full statistical account, with a discussion of causes and the possibilities of the future, by the author of this pamphlet and Mr. David Kemp, will be found in the March (1915) *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*.

700,000 possessed by the United States, the next largest manufacturer of cotton fabrics by power. Its exports are naturally enormous. In 1913 they reached the prodigious sum of £127,000,000, and accounted for 20 per cent. of the exports of the United Kingdom.

In considering the happenings in Lancashire after the European conflict began, it must be noted that the cotton trade had just slipped into one of those periodic stagnations to which it is peculiarly liable (largely, I should imagine, because of its excessive dependence on demands in the East, where margins for buying comforts are narrow, and therefore given to violent fluctuations). The collapse of markets was already so serious in the early summer that extensive short-time was decided upon by the English federation of cotton-spinners at the beginning of July. And, just before, trade had reached its zenith. This must be understood lest one should be led into exaggerating the effect of the war by comparing trade some months before the war with trade after war began. Trade had been extraordinarily good ; but it was subsiding before the summer ; and, when the outbreak of hostilities delivered a knockdown blow, the industry was already half recumbent.

The last five months of the year 1914 saw the average monthly export of piece goods, measured in quantities (not in values), 43 per cent. beneath the monthly average for the corresponding period in the previous year. In contrast with this, in the four worst months of the 1908-9 decline, exports of the same goods were about 20 per cent. below those of the corresponding months of the previous year. Consequently, one might be tempted to say that the war was accountable for little more than half the fall up to the end of last year. But, inasmuch as a somewhat less favourable conclusion is

reached when we measure the degrees of failure in 1914 and 1908-9 by taking as the standard in each case the general level of trade just before, we shall be safer in attributing some three-fifths of the shrinkage of exports to the war—particularly in view of the duration of the present collapse. It may be added that, reckoned from the level of exports from twelve to sixteen months previously, the contraction in the last five months of 1914 still comes to about 43 per cent.

In January trade took a turn for the better. Exports of piece-goods for January were more than 25 per cent. better in quantity than those for December. Recovery was due in part to the fulfilment of large orders for our allies. But it was chiefly due to the improvement of demand in overseas markets, where, in addition, a certain amount of replacement of German goods by English substitutes must already have taken place. Of an increase in the exports of piece-goods of 76·5 million yards, France took only 4·5 million yards, which meant, however, an advance of 110 per cent. on December, and of more than 500 per cent. on what had been normal. Increase was biggest in bulk in the supply of the Indian, China, and Australian markets. India took 34·5 million yards, or 29 per cent., more in January than in December; China 12·8 million yards, or 59 per cent., more; British South and West Africa 6·7 million yards, or 56 per cent. more; and Australia 3·2 million yards, or 27 per cent., more. It is also notable that the Egyptian market, which had been gravely affected, absorbed 3·7 million yards of the extra shipments, thereby raising her buying over December by 45 per cent.; and that Central and South American markets, which had long been in an unsatisfactory state, began to show a certain liveliness. The passing of depression would seem to have begun.

The above account has been confined to quantities, for the sufficient reason that aggregate values have been reduced considerably by the fall in the cost of cotton. The value of a portion of the exports kept up because the prices of a portion had been fixed before the price of cotton dropped; but the cheapening of cotton has told in the aggregate value of the exports increasingly month by month.

Exports of piece-goods afford a fair indication of the state of exports of cotton goods as a whole, inasmuch as the former account for some 80 per cent. of the latter in terms of value. Moreover, ordinarily, the former may be taken as a rough index of production, since it has been computed that nearly 90 per cent. in quantity, and over 80 per cent. in value, of the piece-goods produced are shipped to foreign markets. It may be added here, however, that the percentage collapse of exports in the period from August to December was materially more in yarn than in piece-goods. In the former it passed 50 per cent., when measured against the level of the previous twelve months' trade. But this was not so serious a matter, as no more than about 15 per cent. of our yarn output is sent abroad. And in January half the 50 per cent. averaged in the last five months of 1914 was wiped off. Of the total increase of 4 million lb. between December and January, France took a little less and India a little more than 1.2 million lb.

In the table opposite, the percentage contractions in the export of piece-goods in yards, and of yarn in lb., are shown, the contractions being reckoned on the average monthly exports between August 1913 and July 1914. An average is also given, in the calculation of which six times as much weight has been attached

to the piece-goods as to the yarn, because in value the former are usually about six times greater than the latter. Finally, in general accordance with the conclusions reached above as regards the effects of trade depression, estimates to the nearest 5 per cent. are offered of the degree of shrinkage due to the war. In these estimates allowance is made for a gradual coming and going of trade depression. The war, of course, as will be noted later, wrought some of its effects through extending and deepening depression, but these effects we include in war effects :

PERCENTAGE CONTRACTION OF EXPORTS IN QUANTITIES.

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Yarn	57	47	57	48	46	25
Piece-Goods	46	35	36	47	52	40
Weighted Average	48	37	39	47	51	38
Contraction probably due to the war	35	20	20	30	35	25

The sudden check in August was due to anything but panic. Panic means an unthinking stampede. But British merchants, as a body, kept cool and collected. They refused to be hurried in their decisions, and stopped deliveries for the time being, to wait for news, for instance, about the safety of trade routes. It would have been folly to have shipped goods to be sent to the bottom, if waiting a week or two would have assured their safety. Soon deliveries were flowing out freely, but the dangers of the seas were not finally reduced to an insignificant deterrent till the sinking of the *Emden*, the removal of other hostile cruisers, the fall of Tsing-Tau, and the victory of the Falkland Islands. Recovery would then have been marked if new business had come forward normally to supplement that already in progress. Delay in the materializing

of new business was unavoidable, however, seeing that the machinery of business was still under repair (including the foreign exchanges, the cotton market, and the credit of some shippers whose remittances failed to arrive) and that the ordinary depression was accentuated by the war. Depression is marked by the curtailment of forward buying, because of uncertainties about future demand, and to ordinary uncertainties were added those connected with war. Moreover, in the case of the South America States, whose markets gave way some time before the war, the withholding of the financial assistance that they might have expected otherwise delayed revival.

It is pretty generally believed in Lancashire by now that the cotton trade is not going to suffer much at the worst. The excessive economy (enforced or voluntary) that was at first practised at home has largely disappeared. Home traders report that business is no longer bad. Certain foreign markets are cut off, of course, to the extent, say, of £17,000,000 on the values of 1912, but against these there are gaps to fill in other markets, including our own, which can no longer get supplies from the old sources. This trade must have amounted to £30,000,000 in 1912, and in view of the relative magnitude of the English industry, no small share of it should fall directly or indirectly to Lancashire. It would seem that on balance much loss is unlikely; and no allowance has been made for the fact that any unusually large export on the part of neutrals to the markets closed to us would tend to leave spaces in their other markets, including their home market, to add to the compensatory demand that affects us.

Much has been talked of capturing German trade,

and it has been pointed out that it would not pay manufacturers to install machinery to make for a limited time a class of goods that they do not now produce, even if they could get the machinery constructed while metal-workers were so busy in connexion with armaments. But imitation, or close imitation, is not really necessary. Substitutes for German goods, even if they are not exactly the same, will have to be accepted some time. And, as to the temporary character of the trade, it has to be remembered that buying habits stick, and also that, for other reasons, when hostilities are over, commerce will not spring back to its position before they began. Resentment against the Germans for bringing on the war, for their method of conducting it, and particularly for their treatment of Belgium, will last a long time, and not merely amongst the Allies—unless, indeed, it should be shown in an unmistakable and effective way that the trading and industrial classes in Germany repudiate the crimes committed in their name. Hence the emergency arrangements substituted for the old distribution of the world's commerce will in some degree continue for years. In this connexion it may be remarked that the union of the Allies will naturally have an economic counterpart in closer business relations. It may also be remarked that the above considerations should fortify the effort that is being made to render the British cotton industry independent of German dyes. A dearth of certain colours is already being felt. It is much to be hoped that the brightness of the outlook will not be clouded by a failure to make good this one weak spot. Failure would not mean failure of the cotton trade, but success would render fair prospects materially better.

One circumstance of which account must be taken,

that will act detrimentally on the cotton trade, is the reduced purchasing power that some of its markets will suffer in consequence of the chaos in Europe. The realizable value this year of the cotton crop in Egypt has been reduced, for instance, both by a limitation of the quantity needed and by a fall in price of more than 25 per cent. Matters would have been worse, however, had any large proportion of the crop been designed for Germany or Austria. As it is, the United Kingdom and the United States together take four times as much as Germany and Austria together. India will suffer relatively more on her cotton, because of the amount—as much as quarter of the crop—that used to go to the European continent. On jute, again, India will experience a loss. These are but examples. On the other hand, with regard to certain of their exports, some countries will gain—for instance, India, in all probability, on hides and tanning. When a comprehensive survey is made, it seems evident that an appreciable, though not a severe, check on purchasing power in important markets must be allowed for. But, at the same time, it seems doubtful whether it will have any very large effect on our exports of cotton goods, in view of the fact that they are not among the first things to be dispensed with, and that their price is now low, in consequence of the fall in the value of cotton, which, on a conservative estimate, may be put at, say, 30 per cent. on an average. This advantage is by no means swallowed up entirely in higher costs of transport and insurance. On no class of goods consigned in bulk to the East can the net fall, measured from the values of 1913, be appreciably less than 10 per cent., and on some classes of goods it is substantially more.

In addition to the incidents enumerated, the closure of the cotton markets at Liverpool and in the United States for more than three months, was bound to have a damping effect on enterprise. It was still possible, of course, to get any amount of cotton, but the price of cotton was kept up artificially, and against this there was no relief till new cotton came into sight. Moreover, Lancashire was gravely embarrassed by the withdrawal of the facilities normally afforded by dealings in 'futures', which are sales of cotton at present prices for future delivery, that may be many months ahead. These contracts, of which there is more than one type, are used directly or indirectly by spinners to shelve risks connected with future variations in the price of cotton, by brokers to cover their contracts with spinners, and by importers of cotton to guard against any fall in its price before arrival. Dispensing with futures involved going back thirty years or more in the methods of doing business. It is notable, however—and it bears eloquent testimony to the adaptability of the cotton industry—that, under the stimulus of low-priced cotton, some Lancashire enterprise went back the thirty years in method and succeeded in making hay while the sun shone. The cotton market was fully opened again on November 16, and is now functioning normally. Closure had been necessary to work off, without bankruptcies, heavy payments consequent upon the fall in cotton values, particularly in view of delayed remittances on account of foreign transactions. The liquidation of debts took place with a surprising absence of disaster.¹

¹ A discussion, by the author and Mr. David Kemp, of the problem of the cotton market created by the war, and of its solution, will be found in the March (1915) *Economic Journal*.

Abnormally low importations of cotton in the first six months of war caused some anxiety. Imports in millions of lbs., and percentage decreases (marked -) or increases (marked +) on the imports for the corresponding months of the previous year, were as follows :

	<i>Aug.</i>	<i>Sept.</i>	<i>Oct.</i>	<i>Nov.</i>	<i>Dec.</i>	<i>Jan.</i>
Imports 1914-15 . . .	61	40	66	131	268	301
Percentage differences on 1913-14	+52	-55	-75	-63	-21	-2

There was no occasion for alarm, however, particularly as the stock of cotton in Liverpool at the beginning of August was unusually large. The low figures meant in the main that new cotton (which does not arrive in bulk till October) was only procured as it was actually needed, instead of being imported by means of 'futures' against future obligations. Now it is coming forward normally. But in America, Egypt, and India, financial arrangements had to be made to move crops in the exceptional circumstances, and also to hold portions of them with the object of saving many cotton growers from ruin and safeguarding future supplies.

To complete our examination of trade, some attention must be given to imports of cotton goods, because in their failure some compensation is to be found for reduced exports, as has already been noted. In values imports and exports have been as follows in £100,000's ;

	<i>Jan. to June average</i>	<i>July</i>	<i>Aug.</i>	<i>Sept.</i>	<i>Oct.</i>	<i>Nov.</i>	<i>Dec.</i>	<i>Jan.</i>
Exports .	105	113	58	62	61	55	51	64
Imports .	10·6	11·8	2·9	2·6	3·9	3·5	5·5	5·8
Balance of Exports	94·4	101·2	55·1	59·4	57·1	51·5	45·5	58·2

The heavy fall in imports, which is comprehensible in view of the large proportion ordinarily received from

the continent, has to some extent mitigated the fall in exports which has been much less relatively. Doubtless many of the things that used to be bought abroad are being dispensed with, but to some extent English goods, which may only bear a faint resemblance to them, are taking their place. The warning must be repeated that values mislead, as an indication of the extent of depression, owing to the fall in the price of cotton.

England carries on such an enormous foreign trade that we in England have got into the habit of treating foreign trade as a barometer of production and even of general prosperity. Ordinarily, export and import statistics do not lead us far astray when used as an index in this way, but at the present time they happen to be most deceptive seeing that work done for the British Government, even if sent abroad, passes unrecorded. It is needful, therefore, to carry our investigations behind trade to the state of production. To do this is desirable also because production must evidently rally before exports can take a turn for the better, and it is in production, consequently, that signs of recuperation are first discoverable.

Unfortunately no accurate records of production that embrace the whole industry and appear at short intervals exist. Figures have been published by the weavers' amalgamation showing the numbers of looms stopped and looms on short time, but as the average extent of short time is unknown, these figures serve only very roughly as an index of the output from weaving sheds. The Secretary of the Oldham Employers' Association has also been issuing the spindle hours worked in Oldham, and there is no doubt that his returns afford a wonderfully accurate measurement of production in spinning at Oldham. But they cover only Oldham and

its vicinity, and it happens that war orders have helped in particular the kind of work that is typical of Oldham. Again there are the returns made by a large number of employers to the Board of Trade, and published in the *Labour Gazette*, of monthly and yearly variations in wages paid, which, in the absence of changes in rates of wages, should correspond with variations in output. It would try the patience of the reader, and fill up too much of our space, to scrutinize these several pieces of evidence in detail. It must suffice to give percentage contractions of production as compared with June and with a year ago, based on averages of the employers' returns published in the *Labour Gazette*, when in the calculation of the averages the returns from different districts are given a weight proportional to the importance of the districts to which they relate.

The figures are as follows :—

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Percentage contraction on June 1914	64	43	41	33	28	23
Percentage contraction on 12 months previously	64	42	38	29	23	13
Average	64	42	39	31	25	18

We shall regard the averages in the last line as affording a rough approximation to the truth.

In the next table these averages are presented side by side with percentage limitations of trade (see p. 11) and very rough estimates, to the nearest 2·5 per cent., of the diminution in output that might have been expected had the period not been one of a normal trade depression. These estimates are obtained by allowing for the shrinkage that depression would in any event have brought about in trade and particularly in exports (see pp. 8-12). To avoid complications, it

has been necessary to ignore the fact that reduced production in any given month may show more in the exports of the next month than in the exports of the same month.

	<i>Aug.</i>	<i>Sept.</i>	<i>Oct.</i>	<i>Nov.</i>	<i>Dec.</i>	<i>Jan.</i>
Percentage contraction of trade	48	37	39	47	51	38
Percentage contraction of production	64	42	39	31	25	18
Probable contraction of production due exclusively to the war	55	30	25	17.5	12.5	7.5

Production in August receded more than exports. But by November the position was reversed. War orders for the British Government limited the curtailment of production, and also war orders for our Allies, which could not at once tell on exports. In addition, some production took place in anticipation of demand, as has already been mentioned, and naturally the attenuated imports offered fresh opportunities to English manufacturers.

At present, production is no more than 20 per cent. down on normal at most, and, had this not been an ordinary period of bad trade, the decline would have been materially less. It goes without saying that the state of affairs varies from place to place. In some localities production is practically normal; in others it is still very limited, but time is bringing about a more even distribution of work. Adjustment problems are always slow to solve.

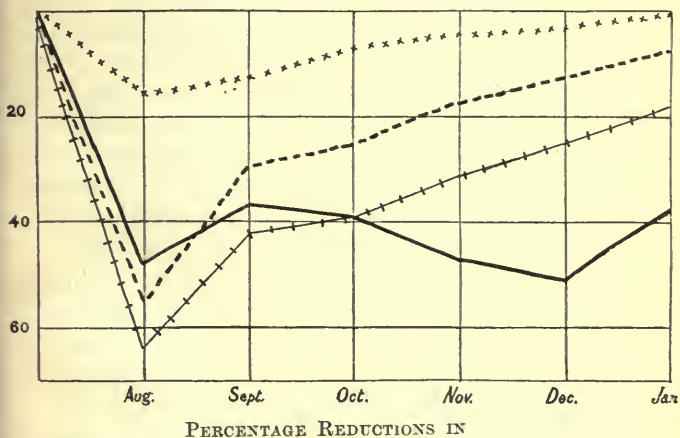
Turning to employment, we find conditions far better than one might have supposed. Very little of the loss of output has caused complete unemployment. The rest has been carried by recruiting and short time. The Lancashire cotton industry has long been famous for its use of the method of short time to limit output, and

on this occasion a special effort has been made to find some work for as many people as possible. Inquiries made by the Board of Trade into conditions on a particular day in October and another in December, as compared with conditions on a particular day in July, revealed 10·1 per cent. of unemployment in October and 3·7 in December among males, and 14·2 in October and 9·3 in December among females. The same inquiries showed that 40 per cent. of the men, and a somewhat larger percentage of women, were working short time. By December the percentages had dropped to 30 and 34 respectively. In many cases the amount of time lost by working short time is not considerable. As to recruiting, according to the inquiries mentioned, by October, 7 per cent. of the men, and by December 9·6 per cent., were known to have joined the forces, and doubtless the percentages of recruits were appreciably higher.

Trade union returns present an even more cheerful picture as regards unemployment. The excesses of the percentages of unemployment over 2·2 (the figure for June) were as follows in successive months from August to January—15·5, 12·3, 7·0, 4·1, 3 and ·8. The discrepancies between these figures and the Board of Trade findings may be partly due to the fact that only unemployment entitling to benefit are included in the trade union returns, whereas all unemployment on a particular date in October and a particular date in December comes into the Board of Trade statistics. Moreover, it is possible that trade unionists are least affected.

The wage-earners connected with the cotton trade who are hurt most by the war are those whose employment depends on merchants' work in Manchester—for instance, clerks, warehousemen, makers-up, and so

forth; for an appreciable part of the work that has brightened the industrial outlook does not pass through merchants' hands, or involves comparatively little clerical work. The outcome of this is to be seen in part in Manchester's fine response to the call for recruits. The opportunity of serving the country in the fighting line has been most widely seized where men could best



Trade —————
 Employment (trade union figures) x x x x x
 Production + + + + +
 Production, apart from the probable effects of the ordinary trade depression - - - - -

From August 1914 to January 1915.

be spared; and Manchester employers have not been backward in making the liberal arrangements that the situation calls for to facilitate recruiting.

Some of the broad conclusions reached as a result of this inquiry are displayed in the diagram above. Unemployment is trifling; but short time is more extensive. This latter, however, is getting steadily

less. The present position of production is by no means bad, thanks to enterprise, common sense, public spirit, war orders, and the failure of imports. This being so, much unemployment, after the drain of recruiting on the labour market, was not to be looked for. Exports are still down, but January brought a comforting turn of the tide. An analysis of trade reveals that depression is clearing away from our leading markets. There is every reason to suppose that improvement will continue until a fair level of trade is reached, for, though many markets have gone, at least till the war is over, compensation should be met with in others owing to the removal of important sources of supply. It is unlikely that the impoverishment of certain markets, in consequence of the war, will be so considerable as to cause a collapse in their takings of cotton goods. By the time that war orders are falling off, the ordinary trade should have so rallied that no great loss will be felt, as far as one can see in the present imperfect light.

And what will happen when the war is over? There is reason to hope little or nothing that will be detrimental to the cotton industry. There will be labour to re-absorb, but some demands will be liberated and others stimulated. With regard to industry as a whole, it is apprehended by some people that the resumption of the normal will only be effected after a terrible depression and much unemployment. Whether this apprehension is well founded, is highly questionable. Of course we shall all be the poorer, but long-continued unemployment need not be assumed. There will be a problem of readjustment, but recent experience has taught us that its solution may be rapid. And failure should not lie on the side of demand. Enormous works

of restoration will have to be effected, and one way and another these will draw on a number of industries. Moreover, a mass of work is now being held up because the labour to undertake it is lacking, or else the enterprise to set it on foot while the future is uncertain. Consumers' demands are not unaffected, and producers' demands, relating to the renewal, supplementing, and repair of plant and premises, are largely held in leash at present, of necessity or on grounds of prudence. Moreover, peace will stimulate enterprise. The sanguine outlook is likely to prevail. The dejected mind that takes a gloomy impression of facts, and so induces industrial stagnation, may have been common at the outbreak of war, but it is likely to be rare among the Allies at its close.

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PRICES AND EARNINGS IN TIME OF WAR¹

1. CHANGE IN PRICE LEVELS SINCE 1850

IT is well known that prices of food and other commodities in England have fluctuated considerably throughout the period, a century or more, in which they have been recorded with fair accuracy; yet people have such short memories and so soon become accustomed to anything that is reduced to routine, that each new price level is almost at once accepted as natural and customary. It is only quite recently that writers and speakers have used the 'percentage change of prices' as part of their ordinary vocabulary, and it is doubtful whether any large section of the population attach a correct and definite meaning to the figures. We can, however, without using any refined measurements, place the prices of the first half of the year 1914 in relation to previous years. From about the year 1850, prices in general rose, with minor fluctuations, for more than two decades, and reached a maximum in 1873-4; thence they fell, again with fluctuations, for twenty years, and reached a minimum in 1895-6; another long rise took place and culminated at the beginning of 1913. From March 1913 to July 1914 a steady fall was perceptible; it could not, of course, be foretold whether this was simply a reaction from

¹ This pamphlet contains the substance of a lecture delivered at the London School of Economics, February 22, 1915.

the high prices of 1912 or the beginning of another long period in which prices would fall year after year. In July 1914 prices of food were about the same as in 1910, and in that year, shortly before the second crest of the great movement, 1874-1913, these prices were back at the level of 1886. On February 1, 1915, prices were back at the much higher level of 1884, but still far below the maximum of 1874, and in fact lower than in most of the thirty years that followed the Crimean War. This general view, that we are now back at the prices of thirty to sixty years ago, will be confirmed in detail by those whose housekeeping memories extend so far back. The younger generation, who began housekeeping in the nineties, have bought in a rising market throughout their experience.

The above statements refer to a general average of food prices, where changes in the cost of bread, meat, sugar, tea, and other commodities to some extent balance one another.

I propose to examine why the movement of the last few months has taken place, what effect it has had on the real wages of the working class after allowance is made for the state of employment, and what factors are involved in the determination of the prices of the near future.

2. CAUSES OF CHANGE

If in July we had tried to forecast the effect of war on prices, we should have been able to pick out some movements as probable, all in the direction of increased cost, while some factors, which have proved important, would hardly have occurred to us. There would have seemed no reason why those goods which we produce at home, without supplementary imports, should alter

either in demand or supply ; such are vegetables, milk, and coal. In the case of coal, it might have happened that a diminution of export might increase the supply, and a falling off of manufacture in general decrease the demand, so that the price might fall. We should have expected fishing to be interrupted, but could not foresee whether the stoppage of exports would leave a sufficient home supply.

How imported goods would be affected would depend on their sources and also on the enemy's effective demand for them. If wheat, rice, tea, and coffee could not get to Germany, so much the more for the rest of the world. If continental sugar could not reach us, this still ought not to be important if it could reach a neutral Power, whose ordinary supplies could then come to us. We depend on Russia to a large extent for butter and eggs, and look to her to supplement the supply of wheat for ourselves and other countries. The lack of the dairy produce must be felt at once, but if the delivery of wheat was only postponed, its absence during the early spring would not necessarily cause much change in price.

As regards all imported goods, it was certain that increased insurance would raise the price, and it was probable that some cargoes would be destroyed, curtailing the supply. Insurance has proved to be very low, and destruction has been very limited. More important than either has been the delay in dispatch of goods owing to the failure of credit in August, and a further delay also because of the existence of the enemy's cruisers, and from the closing of some routes of trade, all causing a serious loss of time not yet recovered. It could hardly have been foreseen that the use of some ports exclusively for military purposes, a crush of

arrivals after the seas were clear, and a shortage of dock labour would cause serious congestion and delay at the ports—that, in fact, our imports would be so considerable that there would be difficulty in handling them.

No one could have struck a balance between the probable diminution of the quantity of shipping, owing to the elimination of the German merchant fleet, and the probable diminution of international trade; and it is doubtful, even now, on which side the scale would fall if the demands of the Admiralty for transport were not so great. The effect of the earlier demands for ocean transport of troops is still felt. The delay at the docks is responsible for a considerable part of the scarcity of ships. Now the rates for ocean transport are very elastic, and a small change in the quantity of shipping available has a great effect on freights; for it is not possible to increase quickly the number of ships at any particular port nor the total shipping of the world; the cost of transport by sea is but a small proportion of the whole cost of goods, and a slight rise of the wholesale market price causes a relatively considerable increase in the rates importers will pay. There is a competition as to which goods shall be carried first, and naturally those have priority for which most is paid. When the shortage is due to delay, it may happen that the shipowner loses as much by the diminution in the number of voyages as he gains by increased earnings per voyage.

The case of transport by land is similar. The railway lines and yards are soon congested; the rolling-stock, sufficient for carriage under ordinary conditions, takes too long on its round journeys; lines, yards, and stock are partly used for Government purposes, and goods

are delayed. Since in this case accommodation is not put up to auction, the companies (or the Government controlling them) has to decide on priority of delivery. It is a question whether arbitrary decision gives a better result than determination by the price offered by merchants.

Delay in delivery does not have the same effect on price as permanent deficiency of supply, if the stock in hand is sufficient and the ultimate delivery can be depended upon; but the merchants and the public may become unduly alarmed and force up prices unnecessarily.

In time of war or any other disturbance of normal trade, it is specially easy for the holders of any commodity, whose supply is temporarily short, to make a corner in it and obtain a monopoly price. If all the dealers are subject to the control of a single Government, the fixing of a maximum price may cause an actual cheapening, or even prevent the corner;¹ the purchase of considerable quantities at an arbitrated or arbitrary price by the Government may have the same effect. But if a considerable part of the supply is in the hands of foreigners, any artificial lowering of the price will merely check the importation of the goods, and even a Government cannot sell at two prices in the same market.

A further possibility in war time is that so many persons will be diverted altogether from production or engaged in making necessaries of war, that the labour force will be insufficient for ordinary needs.

¹ The issue of maximum-price schedules in August, after consultation between the Government and merchants, was in its effect only a statement of what prices were reasonable in the ascertained conditions of supply, for the information of retailers and customers.

This consideration is likely to be important in the cases of luxuries and of manufactures generally and (to a less extent) of raw materials. But every belligerent nation takes special care to ensure its food supply, and it is quite possible that the world's supply of food will be greater than usual in 1915 if more land is brought under cultivation for the more important foods, and if sowing is not hindered nor crops destroyed to any great extent by actual field operations. Only a small part of the harvests of 1914 can have been lost.

Another factor often important in time of war is the issue of new currency, which will raise prices, or the restriction of credit and a consequently greater use of existing currency, which will lower them. For this reason it is very difficult to compare changes of prices in Germany and England.

We must be careful not to confuse the ordinary variability of harvests (such as the partial failure of the Australian harvest) with the special results of war.

3. EXPENDITURE AND PRICES

The principal objects of expenditure of the working class, placed roughly in the order of amounts spent by a working-class family with 35s. weekly, are rent (including rates), meat and bacon, bread and flour, coal and gas, vegetables, butter, milk, beer, tea, sugar, tobacco, eggs, and cheese. With a family living on £200 a year, service will come next to rent, and coal will be higher up the scale. In the case of a poor family with 25s. a week, meat is lower in the scale, butter is replaced by margarine, little is spent on milk, and less on eggs.

We have very little information as to the cost of some of these items; but for the majority we have the very careful records of prices paid throughout the

United Kingdom in the co-operative stores and other shops used by the working classes, collected by the Board of Trade month by month, and summarized in the *Labour Gazette*. It is to be regretted that the prices are not given in more detail, and that we are obliged to use only the percentages published by the Board of Trade, and the general results calculated by their formula; for it is very difficult without more detail to trace the effect on different incomes and different classes.

The following statements apply to various dates from February 1 to February 20, 1915; no doubt further changes will take place.

Rent. There are no records of any change of rent, but since so many men are no longer living in houses, and others have a diminished income, it is probable that houseowners have some difficulty in letting their property, and that some rents have fallen. Generally when prices are onerous there is a tendency to save money by crowding or seeking a cheaper house, and rents give way, but this compensatory action is small. Domestic service, in some districts, is a little cheaper since the war.

Meat. The prices of meat have moved in a very curious way. The available home supply has been good, but foreign shipments have been delayed, and (unless a considerable amount has been taken directly for the troops and not passed through the trade accounts) there has been a serious deficit in the supply of beef and mutton. An unusual demand has been made for foreign meat for the army abroad, and it is quite probable that the members of the army at home are on the whole consuming more meat than they did in civil life. Frozen meat has risen in price till it is at nearly

the same price as home-killed. The great part of the change took place in August (when the supply seemed short) and in September (when the military demands were felt). The price of mutton has risen less than that of beef, and of the finer joints less than that of the coarser. A leg of home-killed mutton is only $\frac{1}{2}d.$ or $\frac{3}{4}d.$ a pound dearer in February than in July, while coarse imported beef has risen $3d.$ a lb.; these are the extremes. The difference is quite important in the consideration of different classes of purchasers.

The price of pork has changed very little. Bacon is $1d.$ a lb. more than in July 1914, but not more than in 1913.

Bread and flour. The average price of the quartern loaf was $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ before the outbreak of war, rose to $6d.$ by August 12, to $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ in December, $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ at the end of January, and was $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ on February 8. The first-named price corresponds to wheat at $33s. 6d.$ a quarter, the last-named to $53s. 6d.$; a change of $10s.$ a quarter makes a change of $1d.$ the quartern. The loaf does not rise in proportion to the grain, since the cost of milling and baking do not change. The Prime Minister's statement on February 12 indicates that the change in freight and insurance for North American wheat only accounts for a third of a penny on the quartern loaf: for longer transport it will be a little more. The increase in price has not up till February corresponded to any diminution of supply, for the total wheat and flour available (including the home harvest, imports, and Canada's gifts) has been greater than the quantity for the same period (August to January) a year ago and practically equal to that two years ago. Nor has any evidence been produced as to any failure of the world's harvest as a whole, over the period June to February, which

includes the bulk of the harvests of both the northern and southern hemispheres ; the failure of the Australian yield is serious, but Australia only produces 2 or 3 per cent. of the world's supply, and the production of all countries is variable. The present high price seems to be due to nervousness as to the availability of the Russian supply before other sources are exhausted, and to doubt as to how far Europe will be able to obtain her usual harvest this year. Meanwhile, whatever dealers, millers, or farmers, at home or abroad, have owned the northern crop of last year have reaped a handsome profit that they had not sown.

Coal. The price of coal has been affected principally by difficulties of transport which have resulted in serious shortage in London and the south of England. A subsidiary factor has been the enlistment in large numbers of the more efficient coal-hewers and the difficulty of getting pit-props owing to some failure in the import of wood ; the working of mines is said to have been more expensive. If the collieries were not delayed and congested by the lack of railway facilities, the supply would be ample since exportation of coal has decreased greatly. The changes in price have varied greatly with the quality of coal, the class of customer, and the district. In London, good kitchen coal delivered by the ton was in February 1915 about 5s. per ton higher than in February 1914, and about 7s. 6d. higher than in July. The most expensive coal and anthracite had risen less, for customers of these have more storage room and need not buy at the high rates. The worst coal and the coal retailed by the hundredweight have risen most, owing to the immediate nature of the demand for it, but an increase of more than 6d. a cwt. seems to be exceptional. The rise seems to have been greatest in the residential

districts of the south, and has probably been much less in the neighbourhood of the mines in the midlands and north. Gas has risen slightly in some cities, but the penny-in-the-slot gas is the last to be affected. Coke is hardly obtainable. There will no doubt be further difficulties in the delivery of coal, but, if the whole problem is firmly handled and economy is practised in its use, there seems no reason for alarm. It should be noticed that in all cases of temporarily high prices every effort is made to postpone purchases and to economize consumption, so that relatively little is bought at the top price. In general, in competitive production and dealing, the retail price rises by a smaller percentage than the wholesale price, since dealers do not increase their own profits and charges; this is specially noticeable when the prices of bread and wheat are compared. But with coal there is a good deal of evidence, especially in London, that the dealers make extra profits when coal is dear.

Vegetables and fruit. Potatoes, the only (so-called) vegetable of nutritive value consumed on a large scale, are plentiful, cheaper than in July, and at about their usual price.¹ Other vegetables are as usual; oranges have been abundant, bananas and apples normal.

Butter and margarine. Butter, always subject to slight variations, was near its usual price in the autumn, and rose a little in January. Margarine has changed very little, if at all. *Milk* has been 4*d.* a quart in towns as long as the memory of man goes, with very rare and brief periods at 3½*d.* or 4½*d.* Just now there is an attempt in London to raise it to 4½*d.*, because of the alleged dearness of feeding stuff.

¹ There is some tendency for potatoes to rise in price during this month (February).

Beer rose 6*d.* a gallon (50 per cent.) or $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a glass (25 or 33 per cent.) in November or December. *Tea* has now felt the full effect of the increased duty and risen 3*d.* a pound. *Coffee* and *cocoa* have not changed.

The price of the cheapest quality of *sugar* was 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* in July and is now 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*; more expensive kinds have perhaps risen a little more. *Rice*, *oatmeal*, and *haricot beans* are at their usual price.

The wholesale price of *imported eggs* has been nearly 20 per cent. above normal; new-laid eggs are much as usual for the time of year. *Cheese* appears to have risen 1*d.* a pound. *Tobacco* has not changed, nor have *spirits*.

It is evident from this enumeration that the increased cost of living depends very much on the diet of the individual, and it is also clear that some prices are unstable and may change in the near future. Also, since the statements relate to average prices, they will not be true for all districts. For example, the price of the quartern loaf is stated to have increased by 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* in south-east London but only by 1*d.* in Scotland in the year ended February 1, 1915. Nor are the averages themselves unaffected by accident in the selection of price quotations. In many cases it is difficult to separate seasonal and accidental changes from those caused by the war.

4. WAGES AND EARNINGS

During the period of rising prices (1896–1913) rates of wages moved upwards, but spasmodically, and it is a matter of dispute as to whether cost of living or wages had increased most. In the year 1913 trade was extraordinarily good, and unemployment very slight, and increased wages were reported in many industries, so

that by the summer of 1914 (when prices had moved downwards) it is probable that the working class were definitely, but not greatly, better off than twenty years before or than at any previous date in the modern era. There was, however, a general and well-founded opinion among the working class that their progress had been unduly small in comparison with the enormous recent accretion of wealth. We must now try to compare their present spending power with that of last summer, and bring it into relation with the rise of prices.

From August 1914 till the end of January there were extremely few changes of rates of wages; the most important exception was a marked rise of seamen's rates in sympathy with war risks. In February 1915, on the other hand, hardly a day passes without a report of negotiations for higher wages, which seem to be uniformly successful for the employees. The most notable change, so far, has been an increase of 3s. a week (2s. for the higher grades) to railway men. It will take a long time for the movement to extend over the whole body of workmen, and it has not as yet spread to work-women.

Earnings depend on the two factors, rate of payment and amount of employment. While the former has changed little, the latter has increased from the middle of August till the present time (except for a slight recent set-back for some women¹). In November the men who had not joined the army were at least as busy as in July, and by the end of January unemployment was lower than ever recorded before, and overtime was general in many industries. The position was not so favourable for women, who had perhaps 5 per cent. less weekly work and pay in January than in July. It

¹ Oxford Pamphlet, *The War and Employment*.

would be difficult to decide whether the average earnings of all persons employed at the end of January were greater or less than the average for the same persons in July, but the evidence suggests that they were slightly greater.

We must consider also the large number of families in which the principal earner has enlisted in the army or been called to the forces. In the case of agricultural, unskilled, and casual labour, the family is in general better off than before, with regular money and without the chief food-consumer; for partly-skilled labour there is perhaps little to choose; the families of skilled labourers have made a sacrifice. Again, it is difficult to say which side the balance inclines¹; whether the wives and mothers all together have, after paying rent and fixed expenses, less or more than before to spend for food and clothes, allowance being made for the saving of the absentees' costs. Where the soldier had no one to support, no numerically important question arises.

In the aggregate, then, it is probable that the working class would, if prices had not changed, been slightly better prepared to meet the expenses of living in January than in July. From August to October they were worse prepared.

¹ The separation allowance in February for the wife of a corporal or a private is 12*s.* 6*d.* weekly, with an addition of 2*s.* 6*d.* for each girl under 16 years or boy under 14 years, up to three children, and 2*s.* for each further child under the same ages. In London, 3*s.* 6*d.* further is given. The average wages of men for all occupations is 28*s.* to 30*s.* A wife with three children, receiving the allowance of 20*s.* a week, without having to provide for her husband, is about as well off as if he was at home and earning the average wage, assuming that he kept an ordinary sum weekly for his private expenditure. From March 1st the scale is raised so that a wife with three children will have 23*s.*

5. EARNINGS IN RELATION TO PRICES

The Board of Trade's method of calculating the general change of food prices is to take the standard budget of working-class expenditure—so much bread, flour, home and foreign meat, &c.—found by their inquiry in 1904, and having calculated its cost at the prices commonly paid in July, August, &c., to express the result as a percentage of the cost in July. Thus this standard budget cost 22*s.* 6*d.* per week in 1904,¹ and from the *Labour Gazette* figures it appears that the same quantities of food would have cost about 25*s.* in July 1914. Taking 25*s.*, then, as the basis, we have the following results :

	<i>Cost of week's food ration for family.</i>		<i>Percentage increase above July.</i>
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
1914.			
July	25	0	—
August 8	29	0	16
„ 29	27	9	11
September 12	27	3	9
„ 30	28	3	13
October 30	28	3	13
December 1	29	3	17
1915.			
January 1	29	9	19
February 1	30	9	23

The above figures relate to large towns ; for small towns the rise is 1 or 2 per cent. less throughout. There is no information as to the country. If the comparison were made with February 1914 instead of July the increase would be 19 instead of 23 per cent.

In order, then, that the average working-class town household should be in exactly the same position in February as in last July, an additional income of 5*s.* 9*d.*

¹ See *Cost of Living in 1912*. Cd. 6955 of 1913, pp. 299, 300.

would be needed for food, together with from 6*d.* to 1*s.* (rarely 1*s.* 6*d.*) for coal, and a few pence for beer. The average income, taking all the towns in the United Kingdom, even if it has risen at all, can hardly have provided 2*s.* towards this.

This, however, is a case where calculation by averages only makes a starting-point for the examination of the movements, for the effects on different classes have been very different.

The table on p. 18 shows roughly, but with sufficient accuracy to afford a general view, the ordinary expenditure of certain families : (a) the poorest of London households that are able to pay their way, as described by Mrs. Reeves in *Round about a Pound a Week* ; (b) the unskilled labourer in a provincial town ; (c) the general average of rather superior town workmen, where one of the children is earning a few shillings to supplement the family income. The increases are estimated to the middle of February.

It must be remembered that food accounts for only two-thirds of working-class expenditure when earnings are moderate ; the fraction is less at the lowest end of the scale, where rent absorbs a greater proportion of income, and less again at the upper end, where there is free money for other kinds of expenditure. Except in the cases of coal and beer, there has been little or no change in the purchasing power of that part of income not spent on food. The percentages quoted for changes in food prices must not, then, be applied to the whole of income.

The unskilled workman with small regular time-wages—low because they are regular—has been most badly affected ; for he has had no opportunity of increasing his earnings, unless by the accident of overtime ; he

	A. London poor.		B. Labourer in provincial towns.		C. Artisan in provincial towns.	
	Normal expenditure before the war.	Increase in cost since July.	Normal expenditure before the war.	Increase in cost since July.	Normal expenditure before the war.	Increase in cost since July.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Rent	7 0	—	5 0	—	6 6	—
Coal, gas, coke, wood ¹	2 4	7 ¹	1 6	5	2 0	6
Other expenditure	2 9	—	1 6	—	7 6	—
	<u>12 1</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>8 0</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>16 0</u>	<u>6</u>
Bread and flour	3 1	1 2	3 3	1 2	4 0	1 3
Meat and bacon	2 2	6	4 3	8	7 0	2 4
Butter, milk, eggs, cheese	1 1	1 ²	3 0	2	5 6	10
Tea	6	1	9	1	1 3	2
Sugar	5	3	9	6	1 1	8
Vegetables	1 1	—	1 1	—	2 2	—
Other food	7	—	2 3	2	4 0	6
	<u>8 11</u>	<u>2 1</u>	<u>15 4</u>	<u>2 9</u>	<u>25 0</u>	<u>5 9</u>
<i>Total</i>	21 0	2 8	23 4	3 2	41 0	6 3

¹ The coal expenditure is as in the winter and the increase as compared with last February.

² Margarine has not risen in price; very little fresh milk, eggs, or cheese are used.

spends a larger proportion on bread, which has by now risen more than meat, than a man with a larger income ; the little meat bought is probably the coarser part of foreign meat, which has risen more per pound than any other ; and he buys coal at the greatest disadvantage. Further, he is already on the cheapest diet known to him, and has little power to substitute other articles though they may have risen less. The same remarks apply to agricultural labourers in the numerous countries where pay is low.

The men, relatively few but not negligible in number, who work in those trades which are still badly affected by the war, have not their ordinary wages, and, unless other members of their household are doing unusually well, are doubly hit by lowered earnings and raised prices. If they are skilled men they have probably some resources, and may be no worse off than unskilled men in regular work.

There is no means of telling how far the unemployment and partial employment of women and girls falls on those who have a household to support and how far on independent workers. The former have special claims on the war relief funds, the latter (if they are living with their relations) have often some margin when in good work.

Casual labourers who before the war desired, but were unable to obtain, regular work can now in almost all districts get full employment ; one extra day a week compensates for the higher prices in their budgets.

Skilled and partly skilled men usually in regular work have not in general improved their earnings and are now feeling the pressure of increased prices. It is not easy for them to lower their standard of living abruptly, since rent and some other expenses are fixed. In many

cases, both with them and the middle class, a reduction in expenditure on amusements, beer, and tobacco would ease the situation perceptibly.

There remain the numerous cases where, owing to increased demands and a reduction of the staff, there is pressure of work ; this very generally means larger earnings on price-rates or extra payment for overtime. Where there has been no extra payment, there is now a legitimate demand for higher weekly wages.

The very large number of the middle class who live on small fixed salaries or fixed pensions or interests, and have always difficulty in maintaining the standard which their work or their habits require, are badly affected ; but since food and fuel form a smaller proportion of their expenditure than of the manual working class the pressure on any resources they have is not so great as in the case of a man supporting a family on 30s. a week.

This brief analysis shows that we are not justified in measuring the average rise in prices against the average improvement in employment, and, if we find equality, assuming that all is well. Some are prosperous, others find a pressure which they can bear cheerfully if it comes inevitably from the state of war, and others find the struggle to make the two ends meet more hopeless than ever.

A great deal of relief is being given by the feeding of school children, and this can be increased for the classes worst affected. Relief can also be given from the Prince of Wales's fund, on which only small calls have been made during the last few months. It may be presumed that the scale allowed, which seems to have been based on some measurement of the minimum necessary for subsistence, will be raised to meet the new prices of bread and meat. There seems to be

a good case for raising the wages of unskilled public employees who have had no opportunity of improving their earnings.

There is, however, another aspect of the whole question. We have got into the habit in recent years of assuming that wages ought to rise at least in proportion to prices, without considering closely whether there is any economic connexion between the two; and, since a rise in the standard of living is desirable and the prevalence of this view strengthens the bargaining power of workmen, there has been no need to criticize it too minutely. But at the present time the question is how to maintain efficiency at the minimum expense, so as to have the greatest surplus for national purposes and not to draw unnecessarily on the future, nor can we devote special attention just now to the problem of the reduction of destitution. It was to be expected that real wages would fall, and that every one with any margin of income would have to draw on that margin. Now the calculations made above, and the percentage increase of cost of living generally quoted, are on the assumption that expenditure continues on the same articles in the same quantities as before. If there were a real shortage of wheat or meat or sugar it is obvious that this would be impossible. We ought, therefore, to inquire what kind of economy must be practised, if an unchanged income is to be spent at the risen prices. Every careful housekeeper has diminished her purchases of those commodities whose prices have risen most. Frozen meat is needed by the army, and relatively more English meat is used at home. Mutton, pork, and bacon have risen less than beef, and less beef is bought. Sugar is dear and is strictly economized. Margarine is unchanged in price

and is used more than butter. Eggs are always an expensive form of nourishment and can be dispensed with. Oatmeal and potatoes, whose prices are no higher than usual, can be substituted in part for wheat. Beer-drinkers can take to cocoa as a Lenten penance, and perhaps learn to enjoy it. Where households have already practised by necessity the cheapest way of obtaining nutrition they are not able to lessen their trouble by substitution, especially as bread and the cheaper kinds of meat have risen more than most commodities, and they already use margarine instead of butter, and economize in sugar. In all other cases, part of this rise of 23 per cent. can be evaded, and there is no doubt that this is done to a large extent. By a careful selection of meat, economy in tea, butter, sugar, and eggs, and the increased use of oatmeal, potatoes, margarine, and cocoa, it is quite likely that the normal expenditure of 25s. would be increased to only 27s. 6d. instead of to 30s. 9d. The result would be, of course, less agreeable, but it is not reasonable to say that its diminution in satisfaction would be properly valued at as much as 3s. 3d., the difference between the new cost of the former ration and the cost of the curtailed ration—there is no practical measurement as to the loss—and the nutritive value should be as great as before.¹ This perfectly reasonable method of compensating the increased cost of some commodities by a re-arrangement of purchases is, in fact, generally practised and its effect is always to discount the measurement

¹ As regards coal, it is to be noted that a great part of working-class cooking is done by penny-in-the-slot gas, and except in specially cold weather other fuel is not used extensively. Since gas fluctuates little in price and has about the same cost for cooking as coal at a moderate rate, many people are able to evade a great part of a rise in the price of coal.

obtained by a pedantic calculation on an unchanged budget. This is not, of course, to say that increased prices have no injurious effect, nor to suggest that substitution can go on indefinitely.

As regards the future it is impossible to do more than indicate the more important factors. The wheat supply seems secure, and if the Argentine harvest is good and the Russian harvest can be made available without prohibitive cost of transport, we should get the loaf back at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$, as soon as the future is clear. The price of meat will fall, when we eat less; there is little present failure in the supply, and there are delayed cargoes still to arrive. Sugar also should fall, if there have been increased plantings in the southern hemisphere, as soon as the Government's stock runs out. Other commodities will no doubt continue to be attracted from slightly altered sources at about their present prices. We have probably seen the worst of the congestion of shipping and railways and may have passed the maximum of freights. But any unfavourable harvest and any disturbance to transport is likely to have an exaggerated effect on prices in the present nervous condition of the markets. Meanwhile, high prices have the advantage that they check wasteful consumption and encourage supplies from overseas.

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RUMANIA :

HER HISTORY AND POLITICS

INTRODUCTION

THE problem of the origin and formation of the Rumanian nation has always provided matter for keen disputation among historians, and the theories which have been advanced are widely divergent. Some of these discussions have been undertaken solely for political reasons, in which cases existing data prove conveniently adaptable. This elastic treatment of the historical data is facilitated by the fact that a long and most important period affecting the formation and the development of the Rumanian nation (270-1220) has bequeathed practically no contemporary evidence. By linking up, however, what is known antecedent to that period with the precise data available regarding the years following it, and by checking the inferred results with what little evidence exists respecting the obscure epoch of Rumanian history, it has been possible to reconstruct, almost to a certainty, the evolution of the Rumanians during the Middle Ages.

A discussion of the varying theories would be out of proportion with, and out of place in, this pamphlet. Nor is it possible to give to any extent a detailed description of the epic struggle which the Rumanians carried on for centuries against the Turks. We shall have to

deal, therefore, on broad lines with the historical facts—laying greater stress only upon the three fundamental epochs of Rumanian history: the formation of the Rumanian nation, its initial casting into a national polity (foundation of the Rumanian principalities), and its final evolution into the actual unitary State, and we shall then pass on to consider Rumania's present attitude.

FORMATION OF THE RUMANIAN NATION

About the fifth century B. C., when the population of the Balkan-Carpathian region consisted of various tribes belonging to the Indo-European family, the northern portion of the Balkan Peninsula was conquered by the Thracians and the Illyrians. The Thracians spread north and south, and a branch of their race, the Dacians, crossed the Danube. The latter established themselves on both sides of the Carpathian ranges, in the region which now comprises the provinces of Oltenia (Rumania), Banat, and Transylvania (Hungary). The Dacian empire expanded till its boundaries touched upon those of the Roman Empire. The Roman province of Moesia (between the Danube and the Balkans) fell before its armies, and the campaign that ensued was so successful that the Dacians were able to compel Rome to an alliance.

Two expeditions undertaken against Dacia by the Emperor Trajan (98–117) released Rome from these ignominious obligations, and brought Dacia under Roman rule (A. D. 106). Before his second expedition, Trajan threw over the Danube a stone bridge, the remains of which can still be seen at Turnu-Severin, a short distance below the point where the Danube enters Rumanian territory. Trajan celebrated his

victory by erecting at Adam Klissi (in the province of Dobrudja) the recently discovered *Tropaeum Trajani*, and in Rome the celebrated 'Trajan's Column', depicting in marble reliefs various episodes of the Dacian wars.

The new Roman province was limited to the regions originally inhabited by the Dacians, and a strong garrison, estimated by historians at 25,000 men, was left to guard it. Numerous colonists from all parts of the Roman Empire were brought here as settlers, and what remained of the Dacian population completely amalgamated with them. The new province quickly developed under the impulse of Roman civilization, of which numerous inscriptions and other archaeological remains are evidence. It soon became one of the most flourishing dependencies of the Roman Empire, and was often spoken of as *Dacia Felix*.

About a century and a half later hordes of barbarian invaders, coming from the north and east, began to sweep over the country. Under the strain of these incursions the Roman legions withdrew by degrees into Moesia, and in A. D. 271 Dacia was finally evacuated. But the colonists remained. Only a nomad population would retreat before an invading enemy; a settled population would give way and submit to the conquerors, or take refuge in the neighbouring woods and mountains until the danger had passed. This was the case with the Dáco-Roman population, who retired into the Carpathians, and lived there forgotten of history.

The most powerful of these invaders were the Goths (271-375), who, coming from the shores of the Baltic, had shortly before settled north of the Black Sea. Not being accustomed to mountain life, they occupied

only the plains between the Carpathians and the Dnjester. They had consequently but little intercourse with the Daco-Roman population, and the total absence, in the Rumanian language and in Rumanian place-names, of words of Gothic origin, indicates that their stay had no influence upon country or population. Material evidence of their occupation is afforded, however, by a number of articles made of gold found in 1837 at Petroasa (Moldavia), and now in the National Museum at Bucarest.

After the Goths came the Huns (375-453) under Attila, the Avars (566-799), both of Mongolian race, and the Gepidae (453-566) of Gothic race, all savage, bloodthirsty raiders, passing and re-passing over the Rumanian regions, pillaging and burning everything on their way. To avoid destruction, the Daco-Roman population withdrew more and more into the inaccessible wooded regions of the mountains, and as a result were in no wise influenced by contact with the invaders.

But with the coming of the Slavs, who settled in the Balkan Peninsula about the beginning of the seventh century, certain fundamental changes took place in the ethnical conditions prevailing on the Danube. The Rumanians were separated from the Romans, following the occupation of the Roman provinces between the Adriatic and the Black Sea by the Slavs, such part of the population as was not annihilated during the raids of the Avars being taken into captivity, or compelled to retire southwards towards modern Macedonia, and northwards towards the Dacian regions.

Parts of the Rumanian country became dependent upon the new State, founded between the Balkans and the Danube in 679 by the Bulgarians, a people of

Turanian origin, who formerly inhabited the regions north of the Black Sea between the Volga and the mouth of the Danube.

After the conversion of the Bulgarians to Christianity (864) the Slovenian language was introduced into their Church, and afterwards also into the Church of the already politically dependent Rumanian provinces.¹ This finally severed the Daco-Rumanians from the Latin world. The former remained for a long time under Slav influence, the extent of which is shown by the large number of words of Slav origin contained in the Rumanian language, especially in geographical and agricultural terminology.

The coming of the Hungarians (a people of Mongolian race), about the end of the ninth century, put an end to the Bulgarian domination in Dacia. While a few of the existing Rumanian duchies were subdued by Stephen the Saint, the first King of Hungary (995–1038), the 'land of the Wlachs' (*Terra Blacorum*), in the south-eastern part of Transylvania, enjoyed under the Hungarian kings a certain degree of national autonomy. The Hungarian chroniclers speak of the Wlachs as 'former colonists of the Romans'. The ethnological influence of the Hungarians upon the Rumanian population has been practically nil. They found the Rumanian nation firmly established, race and language, and the latter remained pure of Magyarisms, even in Transylvania. Indeed, it is easy to prove—and it is only what might

¹ The Rumanians south and north of the Danube embraced the Christian faith after its introduction into the Roman Empire by Constantine the Great (325), with Latin as religious language and their church organization under the rule of Rome. A Christian basilica, dating from that period, has been discovered by the Rumanian archaeologist Tocilescu at Adam Klissi (Dobrudja).

be expected, seeing that the Rumanians had attained a higher state of civilization than the Hungarian invaders—that the Hungarians were largely influenced by the Daco-Romans. They adopted Latin as their official language, they copied many of the institutions and customs of the Rumanians, and recruited a large number of their nobles from among the Rumanian nobility, which was already established on a feudal basis when the Hungarians arrived.

A great number of the Rumanian nobles and freemen were, however, inimical to the new masters, and migrated to the regions across the mountains. This the Hungarians used as a pretext for bringing parts of Rumania under their domination, and they were only prevented from further extending it by the coming of the Tartars (1241), the last people of Mongolian origin to harry these regions. The Hungarians maintained themselves, however, in the parts which they had already occupied until the latter were united into the principality of the 'Rumanian Land'.

To sum up: 'The Rumanians are living to-day where fifteen centuries ago their ancestors were living. The possession of the regions on the Lower Danube passed from one nation to another, but none has endangered the Rumanian nation as a national entity. "The water passes, the stones remain"; the hordes of the migration period, detached from their native soil, disappeared as mist before the sun. But the native Roman element bent their heads while the storm passed over them, clinging to the old places until the advent of happier days, when they were able to stand up and stretch their limbs.' ¹

¹ Traugott Tamm, *Über den Ursprung der Rumänen*, Bonn, 1891.

THE FOUNDATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE RUMANIAN
PRINCIPALITIES

The first attempt to organize itself into a political entity was made by the Rumanian nation in the thirteenth century, when, under the impulse of the disaffected nobles coming from Hungary, the two principalities of 'Muntenia' (Mountain Land), commonly known as Wallachia and 'Moldavia', came into being. The existence of Rumanians on both sides of the Carpathians long before Wallachia was founded is corroborated by many contemporary chroniclers. We find evidence of it in as distant a source as the *History of the Mongols* of the Persian chronicler, Rashid Al-Din, who, describing the invasion of the Tartars, says: 'In the middle of spring (1240) the princes (Mongols or Tartars) crossed the mountains in order to enter the country of the Bulares (Bulgarians) and of the Bashguirds (Hungarians). Orda, who was marching to the right, passed through the country of the Ilaute (Olt), where Bazarambam met him with an army, but was beaten. Boudgek crossed the mountains to enter the Kara-Ulak, and defeated the Ulak (Wlach) people.'¹ Kara Ulak means Black Wallachia; Bazarambam is certainly the corrupted name of the Ban Bassarab, who ruled as vassal of Hungary over the province of Oltenia, and whose dynasty founded the Principality of Wallachia. The early history of this principality was marked by efforts to free it from Hungarian domination, a natural development of the desire for emancipation, which impelled the Rumanians to migrate from the subdued provinces in Hungary.

The foundation of Moldavia dates from after the

¹ Xenopol, *Histoire des Roumains*, Paris, 1896, i. 168.

retreat of the Tartars, who had occupied the country for a century (1241–1345). They were driven out by an expedition organized by the King of Hungary, in which the Rumanians from the province of Maramuresh also took part. It was the latter who then founded the Principality of Moldavia under the suzerainty of Hungary, the chroniclers mentioning as its first ruler the Voivod Dragosh.¹

The rudimentary political formations which already existed before the foundation of the principalities were swept away by the invasion of the Tartars, who destroyed all trace of constituted authority in the plains below the Carpathians. In consequence the immigrants from Transylvania did not encounter any resistance, and were even able to impose obedience upon the native population, though coming rather as refugees than as conquerors. These newcomers were mostly nobles (*boyards*). Their emigration deprived the masses of the Rumanian population of Transylvania of all moral and political support—especially as a part of the nobility had already been won over by their Hungarian masters—and with time the masses fell into servitude. On the other hand the immigrating nobles strengthened and secured the predominance of their class in the States which were to be founded. In both cases the situation of the peasantry became worse,

¹ The legend as to the foundation of Moldavia tells us that Dragosh, when hunting one day in the mountains, was pursuing a bison through the dense forest. Towards sunset, just when a successful shot from his bow had struck and killed the animal, he emerged at a point from which the whole panorama of Moldavia was unfolding before his astonished eyes. Deeply moved by the beauty of this fair country, he resolved to found a State there. It is in commemoration of this event that Moldavia bears the head of a wild bison in her coat of arms.

and we have curiously enough the same social fact brought about by apparently contrary causes.

Though the Rumanians seem to have contributed but little, up to the nineteenth century, to the advance of civilization, their part in European history is nevertheless a glorious one, and if less apparent, perhaps of more fundamental importance. By shedding their blood in the struggle against the Ottoman invasion, they, together with the other peoples of Oriental Europe, procured that security which alone made possible the development of western civilization. Their merit, like that of all with whom they fought, 'is not to have vanquished time and again the followers of Mohammed, who always ended by gaining the upper hand, but rather to have resisted with unparalleled energy, perseverance, and bravery the terrible Ottoman invaders, making them pay for each step advanced such a heavy price, that their resources were drained, they were unable to carry on the fight, and thus their power came to an end'.¹

From the phalanx of Christian warriors stand out the names of a few who were the bravest of a time when bravery was common.

Mircea the Old, Prince of Wallachia, led the Rumanians in the battle of Kossovo, in 1389, when the united Balkan nations attempted for the first time to check the Ottoman invasion. The battle was lost, and Mircea had to consent to the payment of a tribute to the Turks. Nor were they more fortunate at Nicopoli, in 1395, where they fought with the army of Sigismond, King of Hungary, and were aided by a strong contingent of French cavaliers sent by Charles VI, King of France. Shortly afterwards, however, the Turks having invaded Wallachia, Mircea utterly defeated them at Rovine.

¹ Xenopol, *op. cit.*, i. 266.

For a short time the country had peace, until it was again subdued by the Sultan Mohammed. In 1411 Wallachia had to submit once more to the payment of an annual tribute; but the country was otherwise kept free from any Turkish interference, and it was on this basis that the relations between Turkey and Rumania rested up to 1877.

After Mircea's death internal struggles for the throne racked Wallachia for nearly half a century. Some of the claimants having sought the assistance of the Turks in this strife, the latter made use of the circumstance by imposing upon Wallachia a yearly tribute of five hundred children for the corps of the Janissaries.

To do away with this obligation was the first thought of *Vlad the Impaler* (1458-62) when he acceded to the throne. Torn between the Ottoman oppression from without, and the moral corruption of his country from within, one may understand, and perhaps excuse the means of which this prince availed himself, impaling without hesitation all whom he suspected. But he was as fair in his judgements as he was cruel in his punishments. Vlad having impaled 2,000 Turks, sent to seize him by stratagem, Mohammed II himself led a punitive expedition against the Wallachian prince. Vlad projected no less a deed than the murder of the Sultan in his own tent. Speaking Turkish perfectly, he entered the Turkish camp at night with a few hundred of his men in disguise, penetrated to the tent in which he expected to find the Sultan, and killed the sentries and the Pasha he found there. The Turks, attributing the deed to some of their own soldiers, began a promiscuous massacre amongst themselves, which only ended at dawn. Vlad and his men, profiting by the confusion into which the Turks were thrown, crushed the Sultan's army completely,

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An unfortunate feud, however, against the Prince of Moldavia, Stephen the Great, soon put an end to the reign of Vlad.

A period of the most lamentable decadence followed. During an interval of twenty-five years (1521-46) no less than eleven princes succeeded one another on the throne of Wallachia, whilst of the nineteen princes who ruled during the last three-quarters of the sixteenth century, only two died a natural death while still reigning. The Turkish domination prevailed more and more in the country. But it is worthy of note that even at the lowest ebb of their fortune, the Rumanian provinces never became what Hungary was for a century and a half, a Turkish province.

In Moldavia also internal struggles were weakening the country. Not being powerful enough to do away with one another, the various aspirants to the throne contented themselves with occupying and ruling over parts of the province. Between 1443-7 there were no less than three princes reigning simultaneously, whilst one of them, Peter III, lost and regained the throne three times.

But it was as if the country reawakened with the accession of *Stephen the Great* (1457-1504) to the throne of Moldavia. It was this prince who dealt the most serious blows to the Ottoman power. For forty-seven years he defended his country against innumerable enemies and, dying, he left Moldavia independent. Far spread the fame of his exploits. The Shah of Persia, Uzun Hasan, who was also fighting the Turks, offered him an alliance, urging him at the same time to induce all the Christian princes to unite with the Persians against the common foe. These princes, as well as Pope Sixtus IV, gave him great praise; but when Stephen asked

from them assistance in men and money he received none. He nevertheless succeeded in annihilating the Ottoman army at *Racova*, in 1475, which was considered the greatest victory that the Christians had ever before won over the Turks. The following year, however, the Sultan advanced at the head of 200,000 men against Moldavia. Having granted his peasant soldiers leave for a while to look after their homes, which had been devastated by a raid of the Tartars, Stephen was left with only 10,000 horsemen, with whom he entrenched himself in the clearing of a wood at *Rasboieni*. The Rumanians placed their wives and children in the middle of their camp, that their danger might inspire and sustain their courage in this desperate fight. But these men, the best of the Moldavian land, could do no more than die fighting, and it was only with a few of them that Stephen left the field and retired into Polonia. He rapidly organized a new army, harassed the Turks by continuous guerilla warfare, and finally crushed the Sultan's armies on the banks of the Danube. Not only was he refused all assistance by the neighbouring princes, but Vladislav, King of Hungary, conspired with his brother Albert, King of Polonia, to conquer and divide Moldavia between them. A Polonian army entered the country, but was utterly destroyed by Stephen in the forest of *Kosmin*.

With the death of Stephen the Great the period of struggle for the independence of Moldavia comes to an end. Having had enough opportunity to judge at its right value the friendship of the Christian princes, on his death-bed Stephen advised his son Bogdan to submit to the Turks of his own free will. Thus Moldavia, like Wallachia, came under Turkish suzerainty. Taking advantage of the ever-recurring rivalries for the throne,

the Turks exploited the Rumanian countries in the most shameless fashion, making the candidates to the throne pay enormous sums of money for their support. This money was usually borrowed, and once on the throne the princes impoverished the population by ever-increasing taxation. Tribute, as well as provisions, means of transport, and all kinds of services for the Turkish armies were exacted.

Nevertheless the Rumanians had not lost all consciousness of national strength, and they proved it when *John the Terrible*, nephew of Stephen the Great, succeeded to the throne in 1572. He refused to pay tribute to the Turks, and repeatedly defeated the Turkish forces. This greatly alarmed the Sultan, who ordered prayers to be said in all the mosques, whilst a new army of 100,000 men advanced against John. Anxious on account of the news which reached them, the soldiers of John asked him how many were their enemies. 'We shall count them on the battlefield,' was the reply. Unfortunately his cavalry, composed of nobles who were not over-loyal to a prince who defended the peasants, deserted to the enemy. John entrenched himself and would have been able to resist for a long time, save that he had no water. His soldiers spread pieces of linen over the dew-drenched grass to be able at least to moisten their lips, but in the end they had to surrender. The Turks tore the Rumanian prince to pieces and dipped their swords in his blood, that his courage and his gallantry might pass to them. Thus died the last hero of Moldavia.

The Rumanian provinces were suffocating, strangled by the bloodthirsty hands of the Turks. The reigns of John the Terrible and Michael the Brave were like the last convulsions of a struggling victim.

Michael the Brave, Prince of Wallachia (1593-1601),

taking advantage of the Turks being engaged in a war against the German Emperor, Rudolf II, and their vassal, Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, crossed the Danube and ravaged the Turkish provinces up to the Balkans. As the Turks were relying on supplies from the Rumanian provinces, they were compelled for the time being to abandon hostilities against Germany, in order first to suppress the revolt in Wallachia. But the Sultan's armies were utterly crushed by the much smaller forces of Michael. A prince favourable to Turkey having then succeeded to the throne of Transylvania, Michael invaded and conquered this province, pushed further into Moldavia, and succeeded in bringing the three Rumanian countries under his rule. 'Prince of the whole land of Hungro-Wallachia, of Transylvania, and of Moldavia,' is the proud title inscribed in the documents of the period. Such deeds were not to the liking of the neighbouring princes, however, and intrigues ended in the assassination of Michael. 'It was not the Turkish sword which put an end to the exploits of Michael the Brave. The Magyars of Transylvania betrayed him; the German Emperor condemned him; and a Greek in Austria's service, General Basta, had him sabred: as though it were fated that all the enemies of the Rumanian race, the Magyar, the German, the Greek, should unite to dip their hands in the blood of the Latin hero.'¹ Michael only ruled for eight years. The union of the Rumanian lands which he realized did not last long; but it gave form and substance to the idea which was from that day onward to be the ideal of the Rumanian nation.

The fundamental cause of all the sufferings of the Rumanian principalities was the hybrid 'hereditary-

¹ Alfred Rambaud, Introduction to *Xenopol*, op. cit., i. xix.

elective' system of succession to the throne, which prevailed also in most of the neighbouring countries. All members of the princely family were eligible for the succession; but the right of selecting among them lay with an assembly composed of the higher nobility and clergy. All was well if a prince left only one successor. But if there were several, even if natural children, claiming the right to rule, then each endeavoured to gain over the nobility with promises, and often even sought the support of neighbouring countries. This system rendered easier and hastened the establishment of Turkish domination; and corruption and intrigues, in which even the Sultan's harem had a share, became capital factors in the choice and election of the ruler.

Economically and intellectually all this was disastrous. The Rumanians were an agricultural people. The numerous class of small freeholders (*moshneni* and *razeshi*), not being able to pay the exorbitant taxes, often had their lands confiscated by the princes. Often, too not being able to support themselves, they sold their property and their very selves to the big landowners. Nor did the nobles (*boyards*) fare better. Formerly free, quasi-feudal warriors, seeking fortune in reward for services rendered to their prince, they were often subjected to coercive treatment on his part now that the throne depended upon the goodwill of influential personages at Constantinople. Various civil offices were created at Court, either necessitated by the extension of the relations of the country or intended to satisfy some favourite of the prince. Sources of social position and great material benefit, these offices were coveted greedily by the boyards, and those who obtained none could only hope to cheat fortune by doing their best to undermine the position of the prince.

THE PHANARIOTE RULE

These offices very presently fell to the lot of the Phanariotes (Greek merchants and bankers inhabiting the quarter of Phanar) who had in some way or another assisted the princes to their thrones, these being now practically put up to auction in Constantinople. As a natural consequence of such a state of affairs the thoughts of the Rumanian princes turned to Russia as a possible supporter against Ottoman oppression. A formal alliance was entered into in 1711 with the Tsar Peter the Great, but a joint military action against the Turks failed, the Tsar returned to Russia, and the Porte threatened to transform Moldavia, in order to secure her against incipient Russian influence, into a Turkish province with a Pasha as administrator. The nobles were preparing to leave the country, and the people to retire into the mountains, as their ancestors had done in times of danger. It is not to be wondered at that, under the menace of losing their autonomy, the Rumanians welcomed the nomination of the Dragoman of the Porte, Nicholas Mavrocordato, though he was a Greek. The people greeted with joy the accession of the first Phanariote to the throne of the Principality of Moldavia¹ (1711).

Knowledge of foreign languages had enabled the Phanariotes to obtain important diplomatic positions at Constantinople, and they ended by acquiring the thrones of the Rumanian principalities as a recompense for their services. But they had to pay for it, and to make matters more profitable the Turks devised the ingenious method of transferring the princes from one province to another, each transference being considered

¹ Xenopol, *op. cit.*, ii. 138.

as a new nomination. From 1730 to 1741 the two reigning princes interchanged thrones in this way three times. They acquired the throne by gold, and they could only keep it by gold. All depended upon how much they were able to squeeze out of the country. The princes soon became past masters in the art of spoliation. They put taxes upon chimneys (fumarit), and the starving peasants pulled their cottages down and went to live in mountain caves; they taxed the animals (vacarit), and the peasants preferred to kill the few beasts they possessed. But this did not always help them much, for we are told that the Prince Constantin Mavrocordato, having prescribed a tax on domestic animals at a time when an epidemic had broken out amongst them, ordered the tax to be levied on the carcasses. 'The administrative régime during the Phanariote period was, in general, little else than organized brigandage,' says Xenopol.¹ In fact the Phanariote rule was instinct with corruption, luxury, and intrigue. Though individually some of them may not deserve blame, yet considering what the Phanariotes took out of the country, what they introduced into it, and to what extent they prevented its development, their era was the most calamitous in Rumanian history.

The war of 1768 between Russia and Turkey gave the former Power a vague protectorate over the Rumanian provinces. In 1774 Austria acquired from the Turks by false promises the northern part of Moldavia, the pleasant land of *Bucovina*. During the new conflict between Turkey and Russia, the Russian armies occupied and battered upon the Rumanian provinces for six years. Though they had again to abandon their intention of making the Danube the southern boundary of their

¹ Xenopol, op. cit., ii. 308.

empire—to which Napoleon had agreed by the secret treaty with Tsar Alexander (Erfurt, September 27, 1808)—they obtained from Turkey the cession of Bessarabiã (Treaty of Bucarest, May 28, 1812), together with that part of Moldavia lying between the Dnjester and the Pruth, the Russians afterwards giving to the whole region the name of *Bessarabia*.

CONTEMPORARY PERIOD

In 1821 the Greek revolution striving to create an independent Greece broke out on Rumanian ground, supported by the princes of Moldavia and Muntenia. Of this support the Rumanians strongly disapproved, for, if successful, the movement would have strengthened the obnoxious Greek domination; if unsuccessful, the Turks were sure to take a terrible revenge for the assistance given by the Rumanian countries. The movement which was started about the same time by the ennobled peasant, *Tudor Vladimirescu*, for the emancipation of the lower classes, soon acquired, therefore, an anti-Greek tendency. Vladimirescu was assassinated at the instigation of the Greeks; the latter were completely checked by the Turks, who, grown suspicious after the Greek rising and confronted with the energetic attitude of the Rumanian nobility, consented in 1822 to the nomination of two native boyards, Jonitza Sturdza and Gregory Ghica, recommended by their countrymen, as princes of Moldavia and Wallachia. The iniquitous system of 'the throne to the highest bidder' had come to an end.

The period which marks the decline of Greek influence in the Rumanian principalities also marks the growth of Russian influence. The first meant economic exploitation, the second was a serious menace to the very existence of the Rumanian nation.

The two provinces were again occupied by Russia at the outbreak of the conflict of 1828, and a provisory Russian government established. Though restored to Turkey by the Treaty of Adrianople (1829), the rights of the Porte being limited to the exaction of a monetary tribute, they remained under Russian occupation up to 1834, pending the payment of the war indemnity by Turkey. The assemblies of both provinces for the first time gave expression to the desire that the two countries should be united under a foreign prince, not belonging to any of the three neighbouring Powers. But this idea was quashed by the opposition of Russia, Turkey, and Austria, the strengthening of the Rumanian nation not being compatible with the designs of any one of these Powers.

Meanwhile a rapid intellectual development hastened the awakening of national consciousness. The sons of the nobility were sent to study in France, and the resultant contact with French civilization roused the sleeping Latin spirit, drowned in the flood of stranger influences. Western Europe also began to interest itself in this nation which had emerged from centuries of suffering and obscurity, more inspirited than ever. Political and literary events prepared the ground for this Rumanian *Renaissance*; and when in 1848 the great Revolution broke out, it spread at once over the Rumanian countries. The Rumanians of Transylvania rose against the tyranny of the Magyars; those of Moldavia and Wallachia against the oppressive influence of Russia. A joint action of Turkish and Russian forces soon checked the movement, and, as a result, the elective assemblies were abolished and replaced by Councils (*divans*) nominated by the princes (Convention of Balta Liman, May 1, 1849).

The Treaty of Paris, March 30, 1856, reincorporated with Moldavia the southern part of Bessarabia, abolished the Russian protectorate, and maintained the suzerainty of the Sultan, who promised to give the two principalities an independent national administration. The representative of France, Count Walewsky, also put forward the question of the union. The idea being, however, strongly opposed by Turkey and Austria, it was decided to convene in both principalities special assemblies (*divans ad hoc*) representing all classes of the population; their wishes were to be embodied, by a European commission, in a report for the consideration of the Congress.

The idea of union was a nightmare to the Sublime Porte, and her commissary compiled the electoral lists in so arbitrary a manner, that it might once more have fallen through, had it not been for the invaluable assistance which the Emperor Napoleon gave the Rumanian countries. As Turkish policy was relying mainly on England's support, Napoleon brought about a personal meeting with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, at Osborne (August 1857), the result of which was a compromise: Napoleon agreed to defer for the time being the idea of an effective union of the two principalities, England undertaking on the other hand to make the Porte cancel the previous elections, and proceed to new ones after revision of the electoral lists.

The assemblies which met after the new elections proclaimed that union, autonomy, and neutrality under a hereditary foreign dynasty were necessary to the welfare and reorganization of the Rumanian countries. These wishes were considered by a second Congress (Paris, May 1858); but three months of discussion and the sincere efforts of the French representative brought about no understanding on the point of the union. The

decision provided for a common legislation, a common army, a Central Committee composed of representatives of both assemblies for the discussion of common affairs, and a permanent alliance of the two countries under the name of 'The United Principalities'. But they were to continue to form two separate States, each with its own legislature, and each to elect for life a prince of Rumanian descent.

Though by no means wholly satisfied with this imperfect union, the Rumanians proceeded to the election of their rulers. Several candidates competed in Moldavia. To avoid a split vote the name of an outsider was put forward the day before the election, and on January 17, 1859, Colonel *Alexander John Cuza* was unanimously elected. In Wallachia the outlook was very uncertain when the Assembly met under great excitement on February 5.¹ A few patriots put forth and urged the election of Cuza, and the Assembly unanimously adopted this spirited suggestion.

Having realized that there was no hope of the Powers consulting anything but their own interest, by consciously and of set purpose hampering the emancipation of a long-suffering nation, the Rumanians had quietly accomplished by this master-stroke the reform which was an indispensable condition towards assuring a better future. Italy's military preparations prevented Austria from intervening, and two years later the new state of things was sanctioned by the Porte. The final step was taken in 1861, when the two principalities united under the name of 'Rumania', were given a common national assembly and a common government.

Cuza's reign was responsible for some reforms which

¹ This date corresponds with January 24th, old style, when the union of the Principalities is celebrated in Rumania.

fundamentally transformed the social and political organization of the country. He secularized and turned into state property the domains of the monasteries, which, in Greek hands, had acquired one-fifth of the total area of the land (Law of December 13, 1863). Cuza then introduced the great reform which made the peasant tenants owners of the land they laboured on (Law of August 14, 1864). The Assembly having opposed this measure, it was dissolved (May 2, 1864). Universal suffrage was introduced, but at the same time the power of the elective assembly was restricted by the creation of a 'Senate', which, composed of nominated members and members by right, was designed to exercise a moderating influence, thus, by its very nature, increasing the influence of the Crown. A whole series of laws followed, mostly adapted from the French laws, the most important being the Educational Act of 1864. It provided for gratuitous and obligatory elementary education, and for gratuitous education of all other degrees. Cuza also founded the Universities of Jassy (1860) and Bucarest (1864), as well as a large number of special and technical schools.

These reforms were unfortunately coupled with serious administrative and governmental evils. Organized and fostered by the Opposition, an anti-government plot led to the forced abdication of Cuza (February 23, 1866), and the prince left the country a few days later. No disturbance whatever took place, not one drop of blood was shed. Upon the very day of the abdication of Cuza the National Assembly proceeded to the election of a new prince, and the general desire being to have a ruler of foreign descent, the choice fell on Count Philip of Flanders, brother of the King of Belgium. The Porte protested at once against this selection, and as neither

France nor Russia was favourably disposed towards it, Count Philip considered it wise to refuse the offer.

Whilst a new Conference met in Paris, French circles put forward the candidature of Prince Carol of Hohenzollern (born April 20, 1839 ; died October 1914), which was also supported by England. A plebiscite showed the immense popularity of this candidature in Rumania, but on account of the opposition of Austria, Turkey, and Russia, the Paris Conference did not acquiesce in the selection, insisting that, in accordance with the decisions of 1858, the Prince should be of Rumanian descent. Nevertheless the National Assembly sanctioned the election of ' Carol I, Hereditary Prince of Rumania '.

Travelling incognito with a small suite, the prince second class, his suite first, Prince Carol descended the Danube on an Austrian steamer, and landed on May 8 at Turnu-Severin, the very place where, nearly eighteen centuries before, Emperor Trajan had alighted and founded the Rumanian nation. It was only after long and strenuous negotiations that the signatories of the Paris Convention recognized the election of Prince Carol, who visited in 1869 various European Courts in order to strengthen the external relations of his country. On his way back he became engaged, and was married on November 15, in Neuwied to Princess Elisabeth of Wied (born 1843).

Prince Carol came to the throne with the firm intention of freeing the country from Turkish suzerainty at the first opportunity. The majority of his Cabinet desired neutrality, and when it became clear, about 1875, that a conflict between Russia and Turkey was imminent, the Prince endeavoured to obtain from the Powers a guarantee of Rumanian neutrality. His *démarche* failed, and under the circumstances the only reasonable way was to come to terms with Russia for the purpose of

common action. The Convention of April 16, 1877, granted free passage under 'friendly conditions' to the Russian armies, Russia undertaking to respect the political rights as well as 'to maintain and defend the actual integrity of Rumania'. The participation of the Rumanian troops in the operations against Turkey was, however, not accepted. The Russian forces began the passage of the Pruth on April 24, and two days later the Turkish batteries across the Danube opened fire against the Rumanian towns. In consequence of this, the independence of Rumania was formally proclaimed on May 23, 1877.

The Russian armies having met with two serious defeats at Plevna, the co-operation of Rumania was persistently solicited, and Prince Carol was given the supreme command over the united forces before Plevna. After a glorious but terrible struggle, Plevna, followed at short intervals by other strongholds, fell, the peace preliminaries were signed, and Prince Carol returned to Buearest at the head of his victorious army. Notwithstanding the flattering words in which the Tsar spoke of the Rumanian share in the success of the campaign, Russia did not admit that Rumania should take part in the Peace Conference. By the Treaty of San Stefano (March 3, 1878) Rumania's independence was recognized; Russia obtained from Turkey the Dobrudja and the delta of the Danube, reserving for herself the right to exchange these against Bessarabia. The Rumanian Government protested against this stipulation, and, having prepared to oppose an occupation of the province, Russia threatened 'to disarm' the Rumanian army; to which Prince Carol replied that 'the Rumanian army may well be destroyed, but could never be disarmed'.

A Congress was summoned to Berlin to settle the

Eastern Question. Russia strongly opposed even the idea that the Rumanian delegates should be allowed to put their case before the Congress, and consent was obtained only with difficulty, after Lord Salisbury, England's representative, had ironically remarked that 'having heard the representative of Greece, which was claiming foreign provinces, it would be but fair to listen also to the representatives of a country which claimed only what was its own'. The incorporation of Bessarabia with Russia was nevertheless ratified by the Congress, on July 13, 1878. Rumania was deprived of a rich and fertile province, with a fundamentally Rumanian population, receiving in exchange a swamp, the sandy soil of which was hardly capable of cultivation, and the population of which was composed of Turks, Tartars, Bulgarians, and a handful of Rumanians. The Rumanians could do nothing but submit and console themselves with, and mark well, the words which Lord Beaconsfield sympathetically addressed to them, that 'in politics the best services are often rewarded with ingratitude'. Thence onward Rumania passed through a period of comparative quiet in her external relations. On the 10th (22nd) of May, 1881, the country was proclaimed a kingdom, and upon the head of the first King of Rumania was placed a crown of steel made from one of the guns taken before Plevna from an enemy centuries old.

It may be interesting to note that after the abdication of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, in 1887, the Bulgarian throne was offered to King Carol. It is probable that the project was opposed both by Russia and by Austria; but Bucarest also wisely rejected it. The deep racial differences and the complete contrast in national ideas would have made an harmonious political union between the two peoples impossible.

In the absence of direct descendants and according to the constitution, the King's nephew, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern (born 1865), was named Heir Apparent to the Rumanian throne. In 1892 he married Princess Marie of Coburg, and following the death of King Carol last year, he acceded to the throne as Ferdinand I.

HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY SINCE 1866

Prince Carol's task was no easy one. It was to rule over a nation which, attaining to freedom after many centuries of oppression, was prone to be carried away by an inexperienced enthusiasm for the liberal ideas of the time. The extremely liberal constitution of 1866, which resembled that of Belgium more than any other, reflected this spirit, and was rather the result of historical development than the natural outgrowth of social evolution. The ineptitude of a nation which, having at last won the right to speak aloud, believed that to clamour against anything that meant 'rule' was the only real and full assertion of liberty, and the laxity of a band of politicians bred upon Phanariote morality, hampered the efforts of the Prince, who, acclaimed a saviour when the country was groaning under foreign oppression, was now accused of enmity towards Latinism. This internal conflict became most acute at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, in 1870, when M. P. Carp, at the time Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared in Parliament that 'where the Latin race is there also is our heart', and when the ill-considered behaviour of part of the population and of certain politicians nearly provoked Prince Carol to abdicate. Nothing but the sound patriotism of a few statesmen saved the country from what would have been a real misfortune.

The new era found the country partly lacking in

organization, or at the best fettered by obsolete institutions. Our politicians, it would seem, thought to attain Western civilization at a bound. But the pace was too rapid, the result was merely a veneer, thinly laid over the surface of national life. The most liberal institutions of the West were adopted without taking the general social condition of the country into consideration. A backward institution must of necessity follow the growing spirit of a community; a premature institution cannot possibly help a country to skip whole stages of natural development. It was as though a child were dressed in the clothes of a grown person and called a 'man'.

The bulk of the population, being completely illiterate, could not realize the rights and duties imposed by the new organization. They had to rely for enlightenment upon the upper classes, and these did not fail to let the peasant know his duties, though conveniently omitting to explain his rights. As the democratic Rumanian constitution abolished all titles of nobility, that harmless sop to the vanity of an immature society, the upper classes strove to secure posts in the new polity. They usually had neither interest in nor aptitude for these posts, which were generally obtained through bribery. The political field absorbed in this way all the greater land-owners, who formed the upper classes in Rumania, and they leased their lands to the best paying tenant. Rumanian leases as a rule are short (five to ten years), and the tenant has therefore no interest in introducing costly improvements into the existing archaic methods of agriculture.

Neither owner nor tenant has time to think of the peasant, nor can the latter do anything for himself, as he has no direct vote. Fifty of them send one delegate, having one vote, to the election which takes place in the

chief town of the district, and once there, the pressure of the authorities, which are organized completely on a political basis, or their generosity, induces the delegate to vote for the Government candidate. Although since 1904 the vote is secret, the influence of the administration is so effective, or the fear of it so great, that hardly any member of the Opposition would be elected at all but for the Government running no candidate in certain constituencies, so that it may not be deprived of a *pro forma* opposition.

A numerous army of officials forms the backbone of the political parties. Few offices only are permanent, even such as that of Postmaster-General changing with every Government. Their salaries are generally very small, so they have to redress this in one way or another. When in opposition they live precariously on party funds, until the necessity arises of replenishing their reserves, when they begin to attack the members and the policy of the Government, whatever it may be, in the most ruthless manner. Newspapers, public meetings, street demonstrations, all and every means are employed to force the Cabinet to resign.

To such conditions the 'two party' system was the most suitable, and, as it had support in high quarters, no third party was possible until recently, when M. Take Jonescu and his followers left the Conservatives in order to found the Conservative-Democratic party. The two old parties which alternately held the reins were the Liberal (founded by John Bratianu, whose son, M. John Bratianu, is its present leader) and the Conservative (founded by Lascar Catargiu, now led by M. Alexandre Marghiloman). These descriptive titles mean, however, but little: Rumanian party policy is not based on political principles, but political principles on party policy.

The Liberals, who include the majority of the big landowners, are the real supporters of Conservative ideas. But the views held by a party upon a certain question often suffer fundamental changes when passing from opposition to power; and that such a thing should happen without the daily activities of the country being in the least affected clearly shows the hollowness of Rumanian politics. The officials are the class chiefly interested in politics, and the only change likely to affect them is the passing from opposition to power, or vice versa. A Rumanian political party has only one aspiration: to rule, and to rule alone. It may be mentioned as characteristic of the psychology of our parties that in 1888, after the defection of the Cabinet led by M. Carp, one of our ablest statesmen, and, what is more, one of the few who never bargained with his principles, only a small minority remained faithful to him, the majority of the Conservatives choosing as their leader G. Cantacuzino, whose only qualification was that of being the biggest landowner in Rumania.

This may explain, perhaps, how it is possible that, though much progress has been made, nothing has been done for the peasantry, four-fifths of the population of Rumania existing under conditions little different from those of the Daco-Romans. Mighty palaces have been built, but nothing has been done towards providing work for the peasant during the long winter months when he has nothing to do and less to eat.

Absorbed to some extent by the introduction of various reforms and largely by party disputes, the politicians were not able to devote themselves to shaping the national ideal. That Rumanians under foreign domination have maintained their nationality is due to purely intrinsic causes.

In Bucovina there are about 250,000 Rumanians. Formerly exposed to Germanization, they are now supported by the Germans against the rapidly expanding Ruthene element, the advance guard of Slavism.

Bessarabia contains about one million Rumanians, almost all of the peasant class. Their Russification could only be effected by education; and, this being so, the reactionary attitude of the Russian Government towards education has enabled the Rumanian peasants to maintain their customs and their language.

In the Trans-Carpathian provinces, the cradle of the Rumanian nation, three and a half million Rumanians are constantly struggling for national existence. The great political ambitions of the Magyars are handicapped by their numerical inferiority, a handicap which can only be removed by oppressive measures taken at the expense of the other elements forming the heterogeneous population of Hungary.

As already mentioned, part of the Rumanian nobility of Hungary went over to the Magyars, the remainder emigrating over the mountains. Debarred from the support of the noble class, the Rumanian peasantry lost its state of autonomy, which changed to one of serfdom to the soil upon which they toiled. Desperate risings in 1324, 1437, 1514, 1600, 1784, tended to lift the economic oppression; that of 1848 aimed primarily at establishing a right to national existence. Transylvania was till then a separate Austrian duchy, but its incorporation with Hungary was now demanded by the Magyars, who had in their turn risen against Austrian domination. They proclaimed 'that without nationality life was useless; to lose the words of their national speech would mean also the loss of their soul. . . . Liberty, if lost, might be recovered; nationality would be lost

for ever'. But that the other nationalities within Hungary should use the same argument could not be admitted.

The Hungarian movement was defeated with the help of Russia (Villagos, 1849), who intervened in order to prevent the revolt spreading to Poland. Transylvania remained a separate duchy enjoying full political rights up to the establishment of the Dual Monarchy in 1867. With this date moral oppression set in. Hungarian was forcibly introduced into the administration, even in districts where the bulk of the population did not understand this language. The electoral regulations were drawn up in such a manner that the Rumanians from Transylvania, though ten times as numerous as the Magyars, send a far smaller number of representatives to the National Assembly than the latter. To quash all protest a special press law was introduced for Transylvania. But the Rumanian journalists being usually acquitted by the juries, a new regulation prescribed that press offences should be tried only at Kluj—the sole Transylvanian town with a predominating Hungarian population—a measure which was in fundamental contradiction to the principles of justice.¹

Protests have only resulted in an increase of the oppressive measures. And yet there should be union between Hungarians and Rumanians, since they are equally menaced by the growing Slavo-Teutonic pressure. 'But for this purpose it is absolutely necessary that the Hungarians should begin by changing their policy. The Rumanians cannot possibly try to avoid

¹ During a period of 22 years (1886-1908), 367 Rumanian journalists were charged. Together with those of other nationalities, the total number was 850, with a total of 216 years of imprisonment and fines amounting to Fcs. 138,000.

a distant danger by giving way to a nearer one : they cannot elect to die now in order that they may not die later.' ¹

RUMANIA'S PRESENT ATTITUDE

The sufferings of Transylvania and the fact that she has given Rumania many great men in literature and science has kept alive and constantly intensified the interest which the Rumanians within the kingdom took in their brethren across the mountains. As a complementary element influencing Rumania's attitude may be mentioned the deep feeling caused by the loss of Bessarabia at a time when Rumanian national aspirations had taken definite shape. Hence from the material point of view, Rumania seemed to be equally interested in joining either one or the other of the parties now at war. But Rumania owes her present independence in a great measure to the support which France gave her in 1856 and 1858, while the intellectual influence since exercised by that nation upon the Rumanians is so intense, that the Rumanian historian Xenopol justly says that ' nous ne sommes qu'une reproduction plus ou moins fidèle de la civilisation française '. There could, therefore, never have been a question of Rumania joining Germany, unless she was forced to do so by some aggressive action of one of the Powers allied to France. The only possible question was : should Rumania go to war at all (and in this case it could assuredly be only on the side of the Allies), or should she remain neutral ? Her attitude of hesitation is explained and justified by various considerations, which may be grouped, for the sake of clearness, as of the past, the present, and the future.

¹ Xenopol, *Les Roumains*, Paris, 1900.

PAST

A consequence of the seizure of Bessarabia in 1878 was to drive Rumania within the sphere of Austro-German influence, the more so as Prince Carol was of German origin and deeply attached to his native country, and was on terms of friendship with the old Emperor of Austria. But during the last Balkan conflict Austria failed to support Rumania diplomatically against the tergiversations of Bulgaria. Had Austria given such support the second Balkan war would probably have been averted, especially when it is remembered that Russia seriously urged Bulgaria not to initiate a conflict with her former allies. Now we know that Austria worked, indeed, to a contrary end. Signor Giolitti has told the Italian Chamber that on August 9, 1913, the day after the signing of the Peace of Bucarest, Austria intimated her intention of attacking Servia, and was only dissuaded by the influence of Italy and Germany.¹ On the same day on which this declaration was made M. Take Jonescu, the leader of the Conservative-Democratic party, and at the time of the Balkan wars Home Secretary for Rumania, disclosed that in May 1913 Austria's representative in Bucarest, Count Fürstenberg, was instructed to inform the Rumanian Government that Austria would intervene by force of arms in favour of Bulgaria, should the latter come into conflict with her former allies.² This was intended as a warning to Rumania, who had made it clear to Bulgaria that she would step in should such a conflict break out. The note conveying the above was read privately to a member of the Rumanian Cabinet, whose remarks were of such a character that Count

¹ *The Times*, December 3, 1914.

² *La Roumanie*, Bucarest, December 2, 1914.

Fürstenberg wisely refrained from officially presenting the note.

Austria's behaviour caused a complete change in Rumania's policy, as indicated by the visit of Prince Ferdinand—now King—of Rumania to Petrograd, and the even more significant visit which the Tsar afterwards paid to the late King Carol at Constantza. However, when the war broke out, finding herself between two countries which had both, on different occasions, failed to prove their pretended friendship, Rumania could not reasonably have been expected to let sentiment influence her policy.

PRESENT

Under any circumstances these considerations alone would have carried weight. There are, however, others germane to the present situation; of these may be enumerated three, indicated inversely to their importance.

1. There is no doubt that any government would have hesitated before asking the late King Carol to go to war against his native country, especially as it was known that his days were numbered. This consideration no longer exists, but it was certainly of initial importance.

2. Since the Peace of Bucarest of 1913 relations between Rumania and Bulgaria had been somewhat strained, and Rumania naturally opened negotiations in order to satisfy and to secure herself as to the intentions of her southern neighbour. These negotiations yielded, it seems, no result. Bulgaria declared her intention to remain neutral, which, however, did not mean very much. Nevertheless it is probable that Bulgaria's attitude would not in itself have restrained Rumania. On the one hand Bulgaria could not yet have made good, even partially,

the enormous losses in men and war material incurred during the two Balkan wars, especially taking her precarious financial position into consideration ; and the Danube forms an obstacle which could only be forced by serious sacrifices in men and the aid of greatly superior artillery.¹ On the other hand action by Rumania would be of importance even though her armies were not sufficiently numerous to invade Hungary. An offensive-defensive movement on her part would of itself immobilize alongside the Carpathians an important portion of the Austro-Hungarian forces, the more so as the latter would be operating in a region almost completely inhabited by Rumanians, and by ill-treated Rumanians at that.

3. The most serious difficulty in the way of immediate action consisted in the lack of munitions. The artillery of Rumania has been entirely supplied by Krupp. In view of Rumania's doubtful attitude she can certainly no longer rely upon the same source, especially considering Germany's own pressing need. It is said that important quantities of war material destined for Rumania have been detained by Germany ; it is certain that this has been the case with a large contract for sanitary material for the Rumanian army.

THE FUTURE OF RUMANIA

It is interesting to note that the differences in Rumanian opinion have not followed party lines, which tends to show the sincerity of both sides. Those who advocate that Rumania should remain neutral, and they include

¹ Bulgaria's field army amounted to 300,000 men ; her losses in the Balkan wars (according to the Report of the Carnegie Balkan Enquiry Committee) were 44,892 killed, 104,584 wounded, and 7,824 disappeared.

some of our most eminent statesmen,¹ have not disclosed their mind. But I suppose that they consider, and, one must confess, not without right, that Rumania has no interest in seeing Russia completely successful. If Germany and Austria win, Russia will nevertheless remain a serious opponent of any effort Austria may make to bring under her domination parts of Rumania or of some Balkan state. But if the Allies win, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy will no doubt be dismembered, and Rumania will find herself in the not very enviable position of being tenderly squashed between the palm of the Slav and the fingers of the Magyar.

But further than this, one of the chief aims of Russian policy has always been the possession of the Dardanelles. Russia never was as near to its realization as she is now, when the Turkish Empire is a thing of the past, and when she has England as an ally, England who has always barred her way to the Golden Horn. Russia in Constantinople, however, means the economic strangulation of Rumania. Bulgaria has an outlet to the Aegean Sea, Serbia will no doubt have one to the Adriatic, Rumania depends entirely upon the Dardanelles. Her splendid position at the mouth of the Danube, her possessions on the Black Sea, will be of little worth with the mighty Empire of the Tsar dominating the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Straits. Not only is the cheap waterway an absolute necessity for the bulky products, corn, petroleum, timber, which form the chief exports of Rumania; but these also form the chief exports of Russia, who, by a stroke of the pen, may rule Rumania completely out of competition.

¹ e. g. M. P. Carp, M. A. Marghiloman, and others are for neutrality, whereas M. N. Filipescu, another prominent Conservative, is, together with M. T. Jonescu, the chief advocate of military action.

Such a situation will ensure Rumania, no doubt, the full sympathy of the Western nations ; but no country would risk stepping in eventually for her sake, unless, as in the case of Belgium, vital interests of the Western Powers called for intervention. And such a case would certainly arise should Russia threaten the independence of Rumania.

It is the interest, therefore, and one may even say the duty, of the Western nations to favour the idea of a strong Rumania ; for this country, having served as bulwark to pagan Rome against the invasion of the barbarians, and bulwark to Christian Rome against the mounting tide of Turkish aggression, seems to be predestined by her geographical position to be for all time an advanced defence to Western civilization.

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RUSSIA AND BRITAIN¹

THE other day I went to see a play, the scenes of which were set in many different countries. One of these, the bill announced, was to be in Russia: I whispered to my companion, 'That scene will be about a revolutionary who has been exiled to Siberia.' Of course it was. Our popular imaginative artists, eagerly searching for the picturesque, have picked up no other information about this huge nation, have taught their public nothing else. 'Tis not that these thrilling incidents are untrue. They have all happened over and over again; the best is true and the worst is true of the Russian Empire.

It is quite easy to make a fancy picture of Russia. It is also easy to make a fancy picture of England; and it has been done by Treitschke and his German disciples—with results as surprising now to the artists as to the sitter. All such portraits are made with facts, just as all pictures are made with colours; but the truth of your picture depends upon your insight and your sense of proportion. If a foreign writer selects extracts from the speeches of Sir Edward Carson, Michael Davitt, Mr. Bonar Law, and a member of the Shinn Fein, adds a few picturesque tragedies from Ireland, a few incidents from the lives of Clive and Warren Hastings, with an account of the firing of Sepoys from the cannon's mouth in the reign of Queen Victoria, and a few gruesome facts from the history of Newgate; and appends to

¹ Reprinted, by permission, from *The Nineteenth Century and After* of January, 1915.

this a description of what Florence Nightingale found in the Crimea (without mentioning Florence Nightingale), and an account of how we lost our American colonies, giving the whole an historical flavour by sketches of the characters of King John, Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary, and Titus Oates : he may prove to the satisfaction of his hearers that our Empire was built up by crime, and is held by cowardly incompetence. Many Germans quite sincerely believe that this is a picture of England. They all believe in the picture they have made of Russia as a bloodstained Cossack : it was the bogey of ' Muscovite savagery ', of ' Oriental Slavic quasi-civilization '—or, to quote the Socialist and Pacificist *Volksstimme*, of ' Russian despotism ', ' Russian bestiality ', ' a merciless and barbaric enemy '—which closed their ranks at the beginning of the War ; and learned philosophers, exact scientists, and acute critics, like Eucken and Häckel and Harnack, wrote about ' Asiatic Barbarism ', as if this was a self-evident fact, a postulate common to them and to us. Yet Russia had never done England or Germany any harm ; its ' hordes ' had never descended upon Germany or upon us, though we had in the Crimean War, without any decent excuse and in the sole interest of the Antichrist of Stamboul, descended upon Russia ; it was indeed these same Muscovite hordes which had saved Germany from utter destruction at the hands of Napoleon ; had, in fact, emancipated her and made possible the formation of the German Empire.

Russia is one of the youngest brethren of the Christian family—almost as young as Prussia, which has had not nineteen but only six centuries of Christianity ; for she was held back by the Tatar domination (just when we were establishing our freedom upon the basis of Magna

Carta), and she was until modern times isolated from the West of Europe. Consequently she has had to cram an enormous amount of progress into the last century, and in certain ways is still a backward nation. It may with some truth be said that in Russia the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries were all telescoped into the nineteenth ; and consequently things were done then by the Russian Government which we used to do in the Tudor period. Russia had much leeway to make up ; and, moreover, Russia is a country of extremes—externally of great distances and isolated satrapies, of extremes of heat and cold, which strongly affect the national character ; and spiritually it is a country of extreme opinions, and of swift changes. Even when he is an unbeliever, the Russian is a man of intense faith ; he transfers to his politics the same fervent receptiveness which he used to give to his religion. He is ever an idealist, and his politics *become* a religion. He wants to die for them. He is a ‘ whole hogger ’. In the West an extreme Socialist may sometimes seem to swallow Marx or Henry George intact ; but, unless he is young, he has some reservations : visions of compromise are at the back of his mind, a touch of half-acknowledged scepticism, a tendency to substitute evolution for revolution, a sense that *when* Utopia comes it will be somewhat different from the Utopias. In Russia it is much less so : the revolutionary is apt to be passionately idealistic, to swallow whole the creed he has got from the West : he is still ‘ Orthodox ’, still loyal to the death, and a martyr, with that strange Russian instinct for suffering, and that strange mixture of sanguine buoyancy and sudden despair ; he puts into his theory a faith which would surprise his Western teachers. Hence the horror which reactionaries of the Pobyedonóstseff stamp

had both of Liberalism and of the West. The mildest Western ideas became a flaming sword in the hands of the Russian student. And this intensified the contrary evils of Prussian bureaucratic methods, which have been fastened upon Russia since the days of Peter the Great : they have been bad enough in Prussia ; they have been worse in Russia, so sweeping in her thought, so casual in her action. Hence the clash of ideals ; hence the sins, negligences, and ignorances both of the Bureaucracy and its opponents.

The change of name from Petersburg to Petrograd—long desired by Pan-Slavists—is itself a sign that the evil of a Prussianized Russia is coming to an end ; the far greater change—also long desired—of the virtual headship of the Church from the Oberprokurator of the Holy Synod to a revived Patriarchate of Moscow (or perhaps of Constantinople), will, when it comes, carry the process infinitely farther ; for the Teutonic device by which Peter made the Church politically a department of his bureaucratic state has enchained the clergy and injured some of the deepest strongholds of religion. Indeed the qualities of Slav and Teuton do not mix well ; Treitschke and Nietzsche are themselves results of the mixture, as is much of the peculiar Prussian spirit, for the blood of the two races is intermingled throughout the patrimony of the Hohenzollerns. The German virtues as we see them in the Bavarian peasant, and the Russian virtues as we see them in the Russian peasant, are better kept distinct. As with blood, so with customs and ideas. Russia has drunk at the source of Prussian methods, and they have not suited her. She can never have the persistent industry or the bovine docility of her neighbours : the very rigours of her winter climate produce a capacity for doing nothing during long periods

which vitiates the methods of bureaucratic organization. It is indeed perfectly true that the first words a stranger learns in Russia are *Nichevó* and *Syeichass*, which, with *Pozháluista*, make him realize that he is with a people easy-going, dilatory, and polite. None of us have had dealings with Russia who have not learnt to make allowances for men who will put off answering urgent letters for weeks or for ever, and who are perfectly charming and enthusiastically active when we get to close quarters. The German is a great organizer, and a sober, weighty unit in the machinery which he devises so well. The Russian is the most unbusinesslike person in the civilized world ; his government is fitful, sometimes too cruel, often too kind, and generally too lax—laggard and tolerant for a generation, and then swiftly making a vast change that would take an Englishman centuries to effect. How long were we abolishing serfdom ? How much longer shall we be abolishing drunkenness ?

The real government of Russia has always been a government by intuition. The fatherland, to which the hearts of all Russians turn, is a family ; the Russia in which every Russian believes is that large, patient, communal soul which not even the Tatar domination could quell or change, which caused her people to cling together by an inveterate instinct of solidarity at times when rulers were not to be found and nobles were false. Ruled by Moslems, overrun by Poles, invaded again to the heart of the land by Swedes, struggling desperately with Turks, trampled by the Grande Armée till she sacrificed her gloriously beautiful Moscow to be free—this enduring brotherhood has never weakened, but has waxed in every desperate adversity, like an army that can go on fighting when all its leaders are killed, because

each man trusts and understands the other. The great poet Pushkin has described the spirit of his country :

By lasting out the strokes of fate,
 In trials long they learned to feel
 Their inborn strength—as hammer's weight
 Will splinter glass but temper steel.

Russia is a family as no other nation is ; and the Tsar deserves his popular title of Little Father, because he is the head of a family : it is a title that certainly could not be applied to the Emperors who weld together twenty recalcitrant peoples in Germany and Austria ; but it could not be applied either, in the Russian sense, to any other ruler in the world. For this reason is Russian patriotism so indomitable and Russian loyalty so intense. Under difficulties, and amid privations, which we in the West can hardly imagine, the nation has grown from the obscure principality which Vladímir made Christian in the tenth century, to the remote unconsidered Muscovy which Shakespeare had heard talk of, to the vast coherent Empire of to-day, which still we know so little : and the texture is still the same throughout ; the people cling together and understand. Their quarrels are family quarrels, resounding and tragic ; but when an outsider tries to thrust his hand between the bark and the tree he learns something about Russian unity, and about a wider unity still, the unity of the Slav race, which, if it makes all Russians brothers, makes first cousins of all the Slavonic nations. The Russian Government could not have avoided helping Serbia, for the Russian people would not have allowed the Tsar to stand aside, and when the people choose they rule. The Russian Government can defy the ' Intelligentsia ', but it cannot overrule the people—not even to bring the Kalendar up to date. Every Russian

felt a responsibility for Serbia, because the Serbians are Slavs and are Orthodox. And even the Poles, Westernized as they were in the Middle Ages, and severed as they are by religion, have rallied to Russia. The world has rung with the wrongs of Russian Poland, for the Poles are a brilliant and eloquent people; but when the War broke out the Polish members of the Duma did not hesitate for a moment. The quarrels of the past had been terrible; but they were family quarrels after all. The Pole has hated the Russian bureaucracy, and no wonder; but he hates the Prussian, man for man, with a continual vigour that must be seen to be realized. He remembers, too, that the crime of the partition of Poland was done by three Germans: Frederick the Great, Maria Teresa, and Katharine of Russia. Perhaps he remembers in justice, too, that before this it was Russia herself that had been carved by Poland, and that in the first partition she won back the White Russians, who were her own people. But, if the rally of Poland is a wonderful thing, the rally of Russian revolutionaries is still more significant. Exiles come back and give themselves up to arrest, in order that they may be allowed to fight in the Army. Advanced Liberals write to explain that all their cherished ideals are bound up with the future of Russia and her present success. They believe in their political faith, and yet, and yet—they believe in Russia more, and something within tells them that all will be well if Russia triumphs.

They are right. The future of the world lies in the accomplishment of brotherhood. And the future of the world lies in the peasantry; and the real, enduring Russia is the Russia, not of the Intelligentsia, but of the peasant—that unspoilt child of nature and religion, simple, brave, faithful, loyal, and most marvellously

strong and patient. Foreigners speak of Russian barbarism, and it is the peasant they have in their minds. Russians speak of the evils of Western corruption, and they too are thinking of the peasant: they see how badly Russia has suffered, in methods, in morals, in religion, since Peter 'opened a window to the West'. The gains they recognize also, and the necessity of competence in modern sciences and arts; but they see in the aristocracy, in the commercial class, in the *Intelligentsia*, in the industrials of the towns, abundant signs that Western influences may rot rather than ripen the Russian character. The Russian peasant, they feel, so long as he remains on the land, preserves the national character in its strength and purity; he changes rapidly for the worse, they say, in the industrial centres, just as we are told the Irish peasant loses some of his beautiful unworldly qualities when he emigrates to America. But the peasant *is* Russia, overwhelmingly he is Russia; and the other classes are but as the clothes and ornaments on a man. The peasant needs more education, like the rest of us; but if he can be kept free to develop on his own lines, and to lose nothing of his ancient virtues in the onward march, then it will be well with Russia, and she will contribute to the civilization of the future quite as much as she borrows. The conviction of the ablest Russian Liberals that their country has an immense civilizing mission in Europe as well as in Asia—and that the true democratic ideal cannot be established without her—is based upon this faith in the peasant. Tolstoy personifies the idea. He stands before the world in peasant garb, as one who has turned his back upon the gilded saloons of Petersburg (it was Petersburg then) to live on the land, to speak the thoughts and to use the well of Russian undefiled which is the language of the

peasantry. And he finds the summary of his peasant ideal in the Gospel: Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

'Russian barbarism,' say the Germans; and their dread of it has plunged Europe in war. Many of our own people have said the same thing—I noticed that even Mr. Wells has occasionally fallen into the habit in his most able book about the crisis; while the little band of Liberals, who are telling us in a series of tracts how to avoid war for ever, continually press the accusation upon their English readers, and are thereby unwittingly sowing the seeds of another war; for this is the way that wars are made—the dragon's teeth are sown long before, and fear, hatred, and contempt accumulate till they can be contained no more, and the word goes out to kill. Now, what these denunciators all have in their minds when they speak of barbarism must be the Russian peasant; for no one in his senses could use the phrase of the brilliant and cultivated educated classes; to compare the education of the English middle class, for instance, with that of Russia would be, as Mr. Maurice Baring says, 'merely silly'. No, the Englishman who can speak no language but his own has at least learnt to respect the Russians as linguists. But the peasant? He is still largely illiterate—some 80 per cent. of the population in Russia, and about 40 per cent. (a significant drop) among the Russian colonists of Siberia; he is different from our peasantry in appearance, for he looks like a real peasant and does not wear the townsmen's shabby clothes; and he is poor. He is really proud of being a peasant. Would that we could say the same of England! And he has the thoughtful, retentive mind of the man who has not been spoilt by cheap

reading. 'I belong to the shallow Intelligentsia,' said in all complacency one of Mr. Stephen Graham's half-Westernized Russians; and of how many in the West would this be true also! The Russian peasant is not shallow. He is full of natural poetry, his talk is shrewd and humorous, and he is observant and reflective as well as good-natured and sociable; lazy and slow he often is, but wonderfully clever with his hands, and also unalterably stubborn. Like the Irish peasant, he has a mind steeped in folk-lore, folk-song, and religion. Some inquiring person instituted a census as to the favourite books in certain Russian village libraries. No one would ever guess the favourite work which these uncultured peasants read to one another. It was a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*! I have mentioned Tolstoy, whose estimate of the peasantry would deserve consideration even if it were not also that of most Russian writers. His peculiar literary excellence in the eyes of his fellow countrymen is that he writes in such beautiful Russian, and the language he habitually uses is the simple speech of the peasants. There are no dialects in Russia; there is nothing like the Cockney accent. The peasant speaks like a gentleman.

Above all things, he is religious. We are apt, when people are not religious, in our funny way, to call them superstitious, and so to dispose of them. And Russia we are apt to judge by her picturesque and moving acts of devotion—calling them superstitious if we think that beauty is a superstition. The outward religion of Russia is indeed wonderful and touching! it is so universal, in all places and among all classes, so free from Western threadbare chilliness—for indeed it is Oriental in its freedom from self-consciousness, in its simple fervour. A Western cannot but be immensely

struck when he sees a general in uniform bowing at a wayside shrine, a policeman saying his prayers aloud in the snow, a fat merchant in astrakhan crossing himself with his cigar before an ikon in a crowded railway station. Devotion is poured out fervently at all times and in all places. And this gives the whole country an aspect of immanent Christianity, and we feel that it has a right to the title of *Svyataya Russ*, 'Holy Russia'—more perhaps than we to that of 'Merrie England'. If Christ were to come through the streets of London to-day, comforting and healing people, we know that all our ways would have to be suddenly transformed. In Russia there would be no change—I had almost said no surprise. Indeed, underneath the gorgeous and elaborate rites of the Eastern Church, which impress an Englishman and puzzle him, Russian religion is singularly evangelical. The Russian Church has many faults of organization, and a wise reform will soon be a matter of terrible urgency; her clergy need a higher standard of education—they need, I think, a full and true intercourse with our English clergy, for the advantage of us all; but the Russian Church is the Church of the people, as is no Church of Western Christendom (except perhaps in some parts of Ireland, for here again the geographical extremes of Europe meet); she belongs to the people and the people belong to her; and the common faith is Gospel Christianity—in many ways more evangelical than anything we have in the West. We often say here that the Sermon on the Mount is impracticable. It is not impracticable in Russia. The spirit of it comes naturally to the peasants, the *Krestianye*; ¹ they have learned through a long

¹ A Christian in Russian is *Christiánin*, a peasant *Krestyanin*, from *Krest*, the cross; *Muzhik* is a more familiar expression.

endurance lessons which may one day work as a leaven throughout Christendom. I think, if Christ came down to earth to-day, He would gather the peasants of Russia together, and say over them the Beatitudes.

If the future of the world lies in the men of the soil, if it lies in the spread of brotherhood, if it lies in religion, as the past has lain, then Russia has great and precious treasures to bring to the building of the new age. She has many faults—there is something mediaeval in the sharp mixture of violent sins and violent virtues, of unworthy acts and ecstasies of worship; her peasants are not saints, though they are the stuff from which saints are often made—their character has been marred by drunkenness and its resultant crimes; her Government has been guilty of base blunders, of cruel and foolish policies of repression, her statesmen have sometimes run after wild and aggressive ambitions; acts of mediaeval savagery are nearer in her history than in ours. All Europe has heard of the Tatar in the Russian character. All Europe has heard of the worst in Russia—of the knout, of serfdom, of exile to Siberia, of pogroms, secret police, a persecuted Press, and military executions. Her vivid mixture of black and white is very unlike our Western greyness. But much of the black has gone already: the knout and the clanking of exiles' chains, so dear to melodrama, have gone, and serfdom has been long abolished; drunkenness has even now been swept away, and we here in our shame look with envy at the nation which has purged itself—with a great price has obtained this freedom. That is so like Russia! We pity her faults; and, lo! with a bound she has passed far ahead of us, and it is we who are still wallowing in our Occidental barbarism. Now every Russian is confident about the future because he knows that his nation has

this wonderful vitality in reform. The evils which we think peculiarly Russian he attributes to foreign influences; he remembers that few of her leading statesmen in the nineteenth century were of Russian birth, that the chief Foreign Minister from the time of Napoleon to the Crimean War could not even speak the Russian language; he thinks of his country as the champion of Christendom against the Turk and his atrocities—alas! that England opposed her in her work—as the protector of free Montenegro, the liberator of Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, of half Armenia—and now of all Armenia. He knows that the secret police are a temporary body whose crimes are a disgrace and whose days are numbered; the ordinary police are as kindly as our own. He attributes the persecutions in his country to the officials of the past—to a system that was not Russian, trying to defend itself against very dangerous doctrines, and driven to repression as our own Liberal Government was driven by the far milder excesses of the militants here. He admits that his country is behind ours in political freedom; but he is confident. The Duma, for all its disabilities, is very much alive; the electoral system is indeed deliberately undemocratic, but not worse than the three-class system of Prussia; and the freedom of the executive from parliamentary control is only another Prussian fault. Henceforward, the influence will be that of England and France alone, and there will be no *Dreikaiserbund*. The Duma has secured the principle, and practice will not follow on so slowly as it has often done in Russia; the peasant has the instinct of self-government, long traditions in the village communism of the Mir, and much practice in the more modern Zemstvo. Russians often speak of their country as the most democratic in Europe,

and socially this is true. In social freedom, too, a Russian will insist that he is ahead of us—that people live their own life, that there is no tyranny of public opinion as with us, that the woman's movement is more advanced than in England, and far more than in France or Germany.

He will perhaps ask us whether it is really true that we have a dramatic censor who forbids the production of Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*. There is a saying that in Russia everything is forbidden but everything is done: an enormous list of rules hangs in the railway stations, but no one has ever read them. Russia is very tender, very lenient—too lenient in some ways. Many terrible things have happened in Siberia; but yet it is true that prisoners were generally released when they arrived there; and now that transportation is in principle abolished, Russian criminals must regret that they have to put up with the monotonous certitude of a convict prison—though even the prisons, as Mr. Bernard Pares describes them, are pleasant places compared with the solitary horror of our British cells. We used to think of Russia as a country of torture and death; and yet Russia is ahead of us in having no capital punishment—except when martial law is proclaimed, as too often has been the case. The story of Dostoyévsky's famous novel *Crime and Punishment* would be impossible in England, for the neurotic student who is its hero would with us have been summarily hanged for his very bad case of murder; as it is, he gets a few years in Siberia, is converted by the devotion of a woman who had been driven on the streets and follows him to exile, and the story ends with a vista of their living happily ever after. It is a Christian story of redemption, and not a pagan story of judicial vengeance; and it expresses

the true Russia—as indeed does not only Dostoyévsky, but the great company of Russian writers in their deep and most Christlike compassion for the suffering, the sinful, the outcast, and the poor.

It is always an impertinence to attempt the description of another nation, and the more so when the writer has no special qualifications for the work. But war-time, for all its horrors, is a time for making national friendships ; and we must all help in the great opportunity of cementing by respect and affection the alliance between two nations which lie so far apart and yet have so much in common. One cannot hope to do justice to the task ; and yet the ignorance of Russia among Englishmen is so great—far greater than their ignorance of us—that even the humblest must help to educate. And certain facts need emphasizing. No Englishman has been in Russia without liking the Russians : he finds himself among a people eager, friendly, clever, simple, expansive ; he is in the East, but it is an East which has drunk deep of the spirit of Christ. He has passed into a fraternity, where you exchange confidences with your neighbour, where you call the cab-driver ‘ my dove ’ and the porter ‘ brother ’—where the coachman kisses his master and mistress at Easter and says ‘ He is risen indeed ’—where for good and evil all are a family together, and if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. He sees faults too, rather naïvely displayed and too easily condoned—much corruption in some classes, as of a nation whose blood is less immune than ours against infection. But he is drawn to the heart of this people, and when he is away he longs to be back—back into what an eminent Englishman described to me as the atmosphere of kindness and freedom which he feels as he crosses

the frontier—back into the busy varied life of a versatile people, full of character, full of vitality, a youthful nation gathered round old-world Byzantine churches.

And if we English are wise, we shall be quick to appreciate and slow to judge, since it is difficult for us to do justice to a race so different from the Latin, Teuton, or Briton as is the great Slav family. The Germans fail utterly to understand the Slavs—Poles and Russians alike hate the Teuton, and are hated with a Central-European intensity. We English have not succeeded in understanding the Russian people—through the thousand leagues that separate us we have seen a grim, unkempt, bent figure wading through the snow in clanking chains. . . . When the War began our newspapers invented the phrase 'the Russian steam-roller': they were so pleased with it that the public were bored to death with the constant repetition. Well, recent events in the East have shown that it would be more exact to speak of the Russian *corps de ballet*—for surely troops never before have shown such agility and *élan*. Yet both phrases are significant of the Slav character, which we find it so difficult to understand. It has the strength and patience with which the steam-roller is gifted; it has also the verve, the quickness, the light fancy of the dancer. The Slavs in fact are, as London has learnt with some surprise, the greatest dancers of the world, and not at all like the Esquimaux. It is a mixture that we are not familiar with: the dash, and heat, and vitality are in the blood; perhaps the endurance is due to the winter hardships—the patience to religion, and the sombre courage to the immense difficulties of Russia's history—difficulties to which, as Mr. Pares says, she has always been only just a little more than equal. The small nation which is now become so great won its

strength under the hammer of foreign oppression ; she crawled out of the welter of savage tribes that surrounded her by virtue of the Christian faith that was in her ; she drew herself up and rolled away the oppression of the Yellow Horde of Islam, and freed herself from Pole and Swede by virtue of that family instinct, both racial and religious, which held her people together and preserved her integrity in the darkest hours. ' It was ', says the same high authority, whose *Russia and Reform* should be read side by side with Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace's standard work on Russia and Mr. Stephen Graham's penetrating sketches of Russian psychology, ' it was the constant, versatile, inexhaustible vitality of the people, always fresh in fancy, but always broken to patience, that made success possible. It is this varied mass of humour, good-hearted patience, and quaint resource which has given the body to Russian history.' And he speaks of the instinct for order, the faith in Christianity and championship of it, and the life and labour of the people, as the three great principles that have made Russian history.

Of the literature, the art, and the scientific work of Russia I have not the room to speak. It is strange that Germans should think her barbarous, when during the last fifty years she has taken the place in world-literature which Germany had held for fifty years before. In spite of the immense difficulties of her language, which make her poetry a sealed book to the West, her prose writers are now coming by their own—at least the supremacy of Turghényeff, Dostoyévsky, and Tolstoy is recognized, and the translators are ever more busy with her writers. Great as has been the service of Germany in quarrying out knowledge for the world, it is three other nations whose modern creative writers

are now translated into all the languages of Europe—Britain, France, and Russia ; and the Russians, be it said, know our literature far better than we know theirs. In music Russia alone threatens the high supremacy of Germany ; in the other arts she is vigorous and accomplished ; in science she has given us Mendeléyeff and Metchnikoff. She has the powers of a great and civilizing people.

And Russia is immense : the Slavs, so long oppressed that they gave to Mediaeval Europe the word for slavery, have come by their own, and a vast future is unrolled before them. From the Adriatic to the Sea of Japan, from the Arctic Ocean to the Aegean and the deserts of Central Asia, the Slav race extends—under the shadow of the Orthodox Church ; and after this War none will be again under Teutonic or under Turkish domination. The Slav race is the most prolific in the world : already the hundred and seventy millions of the Russian Empire form a nation larger than Great Britain and France, Italy and Spain, the Netherlands and Scandinavia put together ; this population increases by three millions every year—three-quarters of the population of Scotland ; within the next generation, now that strong measures are being taken to deal with her terrible infant mortality, she can hardly be less than two hundred and fifty millions ; within the century her numbers will probably be doubled. We can hardly imagine what this will mean to the world, and what it will mean to Christendom, if Russia avoids a religious *débâcle* and the Eastern Church attains a vastness of unity unparalleled in the history of the Christian faith. The Russian Empire, with material resources in Siberia, in Central Asia, and in the old country, comparable to those of America, with a complete equipment of education, with the old

indomitable spirit still at her heart, and her internal agonies long past—what a prospect is spread before her children of to-day! Can we wonder at their confidence?

This great nation is now our ally. The old blind jealousies are gone; our people are beginning to understand one another, our Churches are making friends; our Empires, when the War is over, will be rounded off, and we shall not be tempted to aggression, but shall have before us the task of civilization and consolidation, and our common work in Asia. The two races are very different, but strangely complementary, and in Russia the value of English influences is realized; her nascent constitutionalism looks to ours as its mother and its model, her people admire our characteristics and read our literature, her most carefully trained children are put into English hands and taught our language and our ways. We have something in our spirit that Russia needs. And she has something that will be good for us.

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THE SOUTHERN SLAVS

At the outbreak of this war one often heard the question, 'What have we to do with Serbia?' and to such a question it could until the end of July 1914 with a considerable amount of truth have been answered, 'Nothing.' There is scarcely any race in Europe of which most people in England know less than they do of the Serbs, and there is no European country with which we have had less intercourse. This ignorance is not altogether our own fault; it is the result partly of geographical, partly of historical facts which have till now contributed to distract our attention from the western half of the Balkan peninsula.

There never has been any vital historical, political, commercial, or sentimental reason for England to be interested in Serbia, at any rate no reason obvious enough to outweigh the difficulties which have until now prevented closer acquaintance. But the war has changed all that. The Serbians have suddenly become our allies. Our old attitude of ignorance and indifference, which even the bravery of the Serbians during the two Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913 was only able to turn into one of qualified approval, is now no longer possible, and it is gratifying to notice that the endurance and valour of this brave people are now thoroughly appreciated in this country. But at the same time it is absolutely necessary that more light should now be thrown on the race whose ultimate destinies formed the

pretext for Austria-Hungary to initiate the present war. Serbia's share in the European crisis which preceded the war has been admirably described by Sir Valentine Chirol in his pamphlet published by the University Press. Our object now is to examine the Serbian problem from the historical and ethnographical points of view. The Serbian or Southern Slav question was undoubtedly one of the subsidiary causes of the war, and it will be one of those most difficult of solution at its close ; it is, therefore, important that public opinion in England should be better informed on this question than it is at present. There is abundant and excellent literature on Serbia and the Southern Slavs in English ; I need only mention the names of Mr. Seton-Watson, Mr. Mijatović, Mr. Vivian, and Miss Durham. But even these have not been able to make their subject really familiar to the English public. The reasons why Serbia has never been able vitally to interest the English are plain enough, and are worth mentioning before going any further into the subject.

The early history of independent Serbia is so remote that it cannot thrill us, and seems almost mythical. Then throughout the Middle Ages right up to our own times, from the end of the fourteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth, the country was an obscure province of the Ottoman Empire. During the national revivals which characterized the nineteenth century the Serbs fought as bravely for their freedom as any other of the oppressed nationalities ; but their past had not been sufficiently brilliant to provide a Byron, nor their sufferings at the hands of the Turks sufficiently notorious to find a Gladstone to champion their cause in this country ; in this respect they have always been at a disadvantage compared with Greece and Bulgaria,

while it must be confessed that the more sensational episodes in modern Serbian history have been such as to estrange rather than to attract our sympathies.

The reason why we have had so little to do with Serbia commercially is that by an extraordinary and fatal combination of geographical, historical, and political circumstances, the Serbs have never been able to put to any practical use the coast which by rights is theirs. This coast, which should have been the means of communication between them and other countries, has always been dominated by alien and hostile peoples, whose interest it has been to use it as a barrier to cut off the Serbs from the outside world.

Again, in the realms of art, music, and literature, the Serbs have not produced any masterpieces of a character to enforce their nationality on our notice. Serbia had a mediaeval and has a modern literature, and the national store of folk-music and folk-poetry is inexhaustible; but there is nothing of a kind which makes an immediate and urgent appeal to a remote and alien public. Serbian art has till now been not universal but merely local. The only other way in which Serbia could have become better known to England would have been by the attraction of tourist-traffic, but here again a great many things have militated against this. Distance and the difficulty of the language are two great obstacles, but there is a far more powerful reason than either of these—a very subtle and extremely tragic reason. It is that although the present kingdom of Serbia abounds in the picturesque, all the sights which are superficially most attractive to foreigners are situated in those Serbian lands which, although as purely Serb as the country round Belgrade, are under alien rule; in this way travellers who have no knowledge of the language, and

consequently no opportunity of informing themselves accurately, visit, let us say, for instance, Dalmatia; knowing that Dalmatia is an Austrian province, but ignorant of the fact that the population of Dalmatia is purely Serb, they give Austria credit not only for the hotels, roads, and railways, which is quite right, but also for all they see that they admire, which is most unfair. Serbia, within its present political boundaries, has not enough to attract tourists in large and lucrative numbers; it is neither sufficiently civilized nor sufficiently uncivilized to do so. Montenegro is, but then it is tiny, and nobody knows that the Montenegrins are Serbs. The first time I was starting for Montenegro a well-educated English lady said to me, 'I suppose the natives are black?' It thus comes about that though quite a fair number of English people have at one time or another been in Serb lands of some sort, only a few of them realize the fact, while the number who have spent any time in the kingdom of Serbia is extremely small.

The Serbs are one of the Slav family of nations, which occupy the greater part of eastern Europe.

It is eustomary to divide the Slav nations into three groups, the eastern, western, and the southern. This division is based on differences of language. The eastern group, to take the largest first, consists of the Russians, who in 1900 numbered in Europe and Asia altogether about ninety-five millions.

The large majority of these, about sixty millions, are the Russians properly so called, who inhabit the larger part of European Russia and parts of Siberia. In philological books they are called Great Russians, though they do not know themselves by this name. In the west of European Russia there are five millions

or so of so-called White Russians, whose language differs very slightly from that of the Great Russians.

Then in the south of European Russia are the so-called Little Russians, whose language differs very considerably from that of the Great Russians, so much so that they maintain it is altogether a distinct language, a claim which the Great Russians do not admit. The Little Russians number about thirty millions, twenty-six of which live in southern Russia and four in eastern Galicia.

The Great Russians never call themselves anything but Russians and the Little Russians similarly only speak of themselves as Russians. The terms Great Russia and Little Russia are merely translations of the mediaeval Latin geographical terms *Russia major* and *Russia minor*, and have never been used in the country itself. The Little Russians are sometimes called Little Russians by the Great Russians, but the two peoples usually refer to each other by rather derogatory nicknames and each maintain that they represent the true and original Russian stock. The Little Russians who inhabit Galicia are also sometimes called Ruthenians, because that part of Russia used to be known as Red Russia. Those in South Russia are sometimes called the people of the Ukraine, which merely means the Borderland.

The western group, which is the next largest, includes the Poles, who number about seventeen millions, the Chekhs or Bohemians, and Slovaks, about nine millions, and the dwindling community of Lusatian Wends or Serbs in Saxony and Prussia, who to-day number barely 150,000. Reference to these latter will again be made later.

The southern group includes the Bulgarians, who are

far from being purely Slav in origin or in temperament, but speak a purely Slavonic language, and number about five millions; the Slovenes, in the south-western corner of Austria, about one and a half million in number; and the Serbs or Serbo-Croatians, who total between nine and ten millions.

On looking at an ethnographic map of the Slavonic peoples it will be noticed that while the eastern and western groups are contiguous, these are separated from the southern group by a substantial layer of non-Slavonic nationalities, Roumanians, Hungarians, and Germans.

It is now generally accepted that the original home of the Slavonic peoples, or rather the home which for all practical historical purposes may be considered original, lay to the north of the Carpathians, between the rivers Vistula and Dnieper; probably it included the whole upper basins of these two rivers.

Those Slavonic peoples who are now called the Southern Slavs must gradually have migrated south, first over the Carpathians into the plains of Pannonia and the valley of the Danube, and later across the Danube into the Balkan peninsula. It is perfectly well known that the Balkan peninsula was entered by the Slavs only comparatively lately, towards the end of the sixth century, but when they crossed the Carpathians, and what happened from that time till they crossed the Danube, can only be conjectured.

The reason for their original move southwards is probably to be found in the irruptions of alien hosts to which the whole mass of the Slavonic people were subjected from the fourth century onwards. First the Goths from the west, then the Huns from the east, and finally the Avars, also from Asia, drove great wedges

into their midst. The last named completely overwhelmed and took possession of Pannonia, the modern Hungary, in the second half of the sixth century, at the same time establishing their dominion over the Slavs who were then settled there.

It was during the first half of the seventh century that the Slavs, together with the Avars, began to penetrate from Pannonia across the Danube into the Balkan peninsula. At that time Byzantium was fully occupied with wars against Persia and could spare no energy to withstand the inroads from the north; the Emperor was even compelled to pay the invaders tribute.

In the second half of the seventh century the power of the Avars rapidly declined, and the Slavs, having freed themselves from their domination, began to invade the peninsula on their own account in ever-increasing numbers. They overran the whole peninsula and reached the shores of the Aegean; the Emperor was helpless, and was glad to agree to their possession of the territory they had occupied if they would undertake to prevent further invasions of other barbarians from the north and recognize his suzerainty.

Who were the inhabitants of the northern half of the Balkan peninsula whom the Slavonic invaders drove southwards and dispossessed is not definitely known, but they were probably of the same race as the modern Albanians, i.e. Indo-European, but neither Greek nor Slav.

The Slavs who occupied the whole of the northern half of the peninsula were not a united people, but a loosely-knit congeries of tribes, with nothing in common but their language.

These tribes, however, very early began to group themselves into two main divisions, an eastern and a western.

The eastern division consisted of those Slavs who subsequently came to be known as Bulgarians; the western included the Serbs, the Croatians, and the Slovenes.

The tribes of the eastern division were originally without doubt as purely Slavonic as those of the western, but in the second half of the seventh century they were invaded by a comparatively small body of people of Turkish origin, who came from the banks of the Volga and were called *Bolgary*. These subdued the Slavonic peoples settled in the eastern part of the Balkan peninsula and imposed their name on them. Their language, however, they lost; together with it, they themselves rapidly became submerged by the people they had conquered.

Nevertheless, the effect of their presence has been permanent. The Bulgarians, although technically they are Slavs, have very few of the characteristics of the other Slavonic peoples. Besides their Tartar conquerors, they absorbed the remnants of many other races which had from time to time visited that part of the peninsula and left some of their number behind.

The elements which have gone to make up the Bulgarian nation include remains of the original inhabitants of Thrace, a largely preponderating mass of Slavs, and numbers of other races such as Goths, Huns, Avars, Tartars of various kinds, Gipsies, and Turks.

In contrast to this, the Serbs are a far more purely Slavonic people. This is said by no means as a disparagement to the Bulgarians; they are an extremely brave, patriotic, methodical, industrious, and pertinacious people, only, compared with the Serbs, it is generally admitted that they are of very much more mixed racial origin. This fact is illustrated by their language,

amongst other things. Although it is a purely Slavonic language, and contains probably a no larger number of Turkish words than does Serbian, yet in some respects¹ it has lost its typically Slavonic character and assimilated certain peculiarly Balkan characteristics, shared also by the Roumanian and the Albanian, but not by the Serbian language.

Bulgaria, too, was much more completely subjugated by the Turks than the western half of the peninsula. It lies nearer Constantinople, and so it was both more important for the Turks to obliterate all national feeling and at the same time easier for them to do so than in the case of their more outlying provinces. A favourite and effectual means towards this end on the part of the Turks was the planting of numerous Turkish colonies in Bulgaria, especially in the eastern part of the country and in that part between the lower reaches of the Danube and the Black Sea known as the Dobrudsha, which now belongs to Roumania. Though these Turkish colonies have been much reduced in strength since the establishment of Bulgarian independence, in 1878, they played during the several centuries of their existence a considerable part in the formation of the modern Bulgarian nationality.

So much for the Slavs who settled in the eastern part of the Balkan peninsula; now let us turn to the western part, or rather the western part of the northern half of the peninsula.

The dividing line between the Bulgarians in the east and the Serbs in the west of the Balkan peninsula has from the earliest times been the river Timok, which rises about half-way between Sofia in Bulgaria and Nish in

¹ Notably in the complete loss of the case-endings and in the placing of the definite article after the noun.

Serbia and flows thence northwards into the Danube. This river to-day in its lower reaches forms the political boundary between the two kingdoms.

The whole of the country from the river Timok in the east as far west as Istria, bounded on the north by the Danube and the Drave, and on the south by the Adriatic, is inhabited by the Serb race, which numbers, as has already been mentioned, between nine and ten millions. The fact that this considerable territory is divided into seven different political divisions makes it difficult to remember that, as regards population, it is homogeneous. People look at an ordinary map and see innumerable political boundaries which are difficult to grasp and still more difficult to memorize; they usually never stop to think who the inhabitants of this territory are, but quickly give up the whole thing in despair. But if an ethnographical map, which takes small account of political divisions, is consulted, it can be seen at a glance what a compact mass the Serb race forms.

It has been already remarked that the Slav peoples who occupied the Balkan peninsula were a vast collection of tribes without organization and without cohesion. Their original tribal names have not been preserved. They were generally known as *Slovene*,¹ a word of obscure origin which has provided an inexhaustible feast for philologists. The favourite theory amongst scholars of Slavonic nationality is that the name is connected with a series of words denoting clearness and intelligibility, just as German professors derive the name *deutsch* from an exactly similar source. The idea is, of course, the familiar one of emphasizing your own intelligibility and that of your fellow countrymen at the expense of your less enlightened neighbours.

¹ Singular *Slovenin*, plural *Slovene*,

This name appears in Russia as *Slavyane*,¹ and in our own language as Slav or Slavonic. The group of consonants *sl*, however, was not tolerated either in Greek or in Latin, and so in the former a *k* or a *th* and in the latter a *c* was inserted between the *s* and the *l*, giving the Greek form *Sklāvini*² and the Latin *Sclaveni*,³ with the Italian equivalent *Schiavoni*. The name has had a curious history and one naturally distasteful to its owners; numerous captives of war from the Balkan peninsula came to be known in Italian as *schiavi*, and the word has passed into French, English, German, and Dutch as *esclave*, *slave*, *Sklave*, &c. That the name *Slovene* was prevalent amongst the Slavs as a whole, and was not merely in local use amongst the Southern Slavs, is proved by the fact that it was used by various branches of the Slavs of themselves not only in the south, but also in the west on the Elbe and in the east on the Dnieper.

It is curious to notice that the Slavs have never been known by this name to their western neighbours of Germanic race. From the earliest times the Germans have called them Winden or Wenden, as they do in Saxony and further south in Styria to this day. This name Slovene was used by and was applied to all the Slavonic tribes who entered the Balkan peninsula, and is still used of themselves and by other Slavs of the Slovenes, the westernmost and smallest of the Southern Slav nationalities, who live in Carniola and Istria, in Austria. It has been pointed out how those Slavs who settled in the eastern part of the peninsula gradually became separated from the other Slavs further west and eventually com-

¹ Singular *Slavyanin*, plural *Slavyane*.

² Σκλαβηνοί, Σκλάβοι, and Σθλάβοι.

³ Or *Sclavini*, *Sclavi*.

bined to form the Bulgarian nationality. The reasons were partly political and partly ethnographical ; in the process they lost completely their Slavonic names and changed their Slavonic character. They were originally known as Slovene, and came to be called only Bulgarians. This loss of the original national name is analogous to that which took place in Russia, where the Slavs abandoned their own name and adopted that of their foreign invaders.

The Slavs in the western part of the peninsula were also originally known only as *Slovene*, and until the ninth century they were never mentioned by any other name ; no doubt they had tribal names, but these have not survived. Gradually, however, these tribes would seem to have become consolidated into two main groups, identical in kind, but different in name ; these two groups are known as the Serbs and the Croatians, who together form the Serbo-Croatian nationality, the people that is usually implied when the Southern Slavs are spoken of.

The names of these two groups of the same people first appear in the ninth century, until which time they had been known only as Slovene, in Greek *Sklaviní*, and their country only as *Sklavinía* in Greek and as *Sclavonia* or *Sclavonia* in Latin. The names Croatian and Serb themselves are probably those of two out of the many other tribes which either by reason of their size or their power attracted into their orbit and overshadowed their neighbours of kindred race. The one fact about their origin which is clear is that the Serbs composed the eastern and the Croatians the western half of this nationality, and that this distinction existed from the very beginning.

Before going any further it is necessary to study for a moment the history of these names. The Serbs are

first mentioned by the name Sorabi by a French chronicler in the year 822. From that time onwards they are spoken of by the Byzantine historians as Serbs. The name itself is not without interest, because it is also the name of a Slavonic people, now rapidly dwindling in numbers, who live in the north of Saxony and in the south of the Prussian province of Brandenburg. This people, which was once of considerable size and covered most of eastern Germany, is known in the mediaeval chronicles as Sorabi. They still call themselves Serb and their language *serbski* or *serski*, in German *Sorbisch*, though their country is generally called *Lužyce*, in German Lausitz; in English these Slavs are generally referred to, if at all, as Lusatian Wends.

The Serbs of the Balkan peninsula call themselves *Sr̂bi*¹; in the Middle Ages an *l* was often inserted between the *b* and *i*—*Sr̂bli*; in Byzantine Greek the name appears as *Servoi*², their country as *Servia*.³ The β of mediaeval and modern Greek is pronounced as *v* and presumably the forms *Servia* and *Servian*, which have always been used until now in this country, were introduced from a Greek or Latin source in the Middle Ages. The Dutch are the only people besides the Greeks and ourselves who call the country *Servia* and not *Serbia*. The Serbs themselves have always resented our calling them *Servians*, fearing that popular imagination might connect the name with the Latin word *servus* and its derivatives; this childish etymology was actually adopted by mediaeval Latin writers, but needless to say is absolutely false. The real derivation of the name, as of so many other tribal names, remains obscure. It

¹ Singular *Sr̂bin*, plural *Sr̂bi*, the *-r* vowel is a strongly rolled *ur*-sound, as in the Scots pronunciation of e. g. Burns.

² Σέρβοι, Σέρβιοι or Σέρβλοι.

³ Σερβία, Σερβική or Σερβλία.

seemed almost unnecessary to change the name which had become established in English usage merely to make it conform to that generally used on the Continent and by the Serbs themselves, but at the beginning of the war the press was officially requested by the Serbian Legation to do so, and it has now become the generally accepted spelling.

The Croatians are mentioned by name somewhat earlier than the Serbs, soon after 800. The Greeks called them *Khrovatoi* and their country *Khrovatia*¹; the Croatians call themselves *Hrvati*,² and their country *Hrvatsko*. The derivation of this name too is obscure, but in contrast to that of the Serbs it is to be noticed that the name Hrvatin, short form Hrvoje, occurs fairly frequently in the early history of the people as a personal name of princes and others mentioned in Greek chronicles; it also occurs as a tribal name both in Bohemia and in Galicia.

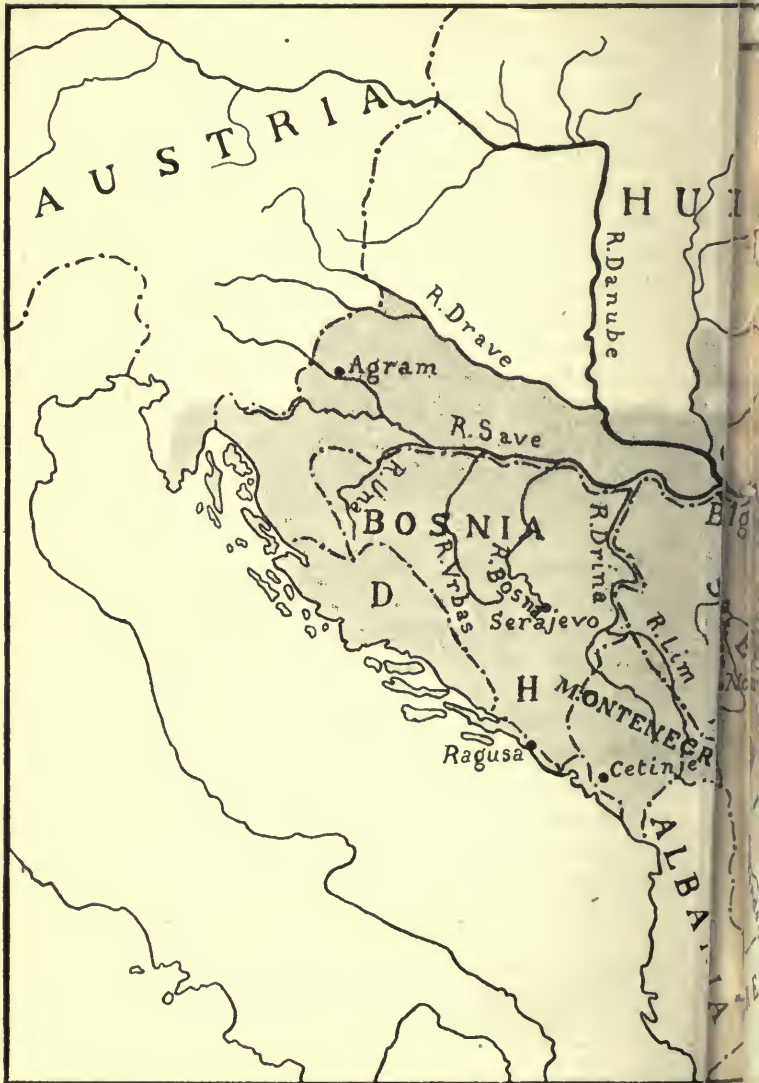
Such is briefly the history of the names of the two halves of that nationality which as a whole, for want of anything better, is still called Serbo-Croatian. From the ethnographical and linguistic point of view this is one people, and this point cannot be too strongly emphasized. To the Byzantine historians they were one,³ and yet to-day it would be impossible to call a man of this nationality 'a Serb or Croatian'; the terms are not interchangeable. Still less would it be possible to call him a Serbo-Croatian. What is it that makes the vital distinction between the two terms, if it is not language?

¹ Χρωβάτοι, Χρωβατία.

² Singular *Hrvat* plural *Hrvati*.

³ Witness passages such as Τὸ τῶν Χρωβάτων ἔθνος, οὓς δὴ καὶ Σέρβους τινὲς καλοῦσι = the Croatians, whom some also call Serbs, and τὸ τῶν Σέρβων ἔθνος, οὓς δὴ καὶ Χρωβάτας καλοῦσι = the Serbs, who are also called Croatians.

THE SERBO-CRO



D = Dalmatia

H = Herzegovina

COATIAN RACE



The Croatians admit that the Serbs are of the same race as themselves and speak, with only slight dialectic differences, the same language, and yet they insist that they are different and maintain their individuality with the utmost desperation. The Serbs, on the other hand, argue that the Croatians are really not Croatians at all ; they say that there are no such people as Croatians, and that those who call themselves by that name only do so out of perversity, and are degenerate Serbs. Both these contentions are exaggerated, although there is a certain amount of truth in each. There must have been some fundamental difference in the early tribal days, otherwise the two names would hardly have survived. As the Croatians and Serbs in those early times each attracted to themselves the surrounding kindred tribes and assimilated them, the difference between the two doubtless grew more marked and was still further accentuated by the difficult nature of the country in which they had made their home, which militated against fusion. The mountains and forests impeded communication between the various parts of the country and favoured the continuance of tribal and dialectic differences and even the formation of fresh ones. But even this fact would not have sufficed to keep apart the two halves of this people and cause the perplexing division which we see to-day. The reasons lie far deeper ; they are to be found in differences of politics and of religion.

Already at the end of the fourth century, long before the arrival of the Slavs, the boundary between the eastern and the western Roman Empire, and between the dioceses of Dacia and Italia, ran from north to south, from the Danube to the Adriatic, approximately where the political boundary between Serbia and Bosnia and between Montenegro and Herzegovina runs to-day.

Later, when Byzantium and Rome strove against each other for the conversion of souls and for the acquisition of power, the mountainous land of the Croatians and the Serbs became the battle-field of the rival missionaries. Eventually the two peoples, as far as spiritual matters went, turned their backs on each other, the Serbs looking eastwards to Constantinople, the Croatians westwards to Rome, for salvation.

This is the main fact to remember in any consideration of the Southern Slav problem, by which is usually meant the future of the Serbo-Croatian race. It is this difference of religion that has kept the two halves of this nation apart. It has indeed done far more than that, it has made them hostile to each other; and while it has in this way prevented them from developing into a powerful nation, it has at the same time always made it easy for their enemies to the north and south of them to become strong at their expense. It is no exaggeration to say that the power of the Ottoman Empire in Europe and the power of Hungary were only made possible by the religious division of the Serbo-Croatian race and by the weakness of the Serbo-Croatian nationality which this division implied.

The history of this people from the very beginning, however, even before the difference in religion made itself felt, has had a sort of double character; the nation started life, as it were, on parallel lines, and it yet remains to be seen whether the impossible will be achieved and the lines made to converge.

The Croatians occupied the territory between the Drave and the Adriatic, stretching to Istria in the west and eastwards about half way down the Dalmatian coast; the Serbs held all the country to the east of this as far as the lake of Scutari in the south and the Danube

in the north, their eastern neighbours were the Bulgarians and their southern the Greeks and the Albanians.

As regards the geography of this very considerable territory several of its features have had immense influence on the history of its inhabitants. The first is the mountains. Almost the whole of the territory is mountainous, and the mountains grow higher and more inhospitable as they approach the coast ; but generally speaking they are not so formidable in the north as in the south.

As a result of this the Croatians in the north-west were earlier able to profit by the possession of the sea coast than the Serbs in the south-east.

The mountains run from north-west to south-east generally parallel to the coast ; they are of limestone, rocky, barren, and highly impracticable, though to modern eyes very magnificent.

The other most important feature of the geography is the rivers. Between the mountains and the sea there are scarcely any rivers of any size and none of any commercial importance. This fact, combined with the character of the mountains, has always made communication between the interior and the coast extremely difficult, but again this applies more to the south than the north, where the mountains are less forbidding. Practically the whole of the territory inhabited by the Serbs and a good deal of that inhabited by the Croatians is watered by streams running from these mountains northwards, then verging eastwards and eventually falling into the Danube. An exception is the Vardar, which rises in the heart of Serbia, flows southwards through Macedonia, and into the Aegean at Salonika. The general effect of the geographical conditions on the Croatians and the Serbs during the early period of their

history was to emphasize the ethnographical difference between the two peoples, which originally was infinitesimal; and this was still further emphasized by the difference of religion, which was vital. The Croatians, situated in less mountainous country, with easy access to the sea, early came into contact with the Italians, especially the Venetians, on the one hand and with the Hungarians or Magyars on the other. The Croatians occupied a territory far smaller in extent than the Serbs and developed their political life much earlier. The Serbs occupied a very much greater extent of territory, but they were cut off from the sea by the mountains and from intercourse with their neighbours by their generally unfavourable geographical situation. When they did begin to extend their influence and come into contact with the neighbouring peoples it was towards the north-east and south-east that expansion took place. It was especially with Constantinople that they came into contact, and for this of course religion was largely responsible.

The centre from which the Serbs started to develop their state, the political centre of the Serb nation, was the district called Rashka, situated where the boundaries of Serbia and Montenegro now join, i.e. in the upper valleys of the rivers Ibar and Lim; these two rivers are tributaries of the Morava and the Drina respectively, and eventually empty their waters into the Danube. The town of Ras, in this district, is better known under its later name of Novi Bazar (Yeni Pazar, in Turkish, which corresponds to the English name Newmarket), and the district of Rashka originally corresponded approximately to the Turkish Sandjak of that name. To the Serbs this has always been known as Old Serbia, as they regarded it rightly as the cradle of their state.

It would be tedious to go closely into the history of

these early centuries and it would take very long. But there are certain important facts which are easily remembered.

The boundary between the Serbs and the Croats, always a fluctuating one, started about half way down the Dalmatian coast and went up through the westernmost part of the country known to us as Bosnia, between the rivers Una and Vrbas, which are both tributaries of the Save.

The Croats, very early in their career, took a step which was of the greatest moment for their future history and separated them politically from the Serbs more effectually than anything else could have done. In the year 1102, following on the extinction of their own national line of rulers, they allowed their country to be annexed by Hungary and accepted the rule, with the retention of certain national privileges, of the king of that country. As a result of this, ever since that date Croatia and parts of Dalmatia have formed part of Hungary, and in 1526 passed under the rule of the House of Hapsburg. The Serbs meanwhile had extended their influence westwards to the coast and northwards to the Save. The coastal region, roughly the southern part of Dalmatia, they called *Pomorje*, the northern part of the territory was called *Bosna*, and centred round the valley of the river of that name, stretching eastwards as far as the Drina, while Rashka included approximately the western half of the modern kingdom of Serbia. But it must not be thought that at this time the country was united. It was a perfect welter of small principalities, all more or less chronically at war with their neighbours and with each other. What with the Hungarians to the north, the Bulgarians on the east, the Greeks to the south and the Venetians

on the coast, and what with the religious as well as the political hatred and jealousy with which all these enemies entered the fray, there were very few peaceful moments for the Serbs. It was not till the reign of Stephen Nemanya, the first ruler who was able to establish any semblance of unity amongst them, that the Serbs attained political stability; this was during the second half of the twelfth century.

In 1219 one of his sons, Sava, arranged with the authorities on Mount Athos and in Constantinople for the establishment of the self-governing Serbian church, which has maintained its independence ever since, in spite of all the vicissitudes through which the Serbs have passed, and has done much to preserve the spirit of nationality through the centuries of Turkish oppression.

In 1220 Saint Sava, who has become the patron saint of the Serb people, crowned his brother Stephen, also with the concurrence of Constantinople, as first king of Serbia. The history of the rest of this century has little of interest to western peoples, but it was marked by the gradual growth of the political power of the Serbs and by their gradual unification.

The most remarkable of the kings of Serbia was Stephen Dushan, who reigned from 1331-55. He took advantage of the anarchy which crippled Constantinople, and of the eclipse of the Bulgarian empire to consolidate his dominions. He extended their boundaries considerably to the south, and in 1346 was crowned Tsar of the Serbs and of the Greeks. This moment, when Serbia stretched from the Adriatic to the Aegean, and from Bosnia to Thessaly, may be said to be the zenith of its power, though it is to be noted that even at this moment Bosnia, Croatia, and the northern half of Dalmatia were not included within the frontiers of Serbia.

In western Europe this ruler is best known for the Code of Laws which he promulgated in 1349, to which his name has remained attached. After his death, in 1355, the country again relapsed into anarchy, and in 1389 fell a prey to the Turks, who had by that time already devoured a considerable portion of south-eastern Europe. This famous battle, known in Serbian as *Kosovo polje*, in German as *das Amselfeld*, the battle of the Field of Blackbirds, is the turning-point in Serbian history. Although they fought with extraordinary valour, the Serbs were completely overcome by the invaders, and from thenceforth for four centuries Serbia was a province of the Ottoman Empire.

Bosnia, which had for a short time passed under Hungarian rule, like Croatia, but had managed to free itself, maintained its independence for another century, but in 1463 that country, and in 1482 Herzegovina, were also conquered by the Turks and became part of their empire. After that date the only scrap of independent Serb territory left was the rocky and inhospitable mountain fastness of Montenegro, since Dalmatia had passed completely under Venetian control. Montenegro, which is the translation in the Venetian dialect of the Serb name *Crna Gora*, or the Black Mountain, managed to preserve a precarious though at the same time quite fruitless independence throughout the centuries, never falling completely under Venetian or under Turkish dominion. Needless to say, the population of Montenegro is purely Serb and speaks exactly the same language as the Serbs of the kingdom of Serbia.

A few words must be said about Bosnia, the Alsace-Lorraine of the Balkans. This most beautiful country has always been a bone of contention amongst all its

neighbours and the cause of ceaseless agitation, which has culminated in the present European cataclysm.

Bosnia is inhabited by Serbs, but its population has always included a strong Roman Catholic element, and since Roman Catholic is synonymous with Croatian, and Serb with Orthodox, the Serbs of the kingdom of Serbia and the Croatians each claim the inhabitants as belonging to their nationality. As a matter of fact Bosnia has always, both in spiritual and political affairs, exhibited a tendency to independence. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Manichaean heresy spread from Constantinople through Bulgaria into Serbia and found a very warm welcome in Bosnia. In that country it was looked on as the only true form of Christianity, and the firm hold it took of the population naturally involved the rulers of the country in difficulties with the spiritual authorities both of the western and of the eastern Church, who did not favour the reintroduction of primitive Christianity. This heresy, which was in the Balkan peninsula known as the Bogumil heresy, hypothetically after the name of an itinerant priest who preached it, was never eradicated in Bosnia, in spite of all the wars waged against it, until the arrival of the Turks. The Mohammedan religion appealed to the peoples of Bosnia as strongly as the Manichaean heresy had done, and they became converts by the thousand to Islam, a faith to which they have adhered with the greatest devotion ever since, and which still claims the worship of half a million pure-blooded Serbs. Naturally enough this religious independence, or rather religious attachment to an alien religion, has militated against the growth of that spirit of nationality which was cultivated on the one hand by the Roman Catholic Croatians and on the other by the Orthodox Serbs,

Of the Christian population of Bosnia at the present day by far the larger part is Orthodox and is therefore counted Serb. The language spoken throughout Bosnia by the members of all three confessions is, with only the slightest dialectic variations, the same Serbian as is spoken in the kingdom of Serbia. As regards political feeling at the present time it may be said that the Orthodox favour the Serbs, the Roman Catholics lean towards the Croatians, while the Mussulmans remain neutral.

What is true of Bosnia is equally true of Herzegovina, which lies between Bosnia and Dalmatia. The same conditions apply here, but with this difference, that the Serbs of Herzegovina are more keen about their Church and their politics than are those of Bosnia. It is from the mountains of Herzegovina that originated the risings against Ottoman oppression which ultimately liberated the Serb lands from the Turks.

This country was originally called by the Serbs *Hum* or *Zahlumie*, the Hills, or the Country beyond the Hills, and only acquired its name of Herzegovina in 1448 when a local prince took to himself the German title of Herzog, or Duke, of Saint Sava in honour of the national saint and hero whose remains were buried in the monastery of Mileshevo in Old Serbia.

From the end of the fourteenth century to the end of the nineteenth century the whole of the Serb people, with inconsiderable exceptions, was under Turkish domination. When the Turks conquered, they conquered, and did their best to extinguish the nationality of the peoples they vanquished. Everybody was robbed of his property unless he became a convert to Mohammedanism, and all class distinctions were swept away. The Serbs were allowed to retain their national Church, it is true,

and this organization was one of the factors which throughout these dreary centuries helped to keep the flame of nationality alive. At the same time the importance of the Serbian Church must not be exaggerated. The Eastern is the most conservative and the most passive of the Churches. It has never done anything to educate or improve the lot of its fold. The Southern Slavs are not naturally an intensely religious people, and from the point of view of their own interest the Turks were quite wise to abolish the political organizations of the Serbs and their private property, and allow them to keep their Church. In later years the Church has doubtless played a political part in the Balkans, but it is rather the people that wishes to use the Church for its own ends, than the Church that wishes to do anything for the people.

The results of the Turkish conquest for the Serb race may be briefly summed up as follows. Those who preferred their wealth and their social status to their religion and their nationality became Mohammedans, which in effect meant that they became more Turkish than the Turks. This was especially the case in Bosnia, the people of which had always shown a somewhat eccentric spirit. Those Serbs who could not acquiesce in Turkish domination migrated in vast numbers to southern Hungary. Here they founded colonies, and to this day there is a considerable Serb population in Hungary, which has its centre in Novi Sad, on the Danube, known in German as Neusatz and in Magyar as Uj-Vidék. Of the Serbs who did not emigrate and did not go over to Islam, the young and more promising males were annually swept off to Constantinople to swell the numbers of the New Army, the *Yeni Cheri*, known to us as the Janissaries. The more adventurous among those who escaped this fate betook themselves to the forests and mountains; here

they established a robber organization which both harassed the Turks, enabled its members to enjoy an exciting and not unprofitable liberty, and also helped to keep the spirit of nationality alive. Another factor which contributed to the same end was the rise, after the catastrophic battle on *Kosovo polje* in 1389, of a whole cycle of epic poems which celebrated the deeds of the national heroes in the wars against the Turks which had preceded this battle, the episodes of the battle itself, and the bravery of those who, as outlaws and adventurers, maintained the national reputation for bravery even after the wreck of the ship of state. These folk-poems are of extraordinary beauty and simplicity, and constitute the chief glory of Serbian literature. In the absence of all education and the complete stagnation of the intellectual life of the people, this immense oral literature became for successive generations of Serbs a regular school of history.

Looking back over the first centuries of the history of the Serbs and the Croatians, from the end of the ninth to the end of the eighteenth century, it is easy to see how it was that this race was so little known in western Europe. From the very first, the difference in religion between the Roman Catholic Croatians in the west and the Orthodox Serbs in the east militated against their uniting to form a single and compact nation able to command the respect of their nearer neighbours and attract the attention of those more remote. Both Croatians and Serbs, unable to combine together politically, fell all the more easily victims to the aggressions of the surrounding countries. Croatia in 1102 was absorbed by Hungary and the Croatians have ever since been completely overshadowed by the Magyars. Very few people outside Austria-Hungary realize that the Croatians are Slavs

and speak the same language as the Serbs. Dalmatia was, until Napoleonic times, under the control of Venice, and though in the Middle Ages the republic of Ragusa made good its independence and asserted its Slavonic character, the civilization of Dalmatia was until the Slav revival of the nineteenth century essentially Italian in character.

Serbia Proper and Old Serbia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, as well as Macedonia, were one after the other submerged in the Turkish flood and for four centuries were virtually unheard of in western Europe.

The Serb colonies in Hungary could not abuse the hospitality shown them in their new home by emphasizing their nationality, while Montenegro, the only place where the flag of Slav nationality was kept flying, was so insignificant that everybody forgot about it except Russia, and indeed all its energies were required in the mere effort not to succumb. The history of the Serbs during the nineteenth century is one continuous struggle against Turkey in the south and Austria-Hungary in the north for the liberation of the people and for the re-establishment of some sort of independent national life. When we take everything into account it is surprising, not that the Serbs have done so little, but that they have done so much. Completely isolated from the coast, impoverished by centuries of Turkish extortion, with only occasional help from Russia, the renaissance of Serbia, which culminated in the reconquest of Old Serbia and the joining up of the frontiers of Serbia and Montenegro as a result of the two Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913, is really a remarkable achievement.

Until last year the Serbs and Croats were living in four different states, namely Serbia, Montenegro, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary, and were split up into no less than

seven political divisions, namely, the kingdom of Serbia ; the kingdom (formerly the principality) of Montenegro ; Macedonia, and the Sandjak of Novi Bazar in Turkey ; Dalmatia, which is a province of the Austrian Crown ; Croatia and Srem, or Slavonia, provinces of the Hungarian Crown ; Banat and Bachka, which are those southern portions of Hungary Proper inhabited by the Serbs ; and Bosnia and Herzegovina, anomalous provinces which since their annexation by Austria-Hungary six years ago have stood to the Dual Monarchy politically in the same relation as Alsace and Lorraine stand to the German Empire.

Since then, one of these, the Turkish empire, has been eliminated ; Kosovo Polje was avenged, after 523 years, at Kumanovo, the northern part of Macedonia has been added to the kingdom of Serbia and the Sandjak of Novi Bazar or Old Serbia, the real Balkan home of the Serb race, has been divided between Serbia and Montenegro.

Even thus the Serbs have still to send their parliamentary representatives to five different legislatures, namely, Belgrade, Cetinje, Vienna, Buda-Pesth and Serajevo ; and so it is not surprising that the consummation of national unity is a slow and arduous process. Needless to say the Austrians and the Hungarians have done all they possibly could to make the most of the accidental political barriers which have split up the Serbs. They have also done their best to foment the discord between Roman Catholic, Orthodox, and Mohammedan, which in itself was quite enough to prevent co-operation between the different factions of the Serb people. As long as Serbia, both in political and in economic matters, submitted to Austrian dictation and was useful to Austria in the process of pushing Turkey out of Europe, she was flattered ; as soon as Serbia began to grow strong and

become a focus which could ultimately attract and concentrate the scattered elements of the race into one powerful whole, she was attacked.

The principal thing that makes a Serb different from a Croatian is, as has been said, religion ; but religion in this case connotes politics. The Southern Slavs are far keener about politics than they are about religion ; and thus it comes about that Serb means one who looks to Belgrade as the ultimate political and intellectual centre of the nation, while Croatian means one whose ideal is the absorption of the whole Serb race, together with the Croats, in the Roman Catholic Austro-Hungarian monarchy. As a rule Serb means Orthodox and Croatian means Roman Catholic, but this is not always the case ; in Dalmatia there are a large number of Roman Catholics who call themselves Serbs, and are therefore anti-Austrian. But in general the rule holds good that the difference between Croats and Serbs is not ethnographic nor linguistic but religious and political ; they are of the same race and speak the same language, the only difference being that the Croats use the Latin alphabet and the Serbs the Cyrillic, which is very much like the Russian and is founded on Greek ; in course of time, owing to various external influences, the vocabulary of the one language has come to be slightly different from that of the other, and there have always been slight dialectic differences in pronunciation. As regards the ultimate solution of the Southern Slav problem, it is safe to say that federation in some form or other is the only possible one. There is a strong party in Serbia which wishes to force all Bosnians, Croats, and Dalmatians, &c., to call themselves Serbs and to bring them directly under the political control of Belgrade, and there is an equally obstinate section of opinion in Agram, the capital

of Croatia, which would never consent to such a course. Bosnia, always an apple of discord, is divided between the two camps. The Orthodox Serbs in Bosnia it is true far outnumber the Roman Catholics, but the latter have up till now had the advantage of the protection of Vienna. The large Mohammedan element in Bosnia makes the problem still more difficult. They are probably the only Slavs who regret the gradual retreat of the Turks from Europe, and though they are purely Serb in origin and in language, neither the Orthodox Serbs nor the Roman Catholic Croatians have as yet been able to enlist their political sympathies. On the other hand there has been a small but steadily growing number of people during the last ten years both in Serbia and in the Serb lands of the Austro-Hungarian empire who saw that the progress of the whole Serb race could only be attained by some sort of agreement between the Croatians and the Serbs. This agreement it was foreseen would entail sacrifices on both sides, it would have to be a compromise. But the sacrifices would be those rather of national vanity than of essential principles. The people who arrived at these reasonable and desirable views came to be known as the Serbo-Croatian coalition and their activity was displayed principally in Croatia, where a large number of the most prominent professional men joined the party. The aim of the coalition was to establish the unity of the Serb race, including the Croatians, either outside the Austro-Hungarian empire or inside it, if no opposition were offered by Vienna and Buda-Pesth. Needless to say in both these capitals, not to mention the Vatican, the project was looked on with the utmost alarm, and steps were immediately taken to prevent its realization. Parliamentary government in Croatia was suspended and the activities of the coalition party

automatically ceased. A dictatorship was established in Agram, and for the last few years all the Serb lands of Austria - Hungary have been virtually under martial law.

The alarm of Vienna was naturally increased when Serbia and Montenegro emerged from the two successive Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913 with an accession instead of a diminution both of territory and of power. It was understood that Serbia, by doubling as she did both her size and population, would so increase in material prosperity as to become a dangerously attractive magnet to the Serb elements in the Dual Monarchy. The prospective union of the different parts of the Serb race was one of the causes of the present war, and it is to be hoped that it will be one of the first things that will be consummated when it is over.

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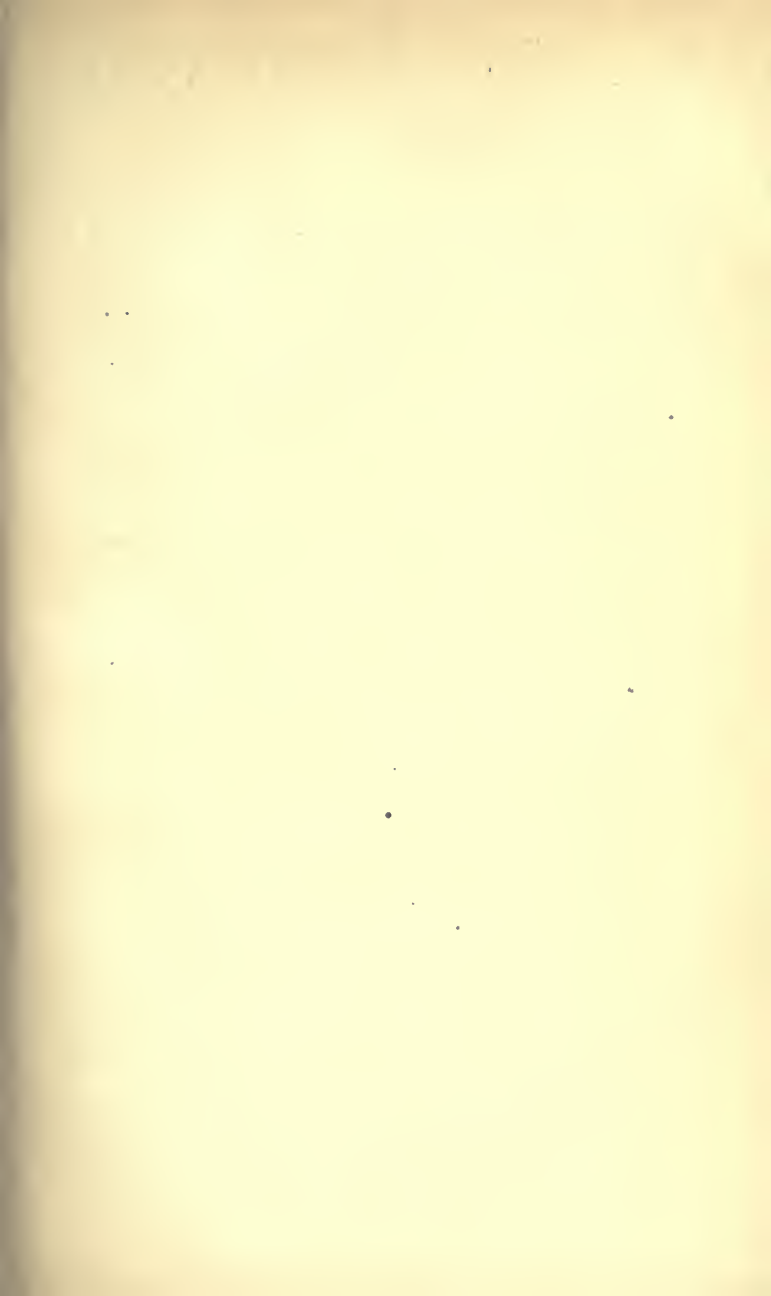
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CANADA AND THE WAR

CANADA, when the war broke out, was passing through a period of severe industrial and financial depression, in common with the rest of the civilized world. Capital had practically stopped flowing in from this country, and the Dominion, as a new country developing its natural resources and largely dependent on the London market for the capital needed for that purpose, was hard hit, more so perhaps than some of her neighbours. A rigid economy became necessary. Work on public undertakings for the most part came to an end, and there was a pause in the rapidity of railway construction that had characterized the prosperous years that had preceded this period of depression. In this country there was a feeling that Canada had been trying to progress too quickly and had been somewhat reckless in her expenditure. In the case of some of the smaller western towns, perhaps, public expenditure had been in advance of actual needs. This had been caused largely by the enormous immigration that had taken place. Towns had sprung up in no time ; where a few years ago there was bald prairie would be found an ambitious little town of a few thousand inhabitants. If so much could be done in one decade, much more would be done in the next. So reasoned these western Canadians, to whom optimism is as the breath of their nostrils. And when the charge of extravagance is brought against them, it must also be admitted that they had some reason for their faith in the future. This optimism, which is sometimes deprecated over here, is an asset in the new country, and

Canada would not be where she is to-day if it had not been for the optimism of her sons. The Canadian Pacific Railway would never have been built across the bare prairie—to nowhere, so to speak, if far-seeing men had not intelligently anticipated the future.

Nothing could demonstrate the vitality and energy of the Canadian people more convincingly than the manner in which they met the news of the outbreak of the war. They were hardly in a condition, one would think, to bear any additional burdens. The news of the declaration of war came suddenly, and with a spontaneity that has astonished the world, Canada recognized that this was her war quite as much as it was the Old Country's. General von Bernhardt, whose prophecies about the war have fallen singularly short of fulfilment, stated and believed that the self-governing colonies of the British Empire could be complacently ignored so far as a European War was concerned. In this he proved himself as in other matters to be not a true prophet. Indeed, the tie between the Dominions Overseas and Great Britain is wholly beyond the comprehension of German writers. Dealing with Bernhardt's statement that the colonies might be ignored, Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, said after the declaration of war :

I venture to predict that before this war closes, unless it reaches a conclusion sooner than we can reasonably expect, the German armies will find confronting them 2,500,000 men from these same self-governing dominions. These men, with the forces of the Empire, will deem it an honour to fight side by side with the valiant troops of France and Belgium, whose courage and endurance under the most deadly trials have already aroused the admiration of the world. . . . We have not glorified war nor sought to depart from the paths of peace, but our hearts are

firm and united in the inflexible determination that the cause for which we have drawn the sword shall be maintained to an honourable and triumphant issue.

These words of Sir Robert Borden were no idle boast. He knew his people and the response they would give to the Empire's call. The Canadian people have recognized from the first that when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war, and there has been no hesitation in their eagerness to take up their share of the burden. When war was declared, the excitement throughout the Dominion reached fever heat. What occurred at Winnipeg was characteristic of the feeling throughout the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the international boundary to the far north. Large crowds assembled outside the newspaper offices anxiously awaiting the latest news from Europe. Immediately the word went forth that Great Britain had declared war, the people went wild with enthusiasm. They waved hats and handkerchiefs, and called for cheers for Canada and the Old Flag, Tommy Atkins, Jack Tar, the commanders of the British Navy and Army, Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and other prominent Canadians. And behind all this exuberant demonstration there was a grave and set determination to 'see this thing through'. With the announcement that British troops were to cross the Channel to take their place alongside the French and Belgian armies, came the realization that Canada's manhood would also have to take its place in the firing line. For a moment the crowd was sobered, but just then the music of the Veterans' Regimental Band was heard coming down the main street. The people rushed to cheer the men who had already taken their part in the defence of the empire. No sooner had the Veterans passed than the 90th

Regiment came by, and a deafening cheer met the regiment—a cheer that was repeated again and again when it was seen that there were in the ranks a large number of recruits in mufti. All over Canada there was the same enthusiasm. Financial depression was forgotten, and even party feeling—politics play a large part in Canadian life—was laid aside, and the people of Canada stood united like one man, animated with one sole object, to ‘see the thing through’.

The well-known Canadian writer ‘Ralph Connor’ gave utterance to the sentiments of the people when he said :

There is no truce, nor can be. No peace is possible. Two sets of principles are in death grips—force as an empire-builder against the will of a free people, justice as an international arbiter as against the sword of the mighty, international honour as an eternal obligation rather than as a mere temporary convenience. These things make peace impossible, and these things make war worth while. What, then, is Canada’s immediate duty? It stands as clear as the morning sun above the prairie rim. The Empire stands to-day for liberty, justice, honour among nations and men, and Canada stands with the Empire for these. It is no longer a question of a colony giving support to the motherland. We have gone far past that. It is a question of whether Canada shall stand with free nations who believe in government by free choice, justice among nations, honour as an eternal obligation, and with her last man and her last dollar fight for these things that determine a nation’s character and its place in history. I repeat that it is no longer a question of aiding the motherland in a fight for national or empire existence. Canada is herself a nation with a proud sense of nationhood. Canada’s future is involved in this conflict, and with every instinct of her national soul and with every throb of her national life she hates and opposes the spirit, the ideals, the

methods for which the German Kaiser with his Prussian Junkerdom is now so desperately contending.

This was the spirit in which Canada met the crisis. The Opposition no less than the Government flung themselves wholeheartedly into the work of speedily putting to some practical purpose the sentiments that had stirred the people of Canada to the very depths. Quickly a contingent of 33,000 men was raised, and the village of Valcartier, about eighteen miles from Quebec, was in a few weeks turned into a military camp. Crops were gathered in, and farmsteads disappeared to make way for rows of white tents. The peaceful village was replaced by a martial city complete with streets, sewers, and water mains, electric lights, and telephone. The troops began to roll in from every quarter of Canada. There was no lack of men to volunteer for service. Recruiting went on briskly, and men had to be turned away in scores and await formation of further contingents. In a few weeks the contingent of 33,000 men were dispatched to this country to undergo training on Salisbury Plain. The transports were convoyed over by British warships and landed here without being interfered with by the enemy—a wonderful lesson to the world on the sea-power of Great Britain. In the meantime the Royal Canadian Regiment, a Regular regiment, had been dispatched to garrison Bermuda, and further contingents for service at the front—a second and a third—were being recruited. And now a fourth is being enrolled.

It is significant of the depth of Canadian feeling on the subject of the war that a journal always so sympathetic towards pacifism as the *Toronto Globe* should be found calling upon the Dominion Government to do even more than it has done in the way of sending men

to the front. This journal asked the other day why the Royal Canadian Regiment, consisting of almost a thousand of Canada's well-trained professional soldiers, should remain resting in garrison in Bermuda instead of being sent to France, and their places taken by partly-drilled Canadian Volunteers. Again, it remarked that 1,200 men of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the best and most experienced horsemen and skilled rifle shots in America, are 'fairly itching to get into action'. The ranks of 1,000 could easily be filled, said the *Globe*, with partially-trained home defenders. 'The Germans', added the journal, 'won't wait until untrained officers and men are licked into shape.' The *Globe*, which strenuously opposed Sir Robert Borden's proposal to vote three Dreadnoughts to the navy, has in the matter of the war given most generous support to the Government. It declared the other day that outside the large centres of population, the war was regarded as something remote and interesting only as a drama, the action of which may be followed in the daily press, and it went on to say :

It is time to wake up. The Empire is fighting a life-and-death battle. British liberty is in danger. Canada's own national existence is in peril. What consideration could be expected in the event of a victory for German militarism, from the men who burned Louvain, who wrecked Rheims, and who are now slaying defenceless non-combatants with bombs dropped from the clouds by invisible murderers? The heel of the conqueror would be heavy upon us. Our sons would no longer be volunteers but conscripts. And there would be no help from our neighbours to the south. The United States would hardly care to challenge the might of the Germanic powers were they to prove themselves stronger than Britain, France, and Russia combined.

These are striking words, especially seeing the source from which they come, and it is interesting to note the moral which the writer draws :

What is the remedy ? Clearly there is need for a campaign of education. The country requires information as to the causes of the war, the issues involved, and the pressing need for men. The members of Parliament should be busy night after night in their constituencies and at convenient centres ; wherever audiences from the townships can be gathered, public men of prominence like Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir George Foster, Premier Hearst, and Mr. Rowell should be invited to speak to the people. The call comes clearest to young Canada. In the fight for freedom the Dominion turned to him, confident that he will not hear unmoved the cry : ' Your King and country need you.'

The first Canadian contingent has now been for some months on active service, and soon won praise from high quarters when they had been only a few days in the trenches. General Alderson wrote to Sir George Perley, saying :

I knew they would do well, but they have done much better than I expected, and all has gone with less trouble than was anticipated. All, Artillery, Infantry, Engineers, Medical people, Supply, &c. have settled into their places and work in a way that makes me both pleased and proud.

Lord Kitchener, in making a statement in the House of Lords after the battle at Neuve Chapelle, said :

I should like also to mention that the Canadian Division showed their mettle and have received the warm commendation of Sir John French for the spirit and bravery with which they have performed their part.

Since then, as every one knows, the Canadians have won lasting fame at the battle of Ypres, where they

succeeded in 'saving the situation'. Unsupported they held the Germans when the French line gave way owing to the descending fumes of the gas the Germans sent into their midst. As one officer, in speaking of the battle, said, 'The Canadians have achieved glory that will never be forgotten, but the price paid was awful.' The casualties numbered over 6,000, and the list at the time of writing is said to be incomplete. Of the battalions engaged, some had only a pitiful remnant left, but Ypres was saved.

A second contingent of 10,000 men has been recruited and dispatched to this country, and a third contingent is being raised. Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, has declared that if necessary 200,000 to 300,000 men will be furnished by Canada.

The attitude of Canada with regard to the war has proved a sad disappointment to Germany. German statesmen expected that the 2,500,000 of French Canadians would not be too willing to fight for their national liberty, that the 400,000 Germans and 120,000 Austrians in Canada would remain absolutely and entirely neutral. Instead of that, the French Canadians are organizing complete units of their own race and creed for the contingents, and in the city of Berlin, Ontario, where the population is mostly of German birth or extraction, the inhabitants have passed resolutions supporting the allies, besides contributing large sums of money for the purposes of the war. Again, when the Dominion Parliament met in February, the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Mr. William G. Weichsel, the German Canadian representative of North Waterloo, Ontario, and was seconded by Mr. Honore Achim, the French Canadian representative of Labelle, Quebec. The French Caná-

dians' support of the cause is easy to understand, though it is probably due quite as much to the German outrage upon the little nation of Belgium as to the menace to the ancient motherland of the province of Quebec. But the German Canadians' sympathy with Great Britain is not so easy to understand. Most likely the reason is to be found in the past history of British institutions in Canada. Germans find freedom, popular government, and democratic institutions in Canada, and soon become good Canadians. The contributions to British and Canadian patriotic funds from German settlements in Ontario, such as Berlin, Waterloo, Hanover, Preston, and Zurich, have been on as generous a scale as those from purely British communities. The Germans in the West are comparatively newcomers in Canada, and have not had time to appreciate to the full the boon of living under free British institutions, but even with them German intrigues have failed to evoke sympathy. It may be said, indeed, that Canada, though she has a large population of foreign emigrants, has taken up her share of the burden of the war without a single dissentient voice being raised against her policy.

It is not only in sending troops to the battlefields of Europe that Canada has shown her patriotism. In the matter of money and money's worth she has not been behind in her contributions to her own national patriotic fund. Provincial Governments, municipalities, and individual citizens have vied with each in giving to the many societies devoted to the welfare of the wounded, the assistance of those dependent on men who have volunteered for service, and kindred objects. But, as Mr. J. Obed Smith, head of the Canadian Emigration Department in London, pointed out the other day in an admirable address, Canada has not stopped here.

The Dominion—to quote from Mr. Smith's summary—has sent 1,000,000 bags of flour to be baked into quartern loaves, free of charge, by bakers in England, and to be distributed among the necessitous poor. A grant has also been made of \$100,000 for the Hospice Canadien in France, and \$50,000 for Belgian sufferers. The province of Alberta has given 500,000 bushels of oats to the Mother Country and 5,000 bags of flour to the Belgians; British Columbia 1,000,000 cans of salmon, and \$5,000 to the Belgian Relief Fund; Manitoba 50,000 bags of flour, and \$5,000 to the Belgian Relief Fund; New Brunswick 100,000 bushels of potatoes, and 15,000 barrels of potatoes to the Belgian Relief Fund; Nova Scotia \$100,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund, apples for troops, food and clothing for Belgians; Ontario \$500,000 in cash, 250,000 bags of flour, 100,000 pounds of apples for the navy, £15,000 to the Belgian Relief Fund; Prince Edward Island 100,000 bushels of oats, besides cheese and hay. Quebec has given four million pounds of cheese, and \$25,000 to the Belgians; Saskatchewan 1,500 horses for remounts to the British Empire, and \$5,000 to Belgians, while cities like Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto, besides contributing largely to funds, are providing batteries of guns and other war requisites. The American citizens in Toronto have contributed \$125,000 to the families of Canadian volunteers. A gentleman in Montreal has given his steam yacht, paid the cost of taking the 5th Royal Highlanders to Europe, and presented \$500,000 to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. Another has raised a regiment of infantry at his own cost. The scattered settlers of the Hudson Bay district have collected £600 towards the expense of the war. The members of the North-West Mounted Police have given £173 and are contributing one day's pay every

month as long as it is required for the purposes of the war. The far-off district of the Yukon, in the Arctic Circle, has offered to provide 500 men and has given £1,200 in cash. Mention must also be made of two submarines bought by the Dominion Government for the defence of the Pacific coast.

The native Red Man of Canada is also desirous of taking his share with his white brother. At a recent meeting of the Blood Indians, the tribal funds were voted to the sum of £200, and the resolution was signed by Chief Shot-Both-Sides and Chief Ermine Waters. This is typical of the resolutions of some seventeen other tribes, who, in all, have contributed £2,600. Some of the Redskins are already members of the Canadian Contingent on Salisbury Plain, and several tribes in Northern British Columbia have offered to form a corps of Guides, though it is difficult to see just how they could be useful on the Continent of Europe.

McGill University is equipping an ambulance corps officered by its own students, and the University of Toronto has offered to provide and equip a base hospital with 1,040 beds manned by its own medical students and staff.

This list of donations is, no doubt, far from complete, but it will suffice to show how eager Canadians are to do their part. It may safely be said that there is not in the whole of Canada a single village which has not contributed to some patriotic fund. Nor must the excellent work of the Canadian Red Cross Society be overlooked. It will be a surprise to many to know that Canada's assistance in the care of the wounded has been perhaps on an even more lavish scale than her other valuable help. Through the kindness of Lieutenant-Colonel Hodgetts, Canadian Red Cross Commissioner,

the writer is able to give the following details of the Red Cross work that Canada is doing. The Mount Vernon Hospital at Hampstead was for a time officered by Canadian doctors and nurses who have since been ordered to France. Here it should be said that some 300 Canadian nurses have come over as part of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. These nurses—Nursing Sisters is their proper title—have the honorary rank of Lieutenant; and in their smart uniform, which is thoroughly military in appearance, the two stars on the shoulder indicate their rank.

The Canadian Army Medical Corps, in command of which is General Carlton Jones, has taken over Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe Camp, and fitted it up to take in 700 patients. Other hospitals in which Canadians are interested are :

The Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital is situated at Cliveden, Taplow, which was kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. Astor. The hospital was equipped by the Canadian Red Cross Society, and is maintained by Canadian funds. This hospital, which has for some time been receiving wounded soldiers, is being enlarged to the capacity of 500 beds.

The Queen's Canadian Hospital, Shorncliffe, which is maintained by the Canadian War Contingent Association (a body of London Canadians), which equipped it. The building was generously provided by Sir Arthur and Lady Markham. Sir William Osler and Mr. Donald Armour are in charge, and the nurses are all Canadians.

The women in Canada have provided the Canadian Women's Hospital with 100 beds as an addition to the Naval Hospital at Haslar, and have furnished forty motor ambulance cars.

The Hospital at Le Touquet, though equipped and

maintained by the War Office, is entirely officered by Canadian doctors and nurses.

The Military Hospital at Dinard is the result of a gift from the Canadian Government to the French War Office of \$100,000 to equip and run for one year a hospital with one hundred beds. It is controlled by the Hon. Philippe Roy, Canadian Commissioner in Paris, and is officered by French surgeons and nurses. The Canadian Red Cross Society has also contributed £15,000 in cash, and handed over twelve motor ambulances as a gift to the British Red Cross Society. It has also given £1,900 to supply one coach in Princess Christian's hospital train. It has besides handed over to the British Red Cross Society 10,000 blankets, 10,000 pairs of socks, and 10,000 flannel shirts; and has contributed £2,500 to the St. John's Ambulance Association for the equipping of one ward of the hospital to be set up in France and operated by the Association. In addition some twenty doctors and sixteen nurses have been loaned to the military hospital at Boulogne. The people of the cities and towns of the province of Quebec are contributing very generously towards a French Military Hospital. Handsome gifts have also been given by several wealthy Canadians.

Nor have the unhappy Belgian refugees been forgotten in Canada. In the work of contributing supplies for distressed Belgians, Nova Scotia has taken a leading part. No fewer than four vessels have come from Halifax with cargoes of food and clothing for the refugees. These supplies have been taken to Holland, where they are distributed by the American Relief Committee.

Canada is also helping the Empire in other ways, and though, perhaps, these other ways should not be spoken of in the same connexion as her generous gifts, they are

none the less very useful. In the first place she is preparing to provide this country with more wheat than she usually exports to us. The Canadian Government has done all it could to encourage the sowing of an increased acreage with wheat, and the result has been a 'Back to the land' movement. A larger area than ever will be put under crop this year, and with anything like favourable climatic conditions the augmented harvest ought to go far towards maintaining the food supplies of the world, which might otherwise have been seriously jeopardized. The Dominion has also been supplying large quantities of ammunition to the War Office. She is also supplying woollen clothing, preserved foodstuffs, and harness. It is estimated that the amount of orders placed in Canada by the British, French, and Russian Governments already exceeds in value £8,000,000. The War Office has also gone to Canada for remounts. The Canadian Government is also helping the Mother Country by prohibiting the export to any enemy country of nickel, of which she owns nearly all the world's supply. These services are quoted merely to show how useful Canada has been in supplying war material, for, of course, the benefit has been mutual. Many factories in Canada have been kept working which would otherwise have been on half time, if not closed down.

In one respect Canada must suffer through the war, and that is in the drying up of the flow of emigration into the country. Here, be it said, she has shown an unselfish patriotism. Usually at this time of the year Canadian emigration agents are busy procuring emigrants. To-day, if some young man of service age presents himself at the emigration offices he is advised to join the army. The very windows of the Emigration Offices at Charing Cross tell the story of the Canadian Govern-

ment's policy. Instead of the usual exhibition of Canadian produce and pictures meant to attract emigrants, all the window space is devoted to recruiting pictures. The motor vans which used to tour the countryside with lectures on what Canada had to offer settlers, are now being used by the War Office.

Thus in every possible direction Canada is playing her part right well; and when we think of what she has done and is doing we must remember that she is accepting her share of the burdens of a war that was made without her having a word to say in the matter. She is bearing heavy increased taxation to meet her responsibilities—a heavy burden on a young nation. In addition she has had to take extensive measures for the defence of her own territory, and her frontier line is one of 3,000 miles in length. Canada is not looking to the Monroe doctrine to protect her, but intends to defend herself. Sir Wilfrid said the other day, 'If Canada is to be saved, I do not want her saved by the Monroe doctrine, but by the Canadian people.' This war seems to have brought within sight a time when the Dominions Overseas will have to be represented in the Councils of the Empire. As things are at present, the Mother Country has no right to demand any help from Dominions, though experience has taught her that she may confidently look for it. Sir George Perley, the Acting High Commissioner for Canada, speaking in London recently, said :

We have full autonomy in self-government in the Dominions, but we have no voice in foreign policy, nor in the issues of war and peace, nor in any of the other matters that are of common interest to the whole Empire. We have come to the period of development in our Empire relationship when we must come closer together, otherwise we may drift gradually apart. We must look forward to a not distant future when there

will be brought into operation some altered arrangements by which the Dominions will be called to the Councils of the Empire in matters affecting Imperial questions.

Since this speech was made, the Imperial Government has announced that the Dominions Overseas are to be consulted as to terms of peace when the war is over. This, it is to be hoped, is a beginning of the recognition that is due to the daughter nations who have shown such magnificent readiness to stand by the Mother Land in time of trouble.

Surely it is the irony of fate that this war, which, it was prophesied by German writers, was to rend the British Empire in pieces, should be the means of binding fastly together the nations which make up that Empire. The silver lining to the black clouds of war is to be found in the fact that the German Emperor is unwittingly cementing the bonds which unite the daughter nations of the Empire to the Mother Country.

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BRITISH AND GERMAN STEEL METALLURGY

IN *The Times* of January 23, 1915, there appeared the following paragraph :

CIVILIZATION AND 'KULTUR'

Professor Rein, of the University of Vienna, in an article on 'Germany's Unpopularity', offers the following definition of *Kultur* :

We Germans distinguish between civilization and *Kultur*. By civilization we mean the work which embraces the control of nature for the raising and perfection of external conditions of life. By *Kultur* we mean the efforts directed towards the organization of a people's life, in which the highest ideals of religion, morality, art, and science are to come to realization. Here the human will is directed towards the most difficult and deepest problems of humanity. A people which is satisfied with mere civilization is no *Kultur* people. In the intellectual sphere the Germans have acquired a leading part in deeds which benefit humanity. The superiority constituted by this fact is, it seems, inconvenient for many peoples. Thence arises the dislike which the weaker is very apt to feel for the stronger.

If Professor Rein's dictum that 'by civilization we mean the work which embraces the control of nature for the raising and perfection of external conditions of life' be true, then the work of the scientific steel metal-

lurgist constitutes the greatest civilizing agent the world has ever seen. In the June number, 1911, of the *Revue Économique Internationale*, edited in Brussels by M. Paul Doumer, ex-President of the French Chamber of Deputies, a professor in a British University concluded an article on the Iron and Steel Industries of Great Britain in the following words :

The man in the street comprehends very imperfectly the enormous importance to humanity of the metallurgy of iron and steel. If one enunciated the proposition that the greatest agent of civilization the world has ever known is steel, divines and statesmen, artists and lawyers, authors and leather-makers would tumble over each other in their haste to prove the absurdity of such an affirmation. Nevertheless, if one could take away from the world that alloy of iron and carbon called steel, in less than a century humanity would have taken a huge step backwards towards barbarism. Imagine this planet without steel and iron, and we have a world without railways, without steamships, without great bridges, and without machinery : in a word, a community incapable of producing the thousand-and-one articles which constitute the necessities of modern civilization.

But unfortunately a truth has more than one side. If the shield be reversed one contemplates an aspect of steel metallurgy not only hideous but presenting a brutality hardly surpassed in the annals of barbarism. Imagine an 1800 lb. shell fired miles away from the barrel of a 15-inch naval gun, penetrating the armoured turret of a battleship and bursting therein its fiendish charge of high explosive ! In the twinkling of an eye the inmates of that turret, composed of accomplished officers and gallant bluejackets, become loathsome masses of torn and bloody flesh and shattered bones. This, however, is an inevitable product of that ' Kultur ' originally

enunciated by Frederick the Great of Prussia, whose creed was embodied in the following words :

He is a fool, and that nation is a fool, who, having the power to strike his enemy unawares, does not strike and strike his deadliest.

It would be interesting to know if Professor Rein considers that one of the 'highest ideals of science' has been realized in such engines of naval warfare. Scientifically developed, such *Kultur* mainly becomes the 'armed menace' which, for the last fifteen years, has always been hovering over the North Sea, at first as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, then as that threatening blackness which, six months ago, burst in storm, and is now shaking the civilized world to its foundations : and the handmaiden of all these horrors is steel.

THE STORY OF CUTTING-STEELS

The early history of wrought-iron and cutting-steel metallurgy is shrouded in an almost impenetrable obscurity. The meagre data obtainable are rare, and consist of casual references in prose, poetry, and monastic records. That steel, or rather steely iron, obtained direct from the ore, was known to the ancients about 800 B.C. seems to be proved by a passage in the ninth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, which can only have reference to steel. It was translated by Pope thus :

And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edged pole-axe or the shining sword
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake :
Thus in his eye-balls hissed the plunging stake.

In Great Britain, perhaps from a lack of interest on the part of literary men, or more probably from the

secretive habits of steel-makers, which endure even to the present time, there is no early mention of the art of producing steely iron.¹ In one of the later volumes of the Domesday Book there is a record of an ironworks of considerable extent at Kimberworth, near Sheffield, worked by the monks of Kirkstead Abbey in 1160.

Scott, who visited south Yorkshire to gather materials for his romance *Ivanhoe*, appears to have obtained information which suggests that amongst other things the works round Sheffield made common armour for the use of men-at-arms, whilst the knights wore the fine steel mail wrought abroad, especially in Milan and Toledo. In Scott's description of the 'Siege of Torquilstone', he puts into the mouth of Robin Hood (Locksley) the following words :

Thrice did Locksley bend his shaft against De Bracy,
and thrice did his arrow bound back from the Knight's
armour of proof. 'Curse on thy Spanish steel coat,'
said Locksley; 'had English smith forged it, these
arrows had gone through an as if it had been silk or
sendal.'

The period to which Scott's novel has reference would be about 1196.

The steel industry of Sheffield seems at least six hundred years old. Chaucer in 1386, in *The Reeve's Tale*, in describing a miller of the time of Edward III (who was crowned in 1327), says 'a Shefeld thwytel bare he in his hose'. This seems to indicate that the

¹ Until comparatively recently in Zululand the heads of assegais, battle-axes, &c., were made by peripatetic families of ironworkers who visited various centres along the Zululand belt of iron ore, and by means of charcoal produced and afterwards forged into shape lumps of steely iron. Their operations were always conducted in secret, and these families seem, to a large extent, to have detached z themselves from their fellows.

fame of Sheffield cutlery was so well established at that time in the south of England as to have reached the ear of a London poet. Macaulay states that Sheffield made no fine steel till about 1750, but in 1590 Peter Bales, in *The Writing Schoolmaster*, recommends Sheffield pen-knives and razors for cutting quill pens, for which purpose fine steel is indispensable. In 1760 Horace Walpole, writing to George Montague, remarks: 'I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation. There are 22,000 inhabitants making knives and scissors. They remit £11,000 a week to London.' Antiquarians state that the reason why Britain's chief steel industry originally settled round Sheffield was the juxtaposition of iron ore and coal in the district. To a metallurgist this argument is unconvincing, because charcoal and not coal was the fuel used, and the small deposit of iron ore existing near Sheffield was clay iron-stone, so impure with phosphorus as to be unfit to be the source of fine cutting implements. The real reason why, hundreds of years ago, the steel industry settled mainly at Sheffield was the unique situation of the town, which lies in a valley watered by the river Don, which runs into the Humber at Goole. Four other valleys to the west of Sheffield have each a rivulet, namely, the Sheaf, the Loxley, the Rivelin, and the Porter. These little rivers have their confluence with the Don at Sheffield. Thus by the construction along these five rivers of small dams, water-power was obtained at a low cost to work the tilt hammers and turn the grindstones of the old-time cutlers. The region was well wooded, and hence could produce a sufficient supply of charcoal. In addition, refractory materials for furnaces and millstone grit for grindstones were plentiful in the neighbourhood. The

basis metal from which the old Sheffield steel was prepared by cementation in charcoal was the wonderfully pure bar iron of Scandinavia¹ and Spain, which was brought by pack-horses or by water-carriage from Goole. In 1442 the citizens of Sheffield obtained a royal warrant permitting them to make tow-paths along the river Don. There is positive evidence in the accounts of the Sheffield Church Burgesses for 1557 that Danish and Spanish iron were then being imported into Sheffield. The price in present money works out to about £60 per ton. The two items in the Church Burgesses' accounts are as follow :

Paid to Robert More for one stone and quarter of Danske Yron XXIIId.

Paid to ye same Robt. for X lib of Spanysche Yron XVd.

There is evidence that in the beginning of the eighteenth century cutlery and other steels were also being manufactured in London, Birmingham, and Newcastle.

Up to 1740 all steel was made by hammering bar iron carburized by cementation, and was known as blister steel or shear steel according to the amount of forging work put upon the carburized bar iron. The name 'shear steel' was due to the fact that the cloth-workers of the country insisted upon having this steel for their cloth-cutting shears, and at the present time this kind of steel is always branded with rude representations of cloth-cutting shears.

About 1740 the crucible fluid-steel process was invented in Sheffield by Benjamin Huntsman, of Doncaster, and in 1752 he commenced to manufacture on a considerable scale, so founding an industry destined to become

¹ Many thousands of tons of this fine iron are at the present time imported annually into Sheffield from Sweden.

permanent and world-wide. Indeed at the present time Krupps, at Essen, are making gun-steel ingots, each weighing 110 tons, by the process evolved from the brain of an Englishman 175 years ago. It will be seen later that, in reference to scientific steel metallurgy, Germany, by the cunningly devised and mendacious paragraphs of her pressmen, has endeavoured to convince the world that in scientific steel metallurgy German *Kultur*, as in all other branches, is supreme.¹ This idea is not in accord-

¹ At the same time it is only fair to Germany to state that their megalomania in connexion with metallurgical science has been aided and abetted by many English public speakers, who, ignorant of the facts, in effect took up with reference to technical education the offensive German parrot-cry, 'Deutschland über alles.' A partial awakening, both of German and English educational dreamers, was brought about by an eminent and also honest German professor, who attended the Steel Congress in Sheffield in 1905.

Speaking on the Education Estimates on October 11, 1905, the Lord Mayor of Sheffield said :

' A fortnight previously the Iron and Steel Institute had visited Sheffield, and among the company were several foreign gentlemen who were authorities on technical and other education, and who looked most minutely into our educational system. They went round the Technical School and University, and made other inquiries. They were leading educationalists of their country, and not leader-writers of newspapers (Laughter). One of them was Dr. Wedding, who would not write what he did not think was true. Commenting in the *Cologne Gazette* on the metallurgical department, Dr. Wedding had said : " A most hospitable opportunity was given for the inspection of this department. The University in question has, in addition to its medical, philosophical, and philological faculties, also a very important department for applied sciences, viz. machine-construction and metallurgy. Fifteen years ago a small pioneer institute for practical metallurgy had already been established, to which has now been added a complete plant for steel production, for the use of students. A small Bessemer converter, a 2-ton Siemens-Martin furnace, a cupola, hammers with re-heating furnaces, also gas and coke crucible furnaces, form the basis for a plant supplemented by numerous laboratories : such plant as is, in this form, totally unknown by us in Germany. With us the same purpose can only

ance with the facts. In naval construction, for instance. Germany has followed closely the lead of Britain. After sneering at the size of the guns of our huge super-Dreadnoughts, the *Warspite* and the *Queen Elizabeth* (which have a speed of about 25 knots and a main armament of eight 15-inch guns, each throwing 1800 lb. shells), Germany soon feverishly began to follow suit by starting to build the *Ersatz Wörth* and the 'T', each probably having a speed of about 23 knots and having eight 15-inch guns for their chief armament.

The names of the Britons, including admirals, naval architects, engineers, and metallurgists, whose genius brought these giants into being, are to a great extent unknown and will remain unknown to the man in the street.

To revert to the development of British metallurgy, Robert Forrester Mushet, about 1858, discovered the remarkable influence on tool steel of the element tungsten, and up to about 1870 seems to have been patiently experimenting in the Forest of Dean. At the latter date he commenced to make 'Mushet Steel' on a considerable scale in Sheffield. Mushet's invention, although subjected to the discouraging predictions of Dr. Percy, of the Royal School of Mines, was destined to be the

be obtained by the year of practical work laid down for students at German Technical Schools. The duration of the courses of study in the metallurgical as well as in the machine-construction department, which are equipped equally well, is fixed to three years for day students, whereas the evening students, who are said to number 1,200, require at present seven years of hard work to achieve their purpose. The extensive new equipments give one the impression that the well-known complaint of English people, that in the way of education they are much behind, does not apply any longer to Sheffield, particularly not as regards the metallurgic and machine-construction sections. On the contrary, there is much, indeed very much, for Germany to learn there."'

pioneer of a revolution in the art of cutting-metals, an operation imperfectly realized by most people, but nevertheless of vital importance to the development of the arts of war, and in the arts of peace to the comfort and well-being of humanity. The plain carbon Huntsman type of steel, although, after quenching from a red heat, it possessed the hardness of rock crystal, was thermally unstable and completely broke down with the heat of friction at a temperature of 300° C., thus reverting to its soft state. Mushet's tungsten steel, later fortified with a little chromium, was thermally much more stable and hence could be run at higher speeds with greater cuts and traverses on the lathe. Thus mechanical engineers were able to accelerate their outputs of machines for use in the industrial arts of peace (and war), a fact of far-reaching economic importance in view of the rapidly increasing population of the world. The gradual development of the cutting power of Mushet's pioneer type of steel proceeded by cumulative improvements from 1880 to 1912; it was influenced in 1900 by the discovery in what is now the University of Sheffield of the astounding influence on steel of relatively small quantities of the somewhat rare element vanadium, an influence which, unlike that of tungsten, extended also to structural steels. In connexion with the latter it was found that the vital factor of structural steel known as the elastic limit, could be almost doubled without an undue sacrifice of toughness and ductility. By reducing the carbon in the original Mushet steel from 1.8 to 0.7 per cent., much increasing the tungsten and chromium, largely reducing the manganese, and adding 1 per cent. vanadium, the thermal stability of the cutting hardness was easily doubled, rising from 300° C. to well over 600° C. In fact such steel can be run for several minutes

cutting cleanly at a red heat, a proposition which, twenty years ago, would have been regarded as capable of enunciation only by a madman. The net result of the researches in British cutting-steels which were made between 1740 and 1912 has been in certain cases an improvement in cutting-power of about 900 percent. Messrs. Taylor & White, associated with the Bethlehem Steel Co., of America, first exhibited to the engineering world, at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, tool steel running at a low red heat. An example of German jealousy of British supremacy in the science of manufacturing high-speed tool steel was comparatively recently exhibited by a German firm, which added to the composition of standard Sheffield steel the element cobalt, and under the authority of a certificate from Charlottenburg claimed that the new German steel was twelve times as powerful as the best British product. This obviously absurd statement was challenged by both British and German steel-makers, and researches in Sheffield University have since shown that the claim is without foundation in fact, because upon the cutting power of the best type of high-speed steel the element cobalt has no influence whatever. It is interesting to know that this German steel was largely advertised as 'iridium' steel, possibly because in its composition iridium was conspicuous by its absence.

THE STORY OF STRUCTURAL STEELS

In this, the 'Steel Age', it is a little difficult to realize that, in the first half of the nineteenth century, the materials of construction for bridges were either cast or wrought irons. The materials for railway work were cast and wrought irons with a limited amount of costly crucible steel. Wrought-iron rails lasted about five years, steel

rails last from fifteen to twenty years. Ship and boiler plates were exclusively of wrought iron, and the same remark applies to the early armour plates for battleships. In 1856 Henry Bessemer, a native of Hertfordshire, invented his pneumatic process for the purification of molten pig-iron. British and other scientific societies originally regarded his plans with a more or less tolerant amusement. For the tedious and laborious puddling of pig-iron into wrought-iron, he proposed to take a mass of say ten tons of molten cast-iron and to blow through it a strong blast of air and so oxidize its impurities, present to the extent of about 7 per cent., and thus obtain a mass of say nine tons of pure iron. In the early sixties he started a works at Sheffield: other firms took up the process under royalties and the 'heavy' steel industry of Sheffield was thus founded. In most text-books and by many lecturers the Bessemer process has been hopelessly mis-described. It is almost invariably stated that it consists in first blowing out all the carbon, and then converting the resulting iron into different kinds of structural steel by adding suitably differing amounts of carbon contained in the alloy called spiegeleisen. The facts are as follow: Bessemer's blown and purified iron was so full of dissolved oxygen as to be absolutely useless for a commercial product, because it would not pour soundly nor would it forge at all, but fell to pieces under the hammer at a yellow forging heat. The process was made a success by an invention of Mushet for deoxidizing molten iron by the addition of metallic manganese, which seized the oxygen dissolved in the iron and carried it up in the form of oxide of manganese into the supernatant slag. The process in its early days was not very satisfactory because insufficient manganese was used, the practice being to leave only about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. excess

of manganese in the finished steel. Afterwards it was found that 1 per cent. excess manganese was necessary to obtain an easily forgeable steel. In justice the method should be called the Bessemer-Mushet process. This method long ago reached its zenith and is now used mainly for making rails. It has been superseded by the Open-hearth method, called on the Continent the Martin process, in England the Siemens method or alternatively the Martin-Siemens or Siemens-Martin process. This method was made practicable by the invention of the regenerative heat system of the late Sir William Siemens, a British subject of German descent. In this process equal weights of pig-iron and scrap-steel are purified by the addition of solid oxygen in the form of red hematite ore. In acid-lined furnaces of this type seventy tons of steel are sometimes made at one operation. Mushet's deoxidizing addition of manganese must also be used in this process, leaving about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of metallic manganese in the finished steel. Ingots upwards of 150 tons in weight are occasionally made in Sheffield armament works by this process.

THE WORLD'S OUTPUT OF STEEL

In the early eighties Great Britain was producing in round numbers about 8,000,000 tons of pig-iron and 2,000,000 tons of steel per annum. The quantities produced by America and Germany were relatively small. To-day in round numbers substantially accurate and readily remembered, Great Britain is producing about 7,000,000, Germany 14,000,000, and America 28,000,000 tons of steel per annum, made by the Huntsman, Bessemer and Siemens methods. Thus in output Great Britain is hopelessly outpaced. She is

living in fact on the unsurpassed and often unapproachable average quality of her steel; and shipments of high quality steels were, prior to the war, being sent to Germany at prices, for the finest quality of steel, reaching up to 2s. per lb. The vast output of the United States is accounted for by their great natural resources in iron ore and coal, by the energy of the Americans, and by the fact that they have to supply a population of 92,000,000 of people with steel for their huge and ever-increasing railways and industries. The case of Germany is more remarkable because her leap into the position of the second steel-producing country of the world is due, not to her own 'Kultur', but to an appropriation of the brains of British inventors: in fact, to the invention of the basic-steel process by Thomas and Gilchrist in England in the early eighties. This process made valuable for steel-making the hitherto useless phosphoric ores of Germany. In the *Revue Économique Internationale* for June 1911, Herr Fritz Thyssen showed that Germany produced in 1909 over 12,000,000 tons of steel, and of these, over 7,500,000 tons were Thomas and Gilchrist basic steel, and over 152,000 tons were Bessemer's acid steel. In this year Germany used over 25,500,000 tons of native basic ore, importing less than 8,500,000 tons of foreign ore.

The German system of production is to keep the works going as far as possible at full output, thus keeping down the dead charges and the re-starting charges to a minimum. When by these means, at ordinary market price a necessary profit has been made by legitimate sales, the surplus steel is dumped, frequently in Britain, at say £1 per ton under British cost price. The payment for the dumped steel is an addition to the fair profit. This procedure throws the British

steel-worker out of employment. In one well-known case a large British works had to close down for a year, throwing thousands of men out of work. On the other hand, certain British manufacturers using the dumped steel no doubt reaped a considerable advantage, but such gain is obtained at the price of depleting the ranks of British iron-smelters and steel-melters, and such depletion on a large scale would constitute a national danger, from a naval and military point of view. Considering the enormous debt due by Germany to British inventors, Britain owes very little to German initiative. Krupps, it is true, much improved the process for carburizing the faces of armour plates, but on the other hand they have had to adopt British improvements in armour-piercing shells. It is also true that in devising engines for blowing blast furnaces by the combustion of their own waste gases Germany has devised some admirable engines, but here again the idea of so using the gas came from the brain of a British furnace engineer, the late Mr. B. H. Thwaite, who died ill rewarded for his pains.

EDUCATION IN THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCE TO STEEL METALLURGY

This subject has already been touched upon (see Professor Wedding's communication to the *Cologne Gazette* in foot-note on pp. 9-10 of this pamphlet), but it may be well at the present crisis to state in a little greater detail facts which some German Universities, authors and pressmen would prefer to have kept in the background as to the comparative development during the last twenty-five years of German and British educational methods in teaching the applied science of steel. For purposes of comparison the steel departments at Charlot-

tenburg and Sheffield may be selected. The latter has been contemptuously described by a professor of pure science as 'a pig-boiling and ingot-slinging establishment'. It is true that pig has been boiled into steel in the main practical laboratory at Sheffield University, and that casts of such steel up to nearly two and a half tons in weight have been made : also that the ingots have been slung out of the casting-pit by means of a four-ton electric crane. Why not ? It is also true that coke and gas crucible melting furnaces, and hardening furnaces of commercial manufacturing sizes are worked. There are also commercial mechanical testing machines for making static and dynamic tests. There is also a cupola for making in the foundry five tons of castings per day. Again, why not ? To the examination of these products at every stage of manufacture, the pure sciences of mineralogy, chemistry, physics, and microscopy are applied to the fullest possible extent. Also it may be remarked that the University of Sheffield is unique in granting Metallurgical Degrees, namely those of B.Met., M.Met., and D.Met. The Bachelor's degree requires a candidate after matriculation, in addition to seven applied science subjects, to pass also in three pure science subjects, namely chemistry, geology and mineralogy, and either physics or mathematics. In the applied analytical chemistry of steel the German analysts are distinctly inferior to trained British chemists. Nevertheless so widespread is German scientific megalomania that about three years ago a valuable consignment of high-speed cutting-steel exported from Sheffield to Germany was rejected on the ground that its micrographic analysis was unsatisfactory. The German-trained metallographist also stated : ' No doubt you are unaware that this microscopical examination of steel is

a new method just evolved at Charlottenburg and probably it has not yet reached Sheffield.' An experienced metallographer from Sheffield University subsequently found the diagnosis of the young German steel doctor to be absolutely wrong, and the rejection of the steel was cancelled. At Charlottenburg there are no practical appliances whatever, and hence the science taught there is pure and abstract rather than applied and concrete. Which system is better for training officers to command the battalions of an industrial army? Take again, for instance, the very important subject already referred to, of metallography, i. e. the microscopical analysis of the structure of metals, which are crystallized artificial igneous rocks, built up of many rock-forming minerals. This science was founded by the late Dr. Henry Clifton Sorby, F.R.S., in Sheffield in 1863-5, and his superb pioneer sections are still examined in the micrographic laboratory of the University of Sheffield.

There are about twenty-nine constituents or sub-constituents of steel and iron. Of these twenty-six have been discovered in Sheffield, the steelopolis of Great Britain; three in Middlesbrough, its ironopolis; and the record of Charlottenburg in this branch of research is an absolute blank. A comparison of the quantity and quality of the researches on iron and steel of a pure science order turned out from what is now the University of Sheffield. with those evolved from Charlottenburg during the last twenty years, would be cruel because farcical. One example will suffice. The first-fruits of metallurgical research from Charlottenburg, which were announced even in British engineering journals with much beating of tom-toms, was a paper describing an investigation of the physical influence of nickel on iron. The Charlottenburg conclusions were that, when the

quantity of nickel alloyed with the iron reached 6 per cent., the tensile strength fell to six tons per square inch, whilst the ductility practically disappeared. Contemporaneously the Sheffield College completed a research showing that iron containing about 7 per cent. of nickel had a tenacity of about thirty-nine tons per square inch, with a ductility of about 55 per cent., and that iron with 28 per cent. nickel had much the same mechanical properties: but when about 13 per cent. of nickel was present it formed with the iron a definite alloy possessing the enormous tenacity of nearly ninety tons per square inch associated with a ductility of no less than 45 per cent. The Charlottenburg results were, no doubt, correctly observed, but owing to a preliminary lack of practical metallurgical knowledge the experimentalists made alloys hopelessly charged with oxygen, in fact the title of their research should have been not 'The influence of Nickel on Iron', but rather 'The influence of unknown quantities of dissolved Oxygen on Alloys of Iron and Nickel'.

Another example of Teutonic mendacity is a statement made by a German writer which actually caused some alarm in this country, that owing to the superior skill of the German gun engineer and the better quality of German steel, the comparatively small guns of the German Navy excelled in power the larger British guns.

In connexion with the German realization of 'Der Tag' in the North Sea on January 24, 1915, the artillery experts of Sheffield (which city is the greatest naval armoury the world has ever seen) would no doubt like to ask the survivors of the *Blücher*, the *Derfflinger*¹,

¹ This vessel, the most powerful German battle-cruiser, carried eight 12.2-inch guns.

the *Seydlitz*, and the *Moltke*¹, to give their candid opinion on the power of the 13·5-inch guns and of the lyddite shells from those British battle-cruisers which sternly avenged the women and children so foully murdered on the East Coast.

¹ These ships are of the *Goeben* type, and carry, or carried, a main armament of ten 11-inch guns.

OXFORD PAMPHLETS

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THE FARMER IN
WAR-TIME

BY

C. S. ORWIN

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THE FARMER IN WAR-TIME

NEARLY six months have passed since the outbreak of the Great War, and it should be possible to form some idea of its effect upon the British farming industry, and of the responsibilities attaching to British farmers as the producers of a much greater proportion of the nation's food-supply than many people realize. The outbreak of hostilities found the country engaged upon the year's harvest; and as the conclusion of this work marks what is, in many respects, the beginning of a new farming year, farmers found themselves as favourably placed as might be for taking any steps necessary for organizing the industry to meet such altered conditions as seemed likely to be imposed upon it.

PRODUCTION

It was of the first importance to see what could be done to increase production. It did not need the stimulus of half a dozen great nations locked in a death-struggle to draw forth much unsolicited advice as to what should be done in the emergency; but the farmer has grown used to this kind of thing, and it may be remarked at the outset that he is not likely to allow his own interests nor those of the nation to be prejudiced thereby. It may be assumed that the farmer was already working to produce the utmost possible with the means and the ability which he possessed; his difficulty was to know in what respects his practice might be modified to increase his production. The

popular clamour was for more wheat ; other crops were to be displaced, grass-land was to be broken up ; in fact, all the rules of good husbandry were to be violated to enlarge the country's wheat area. That more wheat could not be grown without the sacrifice of some other crop, and, moreover, that wheat is not our only food, appeared to be entirely overlooked ; and farmers very speedily decided that the best course for them to pursue would be that which experience already had shown them to be best adapted to their holdings. In the words of a speaker at the London Farmers' Club :

‘ If a broad rule could express the duties of a farmer just now, as a citizen wishing to help the country, it could be expressed by saying, “ Keep your land clean ; keep it drained ; till and manure it really well and sow what suits the farm and your style of farming—give the sowing of wheat the turn of the scale.” By so doing he will be adding to the wealth of the country, and will grow as much per acre as the nature of the land permits.’¹

Accepting this, it only remains for the farmer to see to it that nothing on his part is left undone to secure the maximum production. A good deal might be accomplished by the judicious use of artificial manures on a larger scale. Many men do not realize to the full the advantage to be gained by the systematic use of these fertilizers. They supply food to the young crops in an easily assimilable form, and enable it to grow away quickly at the start, and so to be more independent than would otherwise be the case of the various adverse influences which may assert themselves from time to time during the development of the plant. Fortunately our supplies of artificial manures are independent of enemy producers with the single exception of potash

¹ H. Trustram Eve, *Journal of the Farmers' Club*, November 1914.

compounds. The world's supply of potash is mostly derived from the great mines of Prussia, and the price of potash manures is now more than ten times the normal. This is prohibitive, and though we are told that something may be done locally to supply the deficiency by the burning of seaweed, and such-like expedients, there is little doubt but that farming generally must make shift as best it can in this respect, until happier days.

Reference has been made to the suggested breaking up of grass-land. There is a great deal of grass-land of very moderate quality, all of which was at one time under the plough; and opinion is divided on the question whether the proper course to be pursued with it is to try to improve it as grass, or to bring it under cultivation. During the period of low prices for agricultural products, grass-farming attracted by the fact that it reduced the labour bill, and the problem of the farmer in those days was how to reduce expenditure rather than how to increase production; but it is a question whether this fear of the cost of labour has not outlived its day. Arable farming entails more risk, requires more capital, and makes greater demands on the skill and the energy of the farmer; on the other hand, it employs more labour, both directly and indirectly, and production is, in the majority of cases, much greater. If one of the changes arising out of the present situation should be an increase in the area under the plough it would prove advantageous at once to the nation and to the whole agricultural community.

As regards the production of meat and dairy produce, the War has done little to divert the supplies of those feeding-stuffs upon which the farmer depends so largely to supplement his home-grown stocks, although the

prices in many cases show a considerable advance. At the beginning of hostilities the Government prohibited the export of milling offals, and this has had a very material effect upon the price of bran, &c. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the feeding-stuffs position is the possibility of large supplies of new products, owing to the diversion of German trade. To quote an example, Sir Owen Philipps, chairman of the West African Section of the London Chamber of Commerce, is taking energetic steps to induce English oil-seed crushers to take up the trade in palm kernels. It seems that these nuts have been imported into Germany, almost entirely from our colonies, to the value of more than £5,000,000 annually, the oil being expressed for the manufacture of margarine and soap, whilst the residue is marketed as cattle food. The enormous and increasing demand for vegetable fats and oils should make the further development of this new crushing industry, in which a beginning has already been made, advantageous alike to the crusher, to the farmer, and to the consumer of butter substitutes.

Any shortage of feeding-stuffs appears most unlikely, and the rise in price of meat should go far to compensate the feeder for advance in the cost of food due to the dislocation of transport of raw material. But the cow-keeper is finding himself in a very different position. It is a curious fact that in case of the only farm product in which we have an absolute monopoly, namely, new milk, the price is not controlled by the supply and demand, but the custom is to sell it at fixed prices. Most farmers contract for the sale of their milk six months, or even twelve months in advance, and as a result of the rise in price of feeding-stuffs, the cost of production is now estimated to exceed, in many cases, the price realized. Even before the War many men

complained that the margin of profit was insufficient, and this, combined with the increased expense involved by present and prospective legislation to ensure the purity of the milk-supply, will undoubtedly cause a rise in the retail price before very long.

Another matter which comes into prominence at this time, when the importance of increased production is so apparent, is the prohibition of the importation of live cattle. Owing to the fear of the introduction of contagious diseases, all cattle arriving in this country have to be slaughtered at the port of arrival, and thus the home breeder of stock is in the enjoyment of an absolutely protected industry. It is very desirable to leave nothing undone to protect our herds from disease, but it must be remembered that the effect of the means adopted has been to raise the price of 'store' cattle to a figure which, until the very recent rise in price of fat stock, allowed the feeder no direct profit at all. The relaxation of the order prohibiting the importation of live cattle would have a very material effect on the cost of producing meat, but only those in authority can tell whether this might not be attained at too great a risk. Anyhow, it behoves the British breeder not to waste the opportunity by breeding any but the best commercial stock.

In many directions advantage is being taken of the upheaval of trade to endeavour to establish new industries in this country in commodities for which we have hitherto relied upon enemy producers. Agriculture does not offer much scope for enterprise of this kind, but reference has already been made to the trade in oil cakes, and another matter to which serious attention is now being devoted is the question of beet-sugar production. It is well known that a great industry has

been built up upon the Continent, and that but for the prompt action of the Government in securing large quantities of cane sugar at the commencement of hostilities, our dependence on German beet-sugar might have affected us very seriously. For several years past the attempt has been made to interest British farmers and capitalists in the industry, and in the year 1912 a factory was erected in Norfolk, but owing to a variety of circumstances its success has not been conspicuous. The rise in the price of sugar, exceeding as it does 100 per cent., has entirely altered the situation, and the opportunity now presents itself for erecting factories in selected districts, the greater part of the cost of which might be written off, during the first year or two of their existence, out of the abnormal profits likely to accrue to them. At the same time prices would allow of liberal treatment of the farmers during the time that they were gaining experience of the culture of the unfamiliar sugar-beet. With the return to normal prices the industry should be well established upon a sound financial basis; and although sensational profits could no longer be expected, the farmer's economic position would be strengthened by the addition of another line of production.

In many places we have grown familiar with the spectacle of the men of the new armies busily engaged upon the excavation of trenches and the erection of wire entanglements, either for defensive purposes or for practice. Here, of course, is a direct though unavoidable interference with production; but it may be of interest to note that in all such cases, as also in case of damage done to land or crops by manœuvres, rifle ranges, &c., the land is seized under the Defence of the Realm Act, 1914, and the War Office has surveyors

engaged upon the assessment of such loss as may be sustained from these causes.

PRICES

The movements in prices of agricultural produce have been rather surprising. For the first few months of the War no considerable rise in corn or meat was experienced, and persons were found who advocated the giving of bounties, or at least of guarantees, by the State to ensure the sowing of a fair proportion of wheat. Then, about Christmas, a pronounced upward movement set in, and prices of corn advanced to a figure not previously known within the memory of the majority of men, wheat surpassing even the level to which it rose when the American gambler, Leiter, attempted his 'corner' in the early part of the summer of 1898. A variety of explanations are given, and they need not be repeated here; none of them is quite satisfactory in itself, but the point to be emphasized is that the rise in the cost of living is in no way due to any action by the British farmer in holding up supplies or in otherwise manipulating the markets. The price of food-stuffs is quite beyond his control, and those few who are attempting to accuse him of exploiting the needs of his countrymen are deserving of the severest censure. It is satisfactory to know that the question is engaging the attention of the Government, and it should always be remembered that the more surprising thing is not the rise in prices, but the fact that, in the prevailing economic conditions, the rise has not been more pronounced.

It was inevitable during the early days of mobilization, when forage, horses, &c., had to be provided in vast quantity and without delay, that excessive prices

should have been paid on occasion. One dealer boasts that his average profit on each horse sold to the Army has been £15, and cases are numerous of excessive charges for forage. To meet the situation, the Board of Agriculture and the War Office evolved a scheme for bringing farmers into direct communication with the district purchasing officers. County committees of farmers have been set up, to whom the officer makes known his wants; the committee then fix maximum prices for the various commodities (as buyers, not as sellers) and proceed to invite supplies from farmers. There have not been wanting persons who complain that the position is an impossible one, because it makes the farmers buyers and sellers too; but experience has shown that the authorities have sound grounds for their confidence in the integrity and the patriotism of the farmers; and the President of the Board of Agriculture and also a representative of the War Office have spoken of the scheme as being the greatest success, not only in saving money, but also in scheduling the agricultural resources of the country.

LABOUR

The first obvious need of the country was for more men rather than for more food, and a great appeal was made to the sturdy country dwellers to join the colours. Not only was this done by the means universally adopted, by poster, by meetings, and by advertisements in the country papers, but landowners, agents, and farmers were specially appealed to in a circular bearing the signatures of some of the highest in the land, pointing out to them the necessity for explaining to the young farm-workers the urgency of the country's need, and their obvious duty. The harvest which followed the

great drought of 1914 was quickly got in, and the continued fine weather enabled farmers in certain districts, where the soil was not baked too hard, to get well forward with their autumn work. The break in the weather which set in shortly after, and which has continued since without intermission, coupled with this forward state of the work on many farms, had the effect of lowering the demand for labour, and gave a fresh stimulus to recruiting for the new armies. It cannot be said that, speaking of the country generally, this exodus of young men has caused any serious dislocation of the agricultural industry up to date. With work well in hand and horses confined to their stables day after day through bad weather, the difficulty is one of the future rather than of the present, though here and there the shortage is already being felt. At farmers' meetings up and down the country serious misgivings are being expressed as to how the work of the busy spring season is to be got through. It is pointed out that the country is being denuded of its workers by vigorous recruiting campaigns, whilst at the same time the farmer is being urged to concentrate all his powers on an increased output of food during the coming year, and the two things are antagonistic. The difficulty will centre round the horse-work; most of the stockmen and shepherds are middle-aged and married men, and they are assisted often by lads not yet of military age. But the horse-labour is chiefly undertaken by the young unmarried men, and this, of course, is the class which has responded so largely to the country's call to arms.

Grave doubts are now being entertained whether the farmer has been well advised in encouraging his young men to join the Forces in such large numbers.

It is well known that these men make the best soldiers. They are accustomed to life in the open air under all sorts of weather conditions; they are handy with tools, and they understand horses and harness. In fact, they are better equipped by nature and by vocation for active service than any other class of the community. At the same time they are engaged upon work of first importance to the nation. This war has upset many theories. In spite of our overwhelming sea-power, and notwithstanding the fact that there is no world shortage of food-stuffs, we have seen how the dislocation of transport, necessitated by the movement of troops and supplies across the water, and further, the withdrawal of tonnage due to the internment of enemy cargo fleets, can send up the price of food in a few weeks. Further, we have had evidence of the mischief that can be done by commerce-destroying enemy cruisers. It does not require much imagination to foresee circumstances in which the nation might be thrown temporarily upon its own food resources, and whilst it is not unreasonable to suppose that these might be found equal to the strain imposed upon them,¹ it is obvious that no stone should be left unturned to secure the maximum production at home. It is common knowledge that in certain trades engaged in the supply of munitions of war and equipment for the Army, recruiting has been strongly discouraged instead of being stimulated by every possible means,² and surely agriculture should stand first amongst such industries, for the ability to

¹ See R. H. Rew, *Food Supplies in War-Time* (Oxford Pamphlets, 1914).

² A Member of Parliament, addressing a village recruiting-meeting in September, told his audience that it was the duty of the farmer to dismiss all his single men immediately after the harvest had been secured.

feed the population is equally as important as the supply of guns, ammunition, or other equipment to our armies.

It is the prayer of every one that our country will never find herself plunged into war on such a scale again; but should the present conditions recur at some future date, the proper course would appear to be to keep the ploughman to his job, unless, indeed, the time should come when every able-bodied man was required for the defence of his home.

The shortage of *unskilled* labour is hardly likely to continue after the War. Until the passing of the trade depression which is almost certain to follow it, there should be an abundant supply of labour, and moreover there will probably be a large number of men drawn from the business establishments of the towns who, on coming back to civil life, will be reluctant to return to the desk or to the counter after experiencing the joy that comes from complete physical fitness—such fitness as can hardly be attained to except by manual employment in the open air. The difficulty which will face the country then will be how best to find employment for all the labour which will be available.

The immediate effect of the present shortage is being shown in various ways. It is agreed all over the country that the position on the farm in the spring will be serious, and much apprehension is felt as to the course of events. Most of the men thrown out of employment in certain trades by the War have already been absorbed into the Army or into other trades unaffected or even benefited by the War, and it is remarkable that there has been less unemployment during the first part of the winter of 1914–15 than during the corresponding period of the previous year. Some of the older farmers and the

faint-hearted who are already feeling the shortage talk of giving up the struggle, and the following utterance of a mid-Lincolnshire agriculturist expresses their point of view :

‘ Only farmers know the true position about the shortage of labour in the villages. You read about it in the papers, but no one can realize what it means to men like me. I farm between 400 and 500 acres. Ten years ago I employed two foremen, eight labourers, and had three married wagoners and four single chaps living in. At times I had two or three casual men, and also three “ day boys ”. Very often there were twenty hands to pay on a Saturday night. Many people may not believe it, but my books will prove what I am saying is correct, that last Saturday I had only nine men and one boy to pay. Instead of me wanting over £18 a week for wages, as I did last January, £10 is now ample. Some people are foolish enough to say, “ Yes, look at the money you are saving in wages. ” It takes me all my time to keep my temper when people talk such rot. Instead of saving money I am losing. Last week I had two pairs of horses idle, because I was short of men to work them. Four horses standing idle in the stable does not pay a farmer when there is plenty of work wants doing. I cannot get day boys; they prefer to go to Lincoln and learn a trade or work in the foundry. The result is I have men doing boys’ work. Early last year I raised the wages of my labourers to 18s. a week, but they are now asking for £1, and if I want my stock looked after and the farm worked I shall have to pay it. This winter I have had to start milking my own cows, after seeing others do the work for twenty years. At one time the servant girls in the house did the milking, but they can’t be found to do it now. It has come to this : I have made a bit of money, and rather than go on as I am doing now I mean to chuck it. It is my intention to give up all my land this next Lady Day and live on what bit I’ve made. Since harvest I have had to come home from the market before three o’clock—often before I had done all my business. I have done

my own shepherding this last summer, fed the pigs and calves, milked the cows, been my own groom and gardener ; in fact, I have always been at work Sundays and weekdays alike. At night I have had to do my books, and instead of things getting better they are gradually becoming worse. I have only one old man on my farms who can look properly after my hedges and ditches, and he is well over sixty. It is not altogether the War that is to blame for the present state of affairs. There are many concessions which will have to be granted before long, and some of them, I am certain, will be a half-holiday on a Saturday, and better houses. It is a question which will have to be solved by Parliament if the land is to be kept in cultivation.' ¹

It is obvious that there are other influences at work besides that of the War, but the majority of men, whilst keenly anxious as to the outlook, are setting themselves to meet the difficulty in one way or another. The Labour Exchanges are at present less useful to the farmer than to those in other forms of industry. Situated in the big towns they are not very accessible, and the average townsman out of work is almost as useless on the farm as the farm worker would be in a factory. It would be worth while for those in charge of the Exchanges to ascertain the needs of the agricultural industry more exactly, and possibly to modify their hours of business, for it sometimes occurs that the Exchanges are closed on those very days on which the agricultural population is in the habit of resorting to the towns. It ought to be possible to supply a good deal of labour for the less skilled forms of farm work in times of trade depression in the towns. In some places Belgian refugees are being employed, and advantage might be taken of their presence amongst us to assist in the

¹ *Mark Lane Express*, January 4, 1915, p. 8,

establishing of the sugar industry to which reference has already been made. At the same time the shortage generally is not likely to be relieved by Belgian labour, and farmers will have to get out of their difficulty in most places by resorting to boy-labour and to labour-saving appliances. It has always been a grievance of the farmer that the Education Act deprived him of the services of boys until they were too old in many cases to take readily to farm work. This is, of course, a debatable point; but it is a fact that on Education Committees, and at meetings of local farmers' associations all over England at the present time, the demand for the temporary relaxation of the Act is being made. Probably this demand will be conceded—not by any definite action on the part of the Government, but rather by an intelligent and liberal interpretation of the situation by the local education authorities. The position with regard to the employment of schoolboys on farms was discussed by the Yorkshire Farmers' Union at Doncaster recently, and a letter from the Board of Education was read as follows :

‘ The Board of Education have no power to abrogate the law regarding school attendance and juvenile employment. Consequently they would be unable to grant legal exemption to boys over 12 years of age from attendance at school. It may, however, be pointed out that in many districts by-laws relating to school attendance contain provisions under which children can, under certain conditions, be exempted either totally or partially at 12 or 13. The administration of the law relating to school attendance rests with the local education authorities, and the Board suggests that if farmers in any district are experiencing special difficulty in carrying out the necessary agricultural operations through the scarcity of labour, they might bring the matter to the notice of the local education authority. The Board understands

that the general question of agricultural labour is under the consideration of the Board of Agriculture, which Board can no doubt afford assistance and advice.'

Reading between the lines it may not be too much to suppose that here is a suggestion to the County Education Authority to acquiesce in the withdrawal from school of likely boys for employment on the land at this critical time.

Many persons are advocating a reversion to female labour on the farm, particularly for such work as milking. The circumstances in which female workers are obtainable are not easily explained. Why, for example, should so many women engage in agriculture in Kent and in Durham, both of them counties in which the rate of pay for their men-folk is high, whilst in low-wage Oxfordshire female labour is almost unknown on the land? It is certain that women generally do not take kindly to farm work, and it is very doubtful whether their employment on it is desirable; for their presence in numbers would depress the general rate of wages and the standard of efficiency, whereas it will presently appear that much is to be hoped for in the agricultural industry from an advance in both these matters.

As to labour-saving machinery, the farmer is frequently debarred from using it by the costliness of those things which will displace manual- and horse-labour on any scale. It is accordingly of particular interest to note that a group of men in the Isle of Wight have combined under the pressure of circumstances to purchase and own machinery and implements in common. With the assistance of the Agricultural Organization Society, the 'Isle of Wight Farmers' Agricultural Outfit Society, Ltd.', has been registered, and it began operations

about Christmas-time by hiring out a steam plough to its members. Here is a form of co-operative enterprise which might spread rapidly into other districts. Internal combustion engines in the form of motor tractors have been in use for several years; but whilst nothing like so costly as a steam ploughing set, their price is very considerable, and there are other considerations besides price—for example, their weight—which makes them unsuitable on very many farms. But recently there has been put upon the market a little agricultural motor for ploughing, cultivating, and other farm work, at a price considerably below that of a team of good horses. It can plough more acres and it can work longer hours than horse-labour can do, thus speeding up the work to an extent which would be worth untold sums to the farmers of this country in 'catchy' weather. One of his great difficulties is to get his cultivations performed exactly when the land is in the best condition, and the means to execute these operations at speed at the right moment would render him independent of adverse weather conditions to a much greater extent than has been possible in the past. In other directions there is a great variety of labour-saving appliances by no means costly, but nevertheless seldom met with. The scarcity of milkers is universally deplored, yet even in the great dairying districts milking machines are almost unknown, whilst such things as potato diggers, shearing machines, and even manure distributors are much too rare. It seems likely that the present crisis may bring about something approaching to a revolution in these matters, and with it a readjustment of the position of the agricultural labourer. This war has not been the *cause* of the labour difficulty—it has merely brought it to a head

for the shortage has existed, and has slowly been getting more serious, for a long time. The causes are, of course, a matter of controversy.

'The farmer's general complaint is that the majority of his men are not worth their wages, and that is very probably true; they will have to be more highly paid still before they will earn their money. Men are paid far too much by customary scale, whether they are good or bad workers, and the farmer does not sufficiently consider how he can make them earn more both for themselves and for him. There is very general complaint that the knowledge of the old crafts is dying out; draining, ditching, brushing and laying a hedge, thatching, &c., are nowadays usually in the hands of quite old men, and no successors are in sight. In many cases the master ought to be taught to dispense with the craft rather than the men to practise it. For example, sheep-shearers are scarce in many districts, but, instead of instructing men in the use of the shears, it would be wiser to show the master the advantages of a machine. Similarly, Dutch barns are more economical than the best of thatchers. The technical education of the labourer can best be left to the farmer, and it is mostly nonsense to complain that it is our system of elementary education that is driving the men off the land. In a sense, all kinds of formal education tend to unfit the pupil for practical life. . . . But the town suffers equally with the country from the education which is based not on the work which lies round about, but on the off-chance of making a career. Even a career generally turns out no great thing, the career of a minor functionary only, for our millionaires seem to have been trained rather by their practical life than by their education. Men have left the land because fewer men have been needed per acre with every introduction of machinery, and indeed it is the better ideal to be able to manage a farm with two men per 100 acres minding machines and earning 30s. per week, than with ten men digging or its equivalent at 10s. a week each. Actually the contrast is not so

bad as that, but still many farmers waste manual labour because it is comparatively cheap.

Nowadays, two main factors are driving the youngsters away from the farms: the lack of a chance to rise to any sort of a position, and the deficiency of cottages.' ¹

The extension of the use of machinery would give to the more intelligent labourer the opportunity for raising his economic position to the level of that of the skilled mechanic in other forms of industry, and with this the housing difficulty would settle itself.

Thus it may be that the great disaster in which we are involved may give a great and much-needed stimulus to the further industrializing of British agriculture, and may do more to solve the problem of the rural worker than could have been accomplished in a generation by the operation of ordinary economic forces.

¹ A. D. Hall, *A Pilgrimage of British Farming*, p. 443.

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SEA POWER AND
THE WAR

BY

J. R. THURSFIELD

HON. FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE

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H. W. C. D.

SEA POWER AND THE WAR

It appears that a feeling is abroad among our gallant Allies, especially the more distant of them, such as Russia, that this country is not taking the war as seriously as it ought, nor taking its due share in it. I can well understand this feeling, though I cannot for a moment share it. But since it exists and is said to be growing, and even to be spreading among friendly neutrals, such as the United States, I think it behoves all good citizens in this country to do what they can to counteract and, if it may be, to dispel it. It seems to me to rest mainly on two fundamental misconceptions, one a misreading of the national psychology, the other a misunderstanding, which is, in truth, all too common even amongst ourselves, of the true function that belongs specially to the United Kingdom in any great conflict of arms in which its action is associated with that of Allies on the Continent. Of the first of these misconceptions I will only say a few words before I pass on to the second and far more serious one.

All nations misunderstand each other more or less; that is, no nation ever fully grasps the more intimate psychological characteristics of any other. Further, the depth of the misunderstanding is, other things being equal, generally proportionate to the distance which separates them geographically. We are often told by Englishmen who know Russia well that our popular conception of Russia and the characteristics of its people is full of misunderstandings. Such mis-

understandings are only too likely to be reciprocal, and in any case they are certain to be mischievous. Even in the present war, though I am sure that all Englishmen dimly appreciate the tremendous, I might well say, the superhuman efforts that the Russian Armies are making to vanquish the common foe, yet I am equally sure that few of us can follow the campaign on the Eastern front of conflict with the same sympathetic insight and the same strategic grasp as that on the Western front in Flanders and in France, where our own troops are engaged in concert with those of Belgium and France, and where the incessant thunder of artillery in action can almost be heard from our shores. This is mainly the effect of distance; and it means that Englishmen and Russians are looking at the war in a different perspective and from widely separated points of view. But there is another and far deeper source of misunderstanding. Foreign nations find England in particular a nation which is very hard to know and understand. We are isolated by the sea, and it is often said that Englishmen, by reason of this isolation, are 'bad Europeans'. This really means that we have none of that cosmopolitan freemasonry which, superficial as it is, does nevertheless make, so far as it goes, for the better understanding of one continental nation by another, and, to tell the truth, we are by no means keen to cultivate it. We go our own way and reckon little of what other nations think of us. We are intensely critical of ourselves, and often depreciatory of our better selves. Collectively we are endowed with a fine sense of humour, but individually with a plentiful lack of imagination. The sense of humour impels us to self-criticism, while the lack of imagination robs us of the gift of seeing ourselves as

others see us. It may be, as Froissart said of us long ago, that we take our pleasures *moult tristement*, and, no doubt, we do for the most part lack the spontaneous and expansive gaiety of our French Allies; but when it comes to enterprises of great pith and moment we set about them, not indeed with a light heart, nor yet with a solemn countenance, but with a certain levity of demeanour, and with a cheery confidence, begotten of our history, that whatever our mistakes and shortcomings may be at the beginning we shall win through in the end.

Such being our national characteristics, as known to ourselves, it is easy to understand how our Allies and other friends who do not know them so well, may be led to believe that we are not taking the war seriously enough. Yet I can hardly see how we could take it more seriously in all essential respects. At any rate it is manifest that responsible public men among our Allies do not share the illusion of which I am speaking. M. Sazonoff, the Russian Premier, has lately declared in the Duma that 'Great Britain was undertaking a far greater burden than had been expected of her'; and M. Millerand, the French Minister of War, has, on returning from a visit to England, told his countrymen that he is 'simply astounded' at the results attained by the efforts we have made and are still making. It was well known to our Allies that, if we were to take part in a continental campaign, the numerical force we could send to the front at the outset would be almost insignificant in comparison with the vast armies that they could put in the field. But we sent it there without a moment's delay, and we have maintained it there in undiminished force in spite of appalling losses, which, though they have caused personal griefs unnumbered and untold,

have not weakened the national fibre in the least. It was, of course, a little army, but it was very soon to show that it was by no means the 'contemptible little army' that the Kaiser is said to have called it. Moreover, we took immediate steps to make that little army into a big army. Lord Kitchener has called for a million of men and another million to follow in due course, and as fast as they can be trained. Has any nation ever made a bigger effort or taken its task more seriously? Lord Kitchener, at any rate, has avowed his content with the progress that is being made. We shall get those two millions, and more if we need them. No one has been in the past more bitterly opposed to compulsory service than I have, but, had it been necessary in the present emergency, I would have voted for it with both hands sooner than see the Allies fail in the enterprise they have undertaken, and I am sure all my countrymen would do the same. Moreover, we have surrendered all our historic liberties into the keeping of the Government without even a murmur at the sacrifice, and we have provided lavishly for the cost of the war, and shall go on providing for it however long the war lasts. We know that the Allies will win in the end, and that is why we are not only confident but cheerful.

We are even cheerful, although to the disgust of all that is sound and patriotic amongst us, too many of our professional footballers, putting their pelf before their patriotism, are still deaf to the call of their country's need. But let us not exaggerate that ugly blemish on our national demeanour. It is really a very small speck, although we have, not very wisely, made it look large in the eyes of our Allies and friends by showing it to them through the magnifying glass with which we are prone

to regard our national shortcomings. The few thousands of professional footballers who will not enlist—albeit trained athletes and men of exceptional physique, and therefore very acceptable as recruits—would be but a drop in the ocean of Lord Kitchener's two millions. Even of the much larger numbers—perhaps twenty-fold as many or more—who go weekly to see these 'muddied oafs at the goal', no one can say how many are men employed in industries necessary to the efficient conduct of the war, how many more are enlisted recruits not yet supplied with uniform, how many are already over age or otherwise debarred from military service, nor yet how great or how small is the residue which consists of wastrels, weaklings, loafers, and idlers, whom no recruiting sergeant would look at. Still the blemish exists, and I am only concerned to reduce it to its proper proportions. It has probably done more than anything else to encourage the feeling I am combating. The fact that these professional footballers are being roundly trounced and denounced from one end of the country to the other is at once a proof of the nation's earnestness and resolve, and, being misunderstood abroad, one of the chief sources of the misconception that prevails.

I now pass to the second misconception of which I have spoken. It is, in truth, very much the more deep-seated and far-reaching of the two. It rests mainly on a failure—far too common even in this country and still more common in other countries—to appreciate in its true significance the indisputable fact that the sea power of England is the one paramount factor which has secured for the Allies all the advantages they have so far gained in the field, and will, by the blessing of Providence and the skill of many a good

admiral, assuredly give them the victory in the end. Even in its financial aspect, the maintenance of her sea power is no small contribution for England to have made to the common cause. Our Navy Estimates for the current year—framed long before there was any immediate prospect of war—amounted roundly to some £51,500,000 sterling. As the population of these islands is roundly about 45,500,000, this works out at a cost of about 22s. per head of the population. This is a heavier burden per head of population than any great nation in the world bears for the cost of its army in time of peace.¹ If then the financial balance be struck on the basis of these data, England's share in the burden of the war will assuredly not be found to kick the beam.

But I do not rely on the financial argument. I merely use it as an illustration. Let us see what the sea power of England is doing for the common cause. In considering this question I shall have in some measure to deal with the military situation, though it lies for the most part outside my special province of discussion. At first sight, when the small number of the British forces abroad is compared with the vast armies which our two principal Allies have put into the field and are now maintaining and constantly reinforcing there, it might well be thought that England is not taking her due share of the war. But that is not the proper way

¹ I take the following figures from *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1915 :

	<i>Military Budget,</i> 1913-14.	<i>Population.</i>
	£	
Austria-Hungary	22,193,000	49,654,000
France	36,550,000	39,601,000
Germany	60,000,000	64,925,000
Russia	67,200,000	173,359,000

of looking at the matter. Neither the French nor the Russian Armies have had to cross the sea in order to come face to face with the common foe. The British Army has, and that makes all the difference. It introduces the factor of sea power into the strategic problem which confronts the Allies ; and, rightly appreciated, this factor will be found to dominate the whole situation. I may, no doubt, assume that the actions and re-actions of the two great armies of the Allies one upon the other have been continuous, mutual, and reciprocal from first to last. We know that the original plan of the enemy was to crush France first and as soon as might be, and then to turn upon and rend Russia before she could gather her hosts together. Herr von Jagow, the German Foreign Secretary, frankly avowed that rapidity of action was Germany's great asset, while inexhaustible numbers were that of Russia. Germany set herself to use time in order to defeat numbers. That object was never attained, and never can be attained. It was frustrated once for all when the German retreat first began in France. That retreat was in large measure caused by the advance of Russia into East Prussia, which, although it cost Russia dear in the end, nevertheless achieved its strategic purpose by compelling Germany to withdraw troops from the western front, and thereby relieve pressure on that front which had become wellnigh irresistible. But the German retreat had been preceded by a retreat of the entire line of the Allies in the West, and that retreat might have become a rout but for the presence of 'French's contemptible little army'. Whether it was contemptible or not the Kaiser knows by this time ; but our Allies at any rate will both acknowledge that it saved the whole situation alike in the West and in

the East. I do not, of course, mean that the British Army did this alone. The operations of all the Allied forces both in the West and in the East were a combined strategic effort, in which all the Allies and every unit of their respective forces engaged nobly bore their share. But I do mean, and the proposition is incontestable, that the absence of the British Army from the conflict—or of any equivalent portion of the Allied forces in either field—might, and probably would, have wrought irretrievable disaster to the common cause. It was touch and go, as it was. The ‘contemptible little army’ could not possibly have been spared.

But how came the British Army to be there and to do what it did? That is the question we must ask ourselves if we would estimate aright the share that England is taking in the war. It is not the relative strength of the British Army that counts, but the decisive part that British forces, naval and military, have played in the larger strategy of the campaign. Our army had to cross the sea at the outset. That it could never have done, still less could it have been sustained in the field by a constant stream of reinforcements and supplies—so that it is now far stronger, better equipped, and better supplied than it was when it first left these shores—if its communications oversea had not been maintained inviolate and inviolable by the supremacy of the British Fleet. In other words the British Fleet is the very keystone of the great arch of combined strategy which spans the whole field of conflict from East to West. The two great buttresses of the Russian Armies in the East and the Allies’ Armies in the West reciprocally support each other, but both would crumble to pieces if the keystone were removed. It matters not that no great naval battle has been

fought. It matters not that we have suffered reverses at sea here and there—grievous in the loss of gallant lives, but insignificant in all other respects. The worst of them has now been nobly retrieved by Sir Doveton Sturdee's brilliant feat of naval arms off the Falkland Islands. This was a signal manifestation of sea power, a triumph alike of strategy, of tactics, and of gun-fire. The Germans have alleged that thirty-eight British ships, some of them battleships, were engaged in the operation. They might have doubled the number and still taken credit for the moderation of the estimate; for Mr. Churchill told us some time ago that over seventy warships of the Allies were engaged in searching the Atlantic for their enemies. They might, indeed, have multiplied the number tenfold, and still have been not very wide of the mark. For the sea is all one, and the Allies' command of it is continuous and unchallenged, being exercised in concert by all the fleets, and all the squadrons, and all the flotillas afloat in all parts of the world. How many ships sufficed to dispose of Admiral von Spee's squadron in actual conflict is really a matter of very little consequence. We took care, of course, to concentrate a sufficient force for the purpose; and the force which sound strategy combined with our unchallenged supremacy at sea enabled us to concentrate did suffice to dispose of its immediate adversaries, which was all that was required for the moment. Had more force been needed, more force would have been employed. The same lesson is taught by the disgraceful raid of the German battle-cruiser squadron on the Hartlepoons, Scarborough, and Whitby—an act of pure piracy whereby no military object of any moment was or could have been attained, even if any such was so much as sought, while harm-

less civilians, feeble old men and women, and even helpless children were indiscriminately maimed and slaughtered. It succeeded once, if so murderous a deed can be reckoned a success by any self-respecting nation ; but even so these chivalrous raiders only escaped by the skin of their teeth as they scuttled off into the mist just as the avenger was at hand. Nevertheless,

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Poena claudo.

The German Admiralty have learnt by this time that fugitive raids across a sea of which the enemy is in effective command are very costly as well as very hazardous enterprises. The second attempt of the most powerful cruiser squadron they could send to sea to repeat the murderous onslaught on our coasts proved as disastrous as the first was dastardly. The piratical cruisers never saw the British coasts they set out to harry. One of them was sunk, and two others received a punishment which only the timely protection of their submarines and mine-fields prevented from being as summary and as condign as that of the *Blücher*. We know now exactly what to think of Herr Ballin's preposterous boast that the British Fleet is 'in hiding', and that its command of the sea is an illusion. The illusion is not on our side, as Herr Ballin and his countrymen must now ruefully acknowledge ; and if the 'hiding' is not henceforth on theirs, the gallant exploits of Sir Doveton Sturdee in the South Atlantic and of Sir David Beatty in the North Sea must surely presage for us what the inevitable result must be. Indeed, if the quotation be not too flippant, I might sum up the whole situation in the words of the immortal Mr. Samuel Weller, 'Give my compliments

to the Justice, and tell him I've spiled his beadle, and that if he'll swear in a new 'un, I'll come back again to-morrow and spile him.' Germany has very few new beadles to swear in, England has plenty of Wellers to 'spile' such as are left to her, and plenty more to follow, even if some few are 'spiled' in their turn. The British Fleet is not in hiding and never has been, and England's supremacy at sea is now more firmly established than ever. So long as it remains unchallenged—perhaps even more if it should be challenged—it dominates and will dominate the whole situation both at sea and on land. Let it not be supposed that our Allies have no concern in it. They have every concern in it. I repeat that more than any other single factor it guarantees their ultimate success. More than any other single factor it has secured for them all the advantages they have so far gained.

For it is not merely in securing the safe transport, reinforcement, and supply of the British Army on the Continent that the British Navy has fought so effectively—and yet in large measure without fighting at all—the battle of all the Allies. The security of our Army in transit and in the field, as well as that of unending reinforcements from the Dominions traversing the seas for thousands of miles unmolested, is to a great extent merely a by-product, so to speak, of the supremacy of our Navy ubiquitous and unchallenged on the seas. German maritime commerce is suppressed. Whatever supplies necessary for the further conduct of the war Germany may need, she will not get them in any volume from across the seas. The financial sinews of war which she might have obtained from the freedom of her maritime commerce will all be denied to her so long as England—not indeed without valuable and valued assis-

tance from her naval Allies—continues to exclude her mercantile flag from the seas. The words 'economic pressure' sound tame, cold, and insipid by the side of those glowing phrases in which we present the tragedies and the triumphs of the stricken field. The thing they stand for has none of that dramatic intensity, none of that poignant and uplifting emotion which belongs to the battle, the siege, or the assault. Yet it is this same economic pressure, dull, purposeless, and inglorious as it seems, silent, unceasing, irresistible as it really is, sustained only by almost superhuman endurance on the part of those who exert it, never relaxing their vigilance for a single moment by day or night, waiting always, and waiting so far in vain, for that decisive conflict with the foe which is the goal of all their hopes—it is this which more than anything else should prove to the Allies that their victory is certain in the end.

For in truth a Navy secure or at least unchallenged in its supremacy may seem to be doing nothing and yet in reality be doing everything. It may fight no battles and yet win the final victory for those who fight them on land. Yet with or without great battles supreme sea power is justified of all its endeavours, and the more supreme it is the fewer battles it will have to fight. 'The battles of naval warfare', said Admiral Mahan, whose loss we all deplore, 'are few compared with those on land; it is the unremitting daily silent pressure of naval force, when it has attained command of the sea against an opponent—the continuous blocking of communication—which has made sea power so decisive an element in the history of the world.' For ten years after Trafalgar was won in 1805 until the end of the war in 1815 no great battle was fought on the seas. Yet in those ten years Napoleon was overthrown. He

was overthrown on land, it is true, but it was the power of the sea that enabled the Allies to overthrow him—the unremitting daily silent pressure of naval force, the continuous blocking of communication, which strangled the power of Napoleon and starved his armies into submission. That power was exerted by England, and yet her fleets might have been thought to be ‘doing nothing’ because they fought no battles. Thus did England by her sea power save her Allies in Europe from the dominion of Napoleon. Thus will England by her sea power save her Allies in Europe from the dominion of Germany.

There is, however, another effect of supreme sea power which may lend some countenance to the feeling that England is taking less than her due share in the war. Sea power supreme and unchallenged secures England from invasion and thus renders her immune from the worst horrors of war. It is true that our north-eastern coast has had a foretaste of what German ‘frightfulness’ might be if ever our Fleet was overthrown, and that an air-craft raid in Norfolk has attested German barbarism without terrifying those affected by it. But Belgium has been desolated. French and Russian territory have both been invaded and laid waste. Serbia is sorely stricken. England alone is immune as regards her native soil. We must make due allowance for this as regards the feeling of our Allies, and be unspeakably thankful for it ourselves. But the Allies would profit nothing by the invasion of England. On the contrary, they would lose everything, because the overthrow of England’s supremacy at sea would assuredly mean the final victory of Germany. Moreover, the Allies gain greatly by England’s immunity at home. War demands the strenuous and unceasing activity of all industries which

are concerned with the production of all kinds of warlike material and equipment. So long as our industries are unimpeded we can supply ourselves with what we need and help to supply our Allies, and this in fact is what we do and shall continue doing so long as the seas are open. I have heard of millions of boots being ordered in England for France, and a writer in *Le Temps* has stated that 'England has manufactured all the necessary material, while her factories have furnished military supplies which France and Russia, paralysed by mobilization, were unable to provide'. The unarrested industries of England are in fact indispensable, in innumerable ways, to the adequate equipment and supply of the Allied Armies fighting on the Continent, and will certainly become still more indispensable as the war goes on and the Allies invade Germany in their turn. For by that time, if not before, England herself will have no 'contemptible little army' in the field, but a very big army and an army splendidly equipped. What the sea power of England has done so far, great as it is, paramount as it ought to be regarded among the advantages achieved by the Allies in common, is as nothing to what it will do in the long run when the desolating economic pressure unceasingly applied to Germany sustains and redoubles the military pressure applied by the Allied Armies constantly refreshed, reinforced, and re-equipped from the inexhaustible resources secured by an open sea. For be it remembered that England never puts forth her full strength in the opening stages of a war. It might be well if she could, but she cannot. She is not yet beginning to fight as she will fight when her resources are fully developed and deployed. In the famous fight between Paul Jones in the *Bonhomme Richard* and Pearson in the *Serapis*, the latter, when he

thought he had battered his adversary to pieces, called out to ask Paul Jones if he had struck his flag. 'I have not yet begun to fight,' was the reply, and Paul Jones fought on with what result we know. His own ship went to the bottom, but he remained in possession of the *Serapis*. Paul Jones was our enemy at the time, but he was a true Briton born, and his spirit was that of a Briton. I commend the story to all who think that England is not in earnest in this war.

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OUR absorption in the incidents, and our concern over the issue, of the tragic drama which is now being enacted in Europe tend to lessen our interest in the causes, direct and indirect, that brought about the war. And, even with the evidence now before us, a complete history cannot yet be written. Disclosures have still to be made; and it may well be that fifty years hence memoirs of some of the chief personages will see the light, from which the world will learn interesting and important facts that now lie hid from view. But it is none the less incumbent on each and all of us to be able to give, according to our lights, a reason for the faith that is in us. We have not been suffering, on the British side at least, from any megalomania or war fever, nor have we acted on unreasoning impulse. With us it is not a case of 'my country, right or wrong'. But we are fortunate, all the same, in feeling that nothing could have happened that was better calculated to bind together so instantaneously and so effectively the somewhat ill-compacted fabric of our Empire. Certain negligible incidents in South Africa have not marred the picture; they have only set it in a stronger light. Is it possible, then, that the unanimity which has inspired our action can leave room for anything to be said on the other side?

Of course there always is another side. We are quite accustomed, in private life, to find two sane, sober, and sensible persons differing materially in the view they

¹ Reprinted, by permission, from the (Canadian) *University Magazine* for December 1914.

take of the same set of facts and phenomena. And when children quarrel, we sometimes see them rushing at each other so impetuously that both tact and strength are needed to pull them away and calm their surging spirits. For the time being they have lost their heads. That is what has happened to the nations of Europe—in more senses than one! It all came so suddenly that there was no time even for a quiet talk.

Only a few weeks before the outbreak of the war, a brilliant celebration was held in the little university town of Groningen, in Holland, where many British marines and other prisoners are now interned. It was a really international gathering, of a kind that will be very rare indeed for many years to come. Representatives were gathered together from most of the great universities of the world. In their presence, and in the hearing also of Queen Wilhelmina, the 'Rector Magnificus' reminded us how his university had been founded to take up the work of Louvain and Tournay, in the days when, three hundred years ago, the Dutch provinces were wrestling with the power of Spain for an independent national existence and for liberty of conscience. How little did we think, in those piping days of peace, that within a few short weeks the neighbouring country of Belgium would be overrun by an even more ruthless conqueror; and that the head of a world-famous German university, whose hand we clasped in cordial friendship, would now be handing out honorary degrees to two leading representatives of the Krupp works at Essen, in recognition of their diabolical pre-eminence in the forging of death-dealing weapons of war!

One can never tell, in the life of a nation any more than in private life, what would have happened if a different course had been pursued. The other side

holds that, if England had meant war, she should have said so at once. One reason for the insensate hatred by which we are assailed to-day is that we are alleged to have waited craftily, until Germany had become embroiled with both France and Russia, before jumping in as a make-weight against her. Germany sincerely believed that, sooner or later, war with Russia (whom she really feared) was inevitable. For a time she seems to have hoped that she might have Russia alone to deal with, and she looked to England to keep France quiet. It was only after France too had accepted her challenge that we decided to go in against her, so as to turn the balance.

This statement of the case is ludicrously at variance with the facts, as now ascertained. We know that England was certainly not scheming how to get into the war, but much rather how to keep out of it. It may well be questioned whether, if we had promptly declared our solidarity with France and Russia, the war would thereby have been prevented. Is it not rather to our credit that we hesitated, and that we delayed even to the verge of weakness? What better proof can be given that we were free from any actual commitment than the fact that, when France first pledged her support to Russia, Sir Edward Grey refused to make any promise? No one says now that we ought to have continued to stand out, and so have saved our skins. For, though one can never speak with certainty of what might have been, all the evidence goes to show that, if we had left France and Belgium to their fate, the German occupation of the coast-line would have been less vigorously disputed than it is to-day; and then England's turn would have come next. She did well to spurn the Cyclopean gift of a promise that she would be 'eaten last'!

I have said that there was no unreasoning impulse

about our intervention. And we did not go in because we were ordered to do so by any superior authority. This is not for us—as some Americans are too apt to believe—a war of Kings, and Emperors, and Cabinets. Nor was it through the British Foreign Secretary that the final and fateful word was spoken: his formula throughout the negotiations was ‘subject to the support of Parliament’. That is one of the facts which Mr. Bernard Shaw seems altogether to have overlooked. It was the representatives of the nation, assembled in the mother of Parliaments, that voted a war credit with practical unanimity; and their action in what was put to them as a matter of duty and honour at once received the heartiest possible endorsement, not only of their English constituents but also of men of every kind of political persuasion throughout all our overseas Dominions. This is government by democracy; and considering the character of parliamentary representation in England, and the system of ministerial responsibility, not to the individual ruler (as in Germany) but to the elected representatives of the people, one may assert confidently that our going to war was as much a direct act of the British nation as it could have been under the most republican constitution.

The same critics who profess to believe that England wanted the war taunt us at the same time with not having done more to protect Belgium. The truth is that our delay and our obvious military unpreparedness furnish in themselves the best of answers. Yet for both there are compensations. The impressive spectacle was afforded at home of an immediate cessation from all domestic strife, with a resulting solidarity which could not have been achieved if the Government had taken what some would have been certain to attack as a pre-

mature decision ; while the growth of our military efficiency for fighting purposes is guaranteed by the fact that the Empire is acting as a unit, in a way that promises more for its further organization than another twenty-five years of imperialist talk. In fact, if the thing had to be, the stage could not be better set than it is, even if we had had the whole management in our own hands. Hence these (German) tears !

The immediate reason for British intervention was of course, as everybody knows, the invasion of Belgium. Opposition to this sudden move on the part of Germany was for England a matter of duty as well as self-interest. She could not well have stood aside while the Belgian coast-line was passing into the hands of another Power—especially one which was showing so little respect for its plighted word. That would have given the opportunity for ‘pointing a pistol straight at England’s heart’, as the Germans are now trying to do from Antwerp and Ostend and Zeebrugge. And there was the further motive of preventing, if possible, any would-be combatant from using Belgian soil once more as a battleground. Some craven-hearted ones have asked if it would not have been better, especially in view of the immediate sequel, if Belgium had quietly acquiesced in the passage of German troops. But what a disservice to France, which had made no difficulty whatever about renewing its guarantee to respect Belgian neutrality ! It would have been like letting a burglar in by a back-door. Belgium would thereby have placed herself in a state of war with France. And there is the further consideration of the obligations of international law, which cannot be treated as a ‘scrap of paper’ without the direst consequences to civilization. It is an elementary principle of the law of nations that a neutral

state is bound to deny a right of passage to a belligerent. Here Britain had a clear duty to perform, in the interest of international faith and the right of a weaker nation to maintain its independence. One's only regret is that it did not occur to the King of the Belgians, in appealing to England for aid, to appeal at the same time to the United States as well! All neutral nations have an interest in preventing the world from being swept back into barbarism, with all its attendant phenomena of violence and terror, by an open disregard of so much as there is of international law. It is only a short year since the Lord High Chancellor of England, speaking before the American Bar Association on the subject of 'Higher Nationality', was sanguine enough to speculate on the growth among nations of a habit of looking to common ideals 'sufficiently strong to develop a General Will, and to make the binding power of these ideals a reliable sanction for their obligations to each other'. Lord Haldane took the German word *Sittlichkeit*, or 'mannerliness', to illustrate his meaning, defining it as the system of habitual or customary conduct, ethical rather than legal, which embraces all those obligations of the citizens which it is 'bad form' to disregard. In view of what has happened in Belgium, he could not make such an address to-day. Germany has revived the traditional barbarism that looks to conquest and the waging of successful war as the main instrument and aim of the highest statesmanship. In place of the *Sittlichkeit* that was to incline nations in ever-increasing measure to act towards each other as 'gentlemen', she has substituted *Furchtbarkeit*—'frightfulness'—the word which was deliberately chosen by the German Emperor for the purpose of recalling the less shocking example of Attila and his horde of Huns.

But the trouble did not begin in Belgium. We must go further back for such an historical survey as may be possible within the limits of this paper.

At the beginning of the chapter immediately preceding stands the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand. But there were several chapters previous to that; and due weight must be given to the argument of the other side when it contends that the murder at Sarajevo was only the culmination of a long series of Serbian conspiracies against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The question is one of predominance in South-Eastern Europe, and the change of policy inaugurated by the German Emperor, in that as in other directions, is strikingly brought home to us when we remember that Bismarck would not have been interested. Of the Bulgarian affair in 1885 he had said that it was 'not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier'. The leading motive of the assassination was doubtless resentment at the way Austria had behaved in the lawless annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. It was then that the Emperor William took his stand beside his ally 'in shining armour'. Russia had been effectually weakened by her experiences in the Japanese War, and it must have been a great humiliation to her, in a matter where Slavic interests were concerned, to be threatened with hostilities by Germany in the event of her attempting to take military action against Austria. To Britain the whole thing meant very little; the ordinary Englishman was accustomed to think of the Balkans question as lying beyond his sphere of interests, and as wholly unintelligible. What we had to complain of afterwards was the extraordinary character of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, and the circumstances in which it seems to have been conceived.

It is significant, to begin with, that nothing was said about it at Vienna to any of the foreign diplomats, except the German Ambassador. He knew all about the message before it was sent off, and is said to have 'endorsed every line of it'. If it had not been formally communicated beforehand to the Foreign Secretary at Berlin or the Imperial Chancellor, its terms were known to the Emperor and to the representatives of the war-party, who were engaged in the congenial operation of pushing him on to a point from which he could not draw back. There is a Prussian ring in the tone of the Austrian message, with its headings and sub-headings, its prescribed formulæ for the Serbian reply, and its demand for an answer within forty-eight hours. All other competitors for the title of the 'champion-bully of Europe' may withdraw in favour of those who concocted this uncompromising document!

It was really aimed at Russia and the *status quo* in the Balkans; and the expectation may have been that Russia would take it as quietly as she had taken the Austrian violation of the Treaty of Berlin six years before. Responding to the pressure brought to bear upon her, Serbia forwarded a reply in which she sought to give satisfaction, asking at the same time for a reference, as regarded one of the conditions, to the International Court at The Hague. This was rejected by Austria, and her representatives were instructed to leave the Serbian capital without delay. The first efforts of Russian diplomacy thereafter were directed towards securing an extension of the time-limit allowed by Austria. This was refused. Thereupon Sir Edward Grey made more than one suggestion (July 25 and 26) for conference and mediation—Russia undertaking to stand aside, and to leave the matter in the hands of

the four neutral nations, France, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy. But the attitude of Germany, as declared with a significant element of contradiction by her various representatives, was that she agreed with her ally in regarding the quarrel as a 'purely Austrian concern with which Russia had nothing to do'.¹

Obviously it was here that the European train left the rails, and we know now where to place the responsibility, with all its unspeakable consequences, for refusing to accept the Serbian reply even as a basis of negotiation. If each and every one of the Powers had been sincerely and genuinely interested in the maintenance of peace, they could surely have attained their ends at this stage by the simple process of getting round a table for conference and discussion. The horror of the *dénouement* is intensified by the fact, subsequently communicated by our representative at Vienna, that some change of heart had made Austria willing in the end to reopen conversations with Russia on the basis of the Serbian reply. But meanwhile there had been mutterings of mobilization, and Germany's ultimatum to France and to Russia rendered a peaceful settlement impossible.

Whether it can be proved or not—with the material at present available—that the military faction at Berlin was working for the war which it had so long gloated over in imagination, there can be no doubt that Germany must take the blame of having blocked the proposed conference. It is said by his apologists that the Emperor laboured sincerely to the end—working along a private path of his own—in the cause of peace. But it must be asked, with all deference, what right he had to any

¹ Contrast the German White Book which says (p. 4) that Germany was 'perfectly aware that a possible warlike attitude of Austria-Hungary against Serbia might bring Russia into the field'.

private path when the peace of Europe was known to be trembling in the balance? This is where we might have expected to hear from the various Peace and Arbitration Societies, especially on the continent of America. With all respect to the obligations of the official neutrality so carefully laid down at Washington—obligations which individual Americans like ex-President Eliot have found it hard to observe—the question naturally suggests itself why those who have worked so devotedly for peace have not as yet raised their voices, no matter how ineffectually, in protest against the influences which refused to invoke the concert of Europe in the only way by which war might have been avoided. By keeping silence they seem to me to have rendered much of their previous work ineffective and of no account in 'practical politics'. They are in danger of effacing themselves.

It is surely not uncharitable to say that if Germany had really wanted war, she could hardly have taken a better method of achieving her purpose. Her previous record is not such as to inspire confidence. It is unnecessary to refer to her dealings with Denmark in 1864, with Austria in 1866, or with France in 1870. There is little credit in having kept the peace for forty years if it can be shown that you have generally got what you wanted by merely rattling your sabre. Germany was saved from the crime of a second attack on France in 1875. Coming nearer our own times, it is now an established fact of history that she would have profited by our difficulties to intervene in the South African War if it had not been for the British Navy. In 1905 she imposed her will on France, and brought about the resignation of Monsieur Delcassé, just before the Algeiras Conference. In 1908 the Emperor took his stand

'in shining armour' beside his Austrian ally, whom he abetted in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. And in 1911 came the incident of the *Panther* and *Agadir*, in connexion with which we were told by Monsieur Barthou in Montreal that, if France had been saved from invasion, she 'owed it solely to the steadfast loyalty of her English allies'. To-day Germany is giving proof of the thoroughgoing character of her preparations for war. Nothing need be said of her navy-building, in regard to which the Emperor indited, early in 1908, a long letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty which was obviously designed to lull him into a false sense of security. The German navy was being built purely for defensive purposes, and England was making herself ridiculous, in the Kaiser's opinion, by taking any account of it! For these defensive purposes an increased expenditure of one million sterling per annum was authorized in 1912 for a period of six years. How fortunate it is for us that when war broke out the British Navy was found ready to concentrate in the North Sea, which we shall no longer call by its alternative name the 'German Ocean'!

Nor is it necessary to dwell on Germany's activities along other lines, such as the construction of strategical railways converging on the Dutch and Belgian frontiers, the provision of increased facilities for transports at ports of embarkation, the building in foreign territory of concrete emplacements for heavy siege-guns, the amazing volume of war-literature that issued every year from her publishing houses, culminating in Bernhardt's book, *Germany and the Next War*, the institution of a far-reaching system of espionage by which she sought to pry into the naval and military secrets of other nations, and read them like an open book. She turned

a deaf ear, as the Liberal party, under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, learned to its cost, to all suggestions for a reduction of armaments. She showed herself no friend to any of the proposals, especially in regard to mine-laying and bomb-throwing, by which it was sought at the Hague conferences to mitigate in advance the actual horrors of war. And Mr. Asquith has told us quite recently that when, in 1912, his Cabinet thought it wise to approach her with an assurance that we would neither make nor join in any unprovoked attack upon her, declaring that 'aggression upon Germany is not the subject, and forms no part, of any treaty, understanding, or combination to which Britain is now a party, nor will she become a party to anything that has such an object', she had the audacity to turn round and ask the British Government to abandon the Triple Entente altogether and give her a pledge of absolute neutrality should she become engaged in any war. She asked us, in fact—as Mr. Asquith put it—to give her 'a free hand' when she should choose her own time 'to overbear and dominate the European world'! And when Mr. Asquith made this disclosure (October 2, 1914), the *North-German Gazette*, with true German logic, drew the inference that 'the English Government was already in 1912 determined under all circumstances to take part in a European war on the side of Germany's enemies'!

This record is hardly calculated, as has been said above, to inspire confidence. It does not predispose us to accept without demur the statement made by Professors Haeckel and Eucken, when they complained, 'Our foes have disturbed us in our peaceful work, forcing the war upon us very much against our desire'. Poor injured innocents! We are more inclined to view

the outbreak of the war in the light of other utterances, such as that of von der Goltz, who said that the German statesman would show himself a traitor to his country who, believing war to be inevitable and being himself ready for it, failed to get beforehand with the enemy by striking the first blow ; or the notorious Bernhardi, who made a more or less secret tour through the United States a year or two ago, addressing exclusively German societies, and telling them exactly what was going to happen and how it was going to be done. Bernhardi's book includes, among many other gems, the following : ' All which other nations attained in centuries of natural development—political union, colonial possessions, naval power, international trade—was denied to our nation until quite recently. What we now wish to obtain must be *fought for*, against a superior force of hostile interests and powers.' And again : ' Let it be the task of our diplomacy so to shuffle the cards that we may be attacked by France, for then there would be a reasonable prospect that Russia for a time would remain neutral. . . . If we wish to bring about an attack by our opponents, we must initiate an active policy which, without attacking France, will so prejudice her interests or those of England that both these States would feel compelled to attack us. Opportunities for such procedure are offered both in Africa and in Europe.' At Zabern, for instance, and in Morocco ! Surely Professor Gilbert Murray hit the mark when he described such programmes as ' the schemes of an accomplished burglar expounded with the candour of a child '.

Nietzsche correctly expressed the prevailing German point of view when, instead of saying that a good cause sanctifies every war, he laid down the maxim that a good war justifies and sanctifies every cause ! ' War

and courage', he went on to say, 'have done greater things than love of your neighbour.' Germany has been brought up to believe in war, not as a disagreeable necessity but as a high political instrument and a supreme test of national character. Imperial security for her implies the power of taking the aggressive, without consideration for the rights of others or her own good faith, wherever her interests or her national pride may seem to suggest. The latest utterance of Maximilian Harden has let the cat out of the bag even in regard to this war. 'We willed it', he says; 'we had to will it. Our might will create a new law for Europe. It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius, then the priesthoods of all the gods will praise the good war. . . . Now that Germany's hour has struck she must take her place as the leading Power. Any peace which did not win her the first position would be no reward for her efforts.' Here we have the most recent expression, naked and unashamed, of the 'swelled-headedness' and megalomania which have brought our German friends to believe that they have a Heaven-sent mission to dominate the whole world. The leadership of Europe is what they have been after all the time, to begin with. And here the overthrow of France and England was a necessary preliminary. As to France, Bernhardi had shown how, after a resistless rush through Belgium, Germany was to 'square her account with France and crush her so completely that she could never again come across our path'. And in the same spirit Treitschke, who believed a collision with England to be inevitable, had warned his countrymen that the 'settlement with England would probably be the longest and the most difficult'. It is as a consequence of following the will-o'-

the-wisp of a German world-wide empire that Germany has been brought to the pass in which she stands to-day. And when official verification can be secured of the various statements which go to prove that the war party in Berlin was confidently counting on war long before it actually broke out, and had carefully calculated how and when it could best profit from the difficulties by which other nations, notably England, were known to be embarrassed, little or nothing will be required to make the story complete. When told, it may even help to reconcile the German people themselves to the defeat and discomfiture which they so richly deserve.

But even with our present knowledge of the facts, is it not amazing to us that Germany should seek to fasten the blame on the other side, when she herself had drawn up such an advance programme as that which has just been described? Take England, for instance. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that there is no country in the world that has a greater interest than England in the continued maintenance of peace. She wants nothing from anybody—except to be let alone. She certainly would not have been likely, on any flimsy pretext, to provoke a conflict with her best customer. But the Germans insist that she had two motives for going to war against them: first, alarm at the rapid growth of their navy; and second, envy and jealousy on account of the marvellous expansion of German trade and commerce. No doubt the rivalry in naval armaments, where the pace has been set by Germany, has for the last ten or twelve years been a tremendous strain on England, especially under a Government that would far rather have spent the money on something else; but she was doing fairly well in the competition, and with the Dominions ranging themselves at her side she would

soon have had nothing more to fear. As to commercial rivalry, can any one imagine Sir Edward Grey sitting down at the supreme moment to calculate the volume of trade in the Balkans, or who would get the business along the line of the Bagdad railway? No: his loyal and devoted efforts were directed exclusively to averting the horrors of war from Europe. The fact that Mr. Bernard Shaw has recently been saying something different should be received everywhere as a new proof of the truth of the proposition. England's obvious military unpreparedness ought to be the best answer to any suggestion that she was planning for war. The argument against her is being conducted to a large extent by persons who profess to have a well-founded belief in her treachery, her selfishness, her hypocrisy, and, above all, her decadence and degeneracy. Here my friends the professors have filled an absolutely surprising rôle. One has to remember, however, that degeneracy may overtake institutions as well as nations. You would not go to the German universities to-day for a free and unfettered expression of opinion about matters in which the German Government was directly interested. The influence of the military autocracy, which has permeated all strata of society, has extended itself to the institutions of higher learning—yes, and to the churches as well. Many of the leading professors are Privy Councillors, and cannot always exercise the privilege of independent thought. They have followed too literally Treitschke's direction to 'be governmental', and have done much to justify Mommsen's fears as to what would happen to the German people if militarism were allowed to take captive every other element. How can we otherwise explain Eucken and Hacckel? Here are some of their findings: 'Undoubtedly the German invasion in Bel-

gium served England as a welcome pretext to openly declare her hostility ;' and again, 'England's complaints of the violation of international law are the most atrocious hypocrisy and the vilest Pharisaism.'

To these two I add Ostwald, who appears to have had a beatific vision of Germany enthroned in Central Europe, with the other nations grouped around her, and as a counterpoise on the American continent the United States, with Canada to the north and the Latin republics to the south, leaning up against her, as it were, in deferential pose. He also seems to approve of a sort of 'merger' or 'combine' for all small nations, while wishing to apply the reverse process in the case of Russia. Here are some of Ostwald's utterances : 'The further end of destroying the source from which for two or three centuries all European strifes have been nourished and intensified, namely, the English policy of world dominion. . . . I assume that the English dominion will suffer a downfall similar to that which I have predicted for Russia, and that under these circumstances Canada would join the United States, the expanded republic assuming a certain leadership with reference to the South American republics.

'The principle of the absolute sovereignty of the individual nations, which in the present European tumult has proved itself so inadequate and baneful, must be given up and replaced by a system conforming to the world's actual conditions, and especially to those political and economic relations which determine industrial and cultural progress and the common welfare.'

We had Ostwald's son lecturing for us at McGill last winter, when we little dreamed that such were the sentiments of his distinguished father. What a collapse of all our hopes of international academic solidarity!

And the odd thing is that the Germans should profess to believe that it is *we* who have been scheming for *their* downfall ! It is a relatively unimportant incident, but as I have mentioned McGill I may place on record in these pages the fact that when that university had the honour of welcoming, a few years ago, the highest lady in the land, these words were used : ' Nowhere is there a fuller realization than in our national universities of the debt we owe to the country which has sent us a daughter so distinguished : and our prayer is that in the coming time Britain may march forward along the path of progress in none but amiable relations with a friendly Germany.' We may have been wrong in our forecast of the future, but our sincerity cannot be questioned by any of the professors from whom I have just quoted. And the sentiment which found sincere utterance in Montreal would have been similarly expressed in every university centre throughout the Empire. Why, then, are we treated as though we had been harbouring ill-will and hatred in our hearts ? This seems to me to be even more insulting than the suggestion so constantly made by our German critics, to the effect that Britain's day is done, that the sceptre she has won by doubtful methods is now falling from her nerveless grasp, that the Empire of which we can boast to-day ' does not correspond to the vital power of Great Britain to defend it ', and that she had better prepare to make way for a stronger successor, ready and able to take over her business ! Never perhaps in all history have we had a better case for the application of the old saw, *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat* : Those whom God wishes to destroy he first deprives of reason !

What are the lessons which we in Canada should

draw from the war? I rejoice that we have shown by our acts that we regard it as a Canadian war. It is in very truth what the British Blue-books have been referring to for years as a 'war in defence of the Empire'—a possibility suddenly converted into a fact. There is no use in going back on the past, though personally I hope that the type of person will disappear from our midst who used to spend all his energies in calculating what Canada would do in the (very remote) contingency of 'England embarking on a war of which the Canadian Parliament could not approve'. He could not get it out of his head that the question he had to consider was whether he would 'help the old country' instead of whether he would or would not fight for his life! For all the time the foe was at our gates. What brought the true inwardness of the situation home to every one in Canada (except, of course, Mr. Bourassa), and to the other overseas Dominions as well, was the spectacle of the German Ambassador in London trying to bargain with the British Government that, if England would only remain neutral, Germany would promise not to take any more of the soil of France, but *only the French colonies*. If the French colonies now, why not the English next? It may be hoped that, with further progress in the direction of imperial organization—still along the line of voluntary co-operation—we shall get rid now of the phrase which has so long disfigured the official publications of the Imperial Conference: 'Should any of the Dominions desire to assist in the defence of the Empire at a time of real danger'. That is surely a worn-out formula, imposed on a scrupulous home-Government by the apathy and half-heartedness of colonial statesmen.

Even a warlike paper such as this must not be allowed

to close without a word of praise for so doughty an antagonist. That the British are good sportsmen is proved by their admiration for the exploits of the German commander of the *Emden*. We cannot praise other things the Germans have done in the course of this war—their spying and lying, their mine-laying, their indiscriminate bomb-throwing, their destruction of public buildings and artistic treasures, their terrorizing of the civil population, their military execution of hostages and their brigand-like levy of huge ransoms from the cities through which they have passed. In olden times the robber-chief would build his castle at the head of some narrow defile, so as to take toll of all who went that way ; but his modern representative moves his minions from one place to another, and presents his bill of expenses as he goes ! These are certainly unwelcome results of the German love of thoroughness. There is much disillusionment in store for the Germans in the near future. At present they can see nothing but red. And they seem to believe everything they are told—which perhaps, after all, is not very much. It is an astounding fact that while the British Foreign Office has included in its Blue-book, and has spread broadcast over the whole world, an official translation of the German White-book, giving the German account of the origin of the war, its German translation of the British White Paper (in which the documents are left to speak for themselves) *has to be smuggled into Germany*. Such a state of things cannot long continue. Meanwhile we can even afford to admire the spectacle of a great nation rallying round its ruler under the inspiration of an overwhelming national sentiment. The crowd that attacked the British Embassy at Berlin only knew what it had been told : its demeanour contrasted unfavourably with

that of those who gathered outside Buckingham Palace at the time of the declaration of war—not jubilant and shouting, but calm, quiet, and determined. And the so-called ‘ mercenaries ’ whom Britain sent forward into the firing-line were and are much better posted in the facts of the case than the German conscript, hurried off with his identification disk almost before he has had time to learn who it is that he is going to fight, and where. But Germany has indeed shown a united front, which it will maintain till questions begin to be asked and answered. Then will come a rude awakening. The national conscience cannot be left for ever in the keeping of the bureaucracy at Berlin. The German system of administration is one of the most efficient, if not the most efficient, in the world. In fact I am sometimes inclined to think that six months of German rule would be a very good thing for many of us—say in the Province of Quebec ! But it carries with it a certain suppression of individuality which would not find favour with us. The average citizen in Germany is over-apt to take his views from those whom he looks up to as the authorized and accredited representatives of the nation. He has too small a voice in the regulation of his own affairs. Especially in connexion with such an issue as the one under discussion, it is the bureaucracy that does the main part of the work in the moulding of public opinion.

That is why, in spite of all our admiration for German thoroughness and efficiency, we need not abase ourselves before the German system. We admire their patriotism and their utter self-surrender at the call of country. We can learn much from their skill in organization, their intensity of purpose, their devotion to work, their moral earnestness, and their achievements in the field of science and art and letters. But on our side we have also some-

thing to show—some claims to consideration that ought to save us from organized misrepresentation and hate. The Empire which has come into collision with Germany is also the fruit of high moral as well as great practical qualities, which have extorted the admiration, if sometimes also the envy, of the world. We do not recognize ourselves when we are told that we are merely a ‘robber state’, which for centuries has prospered as the ‘bully of Europe’—we who have fought and bled for freedom since the days of the Great Charter down to Napoleon! Our watchword is Liberty rather than dominion; and self-governing institutions are to us the breath of life. We have no sympathy with the methods or ideals of absolutism and autocratic government. Within the boundaries of our Empire peoples of widely different origin, and at various stages of civilization, are free to develop themselves spontaneously, and without domineering interference, to the highest of which they may be capable. We do not understand any of the new-fangled jargon about the State being superior to ordinary considerations of morality, and about its material interests being the one rule that transcends even the obligations of conscience. To us good is good, and evil is evil, alike for the community and for the individuals of whom the community consists. We take no part in the worship of mere might, or force, or power, and we do not share in the cult which makes war an immutable law of humanity. ‘The living God will see to it’, said Treitschke, ‘that war shall always recur as a terrible medicine for mankind.’ This dictum may summarize one aspect of the philosophy of history, but when it is applied in the concrete as a justification or explanation of the atrocities we are witnessing to-day, our souls revolt against it. We want to help to dethrone

that evil spirit of militarism which, rooted as it is in the bad traditions of a ruthless past, has spread its baleful influence all over Germany. The world will breathe more freely if we can establish an international alliance against military despotism, so that never again shall it be in the power of a small group of individuals to work such havoc with the bodies and souls of men. The supreme compensation we shall claim when the day of reckoning comes is that there shall be a pause in the mad race of armaments. England has tried for this before, but now she will speak, let us hope, with the voice of united Europe. As Mr. Frederic Harrison has put it, in his recent pamphlet on 'The Meaning of the War', 'If the armies of Germany and Austria, of Russia and of France, are by international conventions and European law reduced to moderate proportions, the blood tax will be taken off the nations of the world. The peaceful union of a European confederation may begin to be a reality, and at last the progress of civilization may advance in security, free from the nightmare of perpetual expectation of war.'

Meanwhile, till that time—the real 'Day'—arrives, we can all with the utmost confidence, each and every one among us, repeat as our own the words of the Prime Minister of England, when he said: 'I do not believe that any nation ever entered into a great controversy—and this is one of the greatest history will ever know—with a clearer conscience and stronger conviction that it is fighting, not for aggression, not for the maintenance even of its own selfish interest, but that it is fighting in defence of principles the maintenance of which is vital to the civilization of the world'.



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ASIA AND THE
WAR

BY

A. E. DUCHESNE

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PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 351

PROBLEM SET 1

Due: Monday, September 10, 2012

1. (10 points)

Consider a particle of mass m moving in a potential $V(x)$.

The potential is given by $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2$.

Find the energy levels E_n for $n = 0, 1, 2, 3$.

2. (10 points) Consider a particle of mass m moving in a potential $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}bx^4$.

ASIA AND THE WAR

IN any consideration of the Asiatic attitude towards the present conflict Turkey must on no account be lost sight of. During the centuries that the Turks have maintained a footing in Europe they have never lost their Asiatic characteristics. Nor have they altogether forgone their Asiatic ambitions any more than they have been deprived of their Asiatic possessions. The strongest claim of Turkey to the general adherence of the Mohammedan world rests on the belief that the Sultan of Turkey is, as such, the Khalif, the head of Islam.

It is true that as the only Mohammedan sovereign admitted to the comity of European nations, as the last representative of that tremendous conquering impulse which at one time threatened to subdue the West, and as the visible embodiment of the old tradition of Mohammedan supremacy, the Sublime Porte expects and receives the homage of Mohammedans of every country. Nevertheless it is a mistake to suppose that the Sultan has always and everywhere been recognized as the Khalif. It is essential that the Khalif be an Arab of the tribe of Kareish, the tribe of Mohammed the prophet. On this point Islam is unchangeable, and its doctors agree. The orthodox text-books are unanimous on the point. The Delhi text-book says: 'It is a necessary condition that the Khalif be of the Kareish tribe.' A former Grand Mufti of Cairo states: 'It is the unanimous opinion of the ancient doctors that the Khalif must be of the Kareish tribe'.

The point is interesting historically. When Selim conquered Egypt the Khalifate ceased *ipso facto* to exist, inasmuch as the spiritual and temporal powers thereof, hitherto united in one personality, were separated. The Sultan seized the temporal and political power, whilst the spiritual power was placed in commission with the Ulema, represented in Turkey by the Sheikh-ul-Islam. That this is recognized in the Ottoman Empire is abundantly evident from the fact that no act of the Sultan, even of a political or administrative character, is valid till it has received the sanction of the Sheikh-ul-Islam. This is a practical recognition of the fact that the Ottoman dynasty, not being of the Kareish (being in fact of Central Asian and not of Arab descent at all), cannot exercise the spiritual powers of the Khalifate. The Sublime Porte has never had any recognition of its pretensions to spiritual supremacy in Arabia, Afghanistan, Morocco, Persia, or in India under the Mogul Empire.

When the 'Young Turk' revolution was accomplished, it is extremely doubtful whether the limited Khalifate enjoyed by the ex-Sultan was handed on to his successor. At any rate, very few Indian Mohammedans would now be prepared to admit that the Khalifate is vested in the Ottoman sovereign.

Nevertheless the intrigues of Prussia in Turkey owe their origin to this belief in the Turkish Khalifate and its widespread influence. If we may take von Bernhardt as in any way authoritative, we find in his book, 'Germany and the Next War', continual reference to the Pan-Islamic movement, to the supposed intrigues of England in Arabia for the creation 'of a new religious centre in opposition to the Caliphate'. Turkey is regarded as 'the only State which might seriously threaten the English position in Egypt by land'. Again :

'It is our interest to reconcile Italy and Turkey as far as we can.' 'Turkey is an essential member of the Triple Alliance.' 'Turkey is of paramount importance to us. She is our natural ally; it is emphatically our interest to keep in close touch with her.' 'Turkey is the only Power which can threaten England's position in Egypt, and thus menace the short sea-route and the land communications to India. We ought to spare no sacrifices to secure this country as an ally for the eventuality of a war with England.' 'Pan-Islamism, thoroughly roused, should unite with the revolutionary elements of Bengal.'

Accordingly, German effort has for years past been directed towards three ends in Turkey. First, to induce in the Turks an oblivion of Britain's past championship of their cause, particularly at the Berlin Congress, and to persuade them that 'Codlin is the friend, not Short'. To this end terrible stories are circulated of the miseries of Mohammedans under British rule. The occupation of Egypt is continually referred to as flouting Turkish suzerainty, and the operations in the Soudan consistently misrepresented as a deliberate attack on Islam. It must be remembered that the Mahdist movement was essentially heretical, and certainly never had the sanction of the Ulema.

Secondly, the endeavour is to Prussianize Turkey's Army, Navy, and Finance. This has been going on steadily for years. Von Goltz's training of the Turkish army was not conspicuously successful, but Turkey is still leaning on the Prussian reed for her finance and her navy. German money, German munitions, German officers and men have been poured into Turkey. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* have become units of the Turkish fleet. Von Goltz has gone back to Constantinople. The

Sultan, 'in conformity with the Fetwas' (!) has called all Islam to a Holy War against England, France, and Russia.

Thirdly, Turkey is being urged to assert the Khalifate, to preach *Jehad* in Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, and India. This is, of course, primarily to embarrass Britain and France, but also to compel Italy's active co-operation with the Triple Alliance. Turkey, like Austria in the Schleswig-Holstein affair, is to be the catspaw of Prussia. Whatever the final result of the war, she will share Austria's then fate. She has already been in unsuccessful conflict with Russian troops on the Caucasus frontier, she has been worsted by an Indian expeditionary force in the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates Valley, she has advanced troops towards the Egyptian border. Forgetful of Bernhardt's astute advice she has gone far to embroil herself with Italy. She has experienced a foretaste of our naval methods in the sinking of the *Massoudieh* by the British submarine B 11. The Aga Khan, leader of Islamic India, has issued a manifesto in which he says: 'The action of Turkey is due to the influence of Germany. Having drawn the sword in an impious cause, Turkey ceases to be the protector of Islam, and consequently all British and Russian Moslems have the right to fight against Turkey in the armies of the countries of which they are subjects.'

So far as this country is concerned, interest naturally directs itself to Egypt and India. The absence from Egypt of Britain's strong man may perhaps tend towards the revival of that turbulent intrigue which Lord Kitchener's energy, devotion, and tact had so effectually quelled, but the situation so far would seem to present no alarming features.

In any case the disquiet in Egypt was never among the fellaheen, rapidly waxing prosperous under British

protection, but among the former instruments of tyranny and corruption, uneasy at the loss of their nefarious influence and their infamous emoluments, irritated by the restraints of the Occupying Power, and appealing to the vanished suzerainty of the Porte to support their retrograde ambitions and to cloak their sinister designs. It is among this class that Prussian intrigue has been most active. When I was in Egypt in 1906 these intrigues were frequently mentioned in conversation with my acquaintances among the trading classes in Cairo and Alexandria. This was more particularly the case with the domiciled Jews, who owe everything to British justice. Surprise was expressed that attention was not given by the British authorities to the many German, Austrian, and Levantine commercial employés who were prominent in the campaign of vilification of everything British. Doubtless, however, by this time all necessary precautions have been taken. The Khedive, by accompanying the Sultan to the opening of the Turkish Parliament, has definitely thrown in his lot with Turkey, or rather with Prussia, since it is due to the long-continued Prussian intrigue that Abbas has been consistently hostile to Britain and its representatives. The credulous Khedive was promised an independent kingdom if he abetted the Kaiser's designs. The presence in Egypt of strong Territorial and Indian contingents, and the British command of the sea, have practically rendered abortive the Turkish plan of a land advance through the Sinai peninsula. The Egyptian army is loyal. Its only discontented members are those who are not likely to have the privilege of fighting for us. A retired Egyptian officer writes in the Arabic paper *Al-Mokattam* of Cairo :

I ask you to help me to volunteer as an officer in the English army, and I am sure that if my brother officers

on the retired list were also permitted to volunteer, they would form a large army to fight under your flag in recognition of the great services you have rendered to our country.

In India there is not a cloud on the horizon. The 'revolutionary (!) elements in Bengal' have indeed united with the Mohammedans, but it is to express their honest and fervent loyalty to the Empire. The Mohammedans everywhere have shown their traditional loyalty, and indignantly protest that 'The (German) insinuation that Mussulmans are likely to prove disloyal is an impudent and dastardly libel'. A resolution of the British Moslems' Association declares :

Our Holy Faith enjoins upon us to be loyal to whatever country under whose protection we reside. Recognizing the religious liberty, equity, and justice accorded by England to the Mussulmans who dwell under its flag, we feel confident that our brethren throughout the British Empire will decline to listen to the wicked behests of Germany, and refuse to be made the tools of a selfish, brutal, and unprincipled nation, which disregards treaties, even though signed by itself, and has plunged Europe into a bloody strife.

The Association desired to affirm the Moslems' 'unflinching loyalty to King George, and to assure him that all his subjects of the Islamic faith were fully prepared and burning with a desire to shed their blood on behalf of England side by side with the sons of Islam, natives of Algeria, who were already fighting for France'. The Moslems 'now know Germany to be like *Shaitan* (the Devil)'. Prayers for British success are now offered in all the mosques throughout India.

The Prussian idea of our position in India is derived from their own psychology. Because the Prussian idea

of government is a domination to which weaker races must bow, we are pictured as holding India in the same way as the Alsatian Reichsland or Polish Prussia is held. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We do not hold India by the sword, nor could we administer it effectively in accordance with the canons of justice and tolerance if we did. It is true that we *have* fought in India. We fought against the decadent Mogul power at Plassy, against the Marathas at Assaye, against mutinous Brahmins and Moslems at Lucknow, Delhi, and Cawnpore. But in each case there were men of Indian race and Moslem or Hindu religion who fought for us. Thus our wars in India have been much less of conquest than of administration. In every one of them we have had the assistance, the cordial co-operation, of our Indian fellow subjects. Those whom we have subdued have in very brief space of time become our allies and supporters.

Men soon recognized that with all our faults we were in the main honest, and that loyal co-operation with us was the shortest road to happiness and prosperity. Even with this recognition our task has been a difficult one. Without it the attempt to impose peace, to evolve order out of chaos, to establish and enhance the prosperity of city and district, would have been doomed to ignominious failure. Differences, of course, there have been, differences of ideal, of tradition, of habit, of mode of expression; but on the whole the contact between Briton and Indian has been one of mutual esteem and appreciation. The officer sahib swears by the men of his regiment. The men regard him as their father. To the Anglo-Indian sportsman there is no one like his old shikari. The district officer is full of the many good points of his people. This appreciation is well repaid

by a touching devotion of which numberless instances could be given.

The ineffable Bernhardi, misunderstanding the position in India, says : ' England so far, in accordance with the principle of *divide et impera*, has attempted to play off the Mohammedan against the Hindu population.' I cannot do better than refer the reader to the *Asiatic Review* for August. In this Dr. Pollen, the Honorary Secretary of the East India Association, gives a complete refutation of the ' divide and rule ' theory of our Indian administration.

At the present moment a tremendous wave of enthusiasm is passing through India. It is recognized that Britain is fighting the fight of liberty, that she is actuated by the same honourable determination as keeps inviolate the treaties and agreements between the Government of India and the Feudatory States. From the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharaja of Mysore down to the smallest chieftain of Kathiawar or Scinde all the Chiefs have poured forth offers of men and money, hospital ships and equipment. The regular Indian Army is of course silent, but the Chiefs are transported with delight at being allowed the privilege of sending their own State forces to the Empire's war. Hyderabad, Bhopal, and Bahawalpur are Moslem, Mysore and Baroda are Hindu, Patiala is Sikh, the independent State of Nepaul is mainly Buddhist ; but all are of one faith in this, that they believe in the justice of our Empire's cause. The Dalai Lama has tendered Tibetan troops, and prayers are daily offered in Tibet for the success of our army.

This manly enthusiasm is not confined to the princes and nobles. The lawyers, merchants, bank employés, shopkeepers, peasants, and petty traders : all have joined in the protestations of loyalty, all have proffered

their services. The Bengali barristers desire to form a volunteer corps in Calcutta. The Parsis, who are already permitted to belong to the Poona Volunteer Corps, would dearly love to send a contingent to the front. The leading Indian citizens have guaranteed the freedom from disturbance of their districts during the war. Factions are abolished. For the first time in history the terms 'cow-slayer' and 'idolater' are banished from the Indian vocabulary. Tilak, who has suffered a long imprisonment for sedition, proclaims an admiration for the British adherence to the pledged word, and calls on his fellow countrymen, the erstwhile turbulent Marathas, to be loyal and support the Government. Surendranath Banerji and Dadabhai Naoroji, old champions of the Congress attacks on the Government, have issued similar adjurations.

Thus we may consider with every confidence that the internal peace of India is assured. Externally as long as our naval supremacy remains there is absolutely no fear of foreign aggression. The turbulent tribes on the North-West Frontier may endeavour to make themselves objectionable, but they will be very easily dealt with. The Amir of Afghanistan has loudly proclaimed his neutrality. It would indeed be the unforeseen which would require the presence in India just now of any large body of our troops.

The Indian Government, then, has done well in yielding to the expressed desire of the peoples of India that theirs should be a share in the struggle, theirs the privilege to fight side by side with the Briton in Europe as they have fought side by side with him in Asia. The Indian army has long suffered from a species of injustice, having its genesis, it is true, in equity but nevertheless galling to the proud Rajput or the martial Sikh. That

injustice was the idea that Indian troops should as little as possible be employed beyond the limits of the Indian Empire. By a sort of concession to Imperial needs we garrison Ceylon, Singapore, and Hong Kong with Indian troops, but these are insignificant exceptions. Obviously we do not wish that an army with the glorious traditions of the Indian army should degenerate into a mere band of mercenaries, paid by whatever British Dominion—now African, now Australian—required its services. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that we must not saddle the patient Indian taxpayer with the cost of defence of other dominions than his own. In the present war we are fighting for the whole British Empire and all it represents. If we go down, farewell to liberty, farewell to all the hopes and aspirations of our Indian comrades. Hence, neither of these objections weighs now. Whoever bears the actual money cost, the battle is as much in defence of India as Britain. As a matter of fact, it has now been settled that India bears such proportion of the expense as would have been incurred if the troops had not left the country, while the magnificent contribution of £333,000 from the Mysore State goes towards the cost of the actual expedition. This has the approval of all India.

The German Ambassador at Washington, referring to the subject of native soldiery, is reported to have stated that Great Britain and France had no right to condemn the Louvain outrage since they were employing coloured troops to hinder Germany's mission of culture and civilization. Such a statement, if it were made, is inexcusable. As to the Indian troops, it was well said by Lord Crewe that they were high-souled men of ancient civilization. The Rajput of 'Solar' race traces his ancestry back to a date when the Prussians were unheard

of. The Panjabi has often Greek blood in him. All are chivalrous with that unassuming chivalry which made Lord Roberts describe our soldiers in South Africa as constituting an army of gentlemen. Among the princes coming with the force are such typical Indian Chiefs as Sir Pertab Singh, the very perfect, stainless knight of Indian chivalry; the Maharaja of Bikanir, equally distinguished as an administrator, a courtier, a soldier, and a mighty hunter; the Maharaja of Patiala, head of the great Sikh State, and renowned sportsman.

From every point of view the employment of the Indian troops is to be commended. It exemplifies to the world the unity and majesty of the British Empire. It fills the soul of all India with the joy of fulfilled aspiration. It is in no sense the calling of a mercenary horde to the assistance of our tottering power, but the admission of well-tried and proven comrades to the inner brotherhood of our militant order. The magnificent proclamation of the King-Emperor, dignified, gracious, and inspired, rang like a trumpet-blast through the mists of Prussian falsehood, awaking an echo in every Indian heart. That a Biluchi and a Dogra should have been the first Indians to gain the V.C. is at once a proof of the valour and worth of all the races represented in the Indian contingent, and a tribute to the Sovereign's gracious foresight in admitting Indian soldiers to the privilege.

To those who know the East and have watched the steady growth of Japanese influence in the Western Pacific, the Japanese ultimatum gave no occasion for surprise.

In the first place Japan is under treaty obligations to this country, which she is perfectly willing, and indeed

eager, to fulfil. It is provided that there must be no disturbance of the peace in Eastern waters without Japan coming in as our ally in war as in peace. Since Germany is in a state of war with Great Britain, the presence of any armed forces of Germany—whether naval or military—in the Pacific regions gives very good reason for Japanese intervention. To take measures ‘to remove the causes of all disturbance of peace in the Far East’ is not only to act in accordance with the terms of the treaty of alliance, but also to safeguard Japanese and Chinese interests. Ostensibly it is unfair that European warfare should be waged in Asiatic waters or on Asiatic soil. The disturbance to the comity of nations Asiatic caused by the presence of forces of the belligerent powers on the China coast need not be endured by those nations if any one of them is strong enough to enforce her will on either of the Powers concerned. It is merely parallel to what would happen in similar circumstances on the Eastern Pacific or the Atlantic if the United States decided to act under their Monroe Doctrine.

But there is no doubt that Japan had other and more personal reasons which urged her to action against Germany. It is to German intervention that Japan, with much reason, attributes the snatching of Port Arthur out of her victorious grasp after the Chino-Japanese war. To Germany is debited the cost in blood and treasure of recovering that influence in Manchuria which Japan considers to be rightly hers. It is significant that the Japanese ultimatum was worded almost precisely in the terms of Germany’s notice to Japan over Port Arthur.

Further, any action taken against Germany is bound to be very popular with all classes in Japan. At the time of the Boxer troubles the military men noted, and

have not forgotten, the contrast between the British and Prussian treatment of Asiatics. Even Japanese officers of position were exposed to the boorishness which seems inseparable from the Prussian attitude towards those considered inferior. At times the friction threatened to become serious, and British self-effacement in allowing a Prussian officer to be generalissimo of the combined forces occasioned surprise and a certain amount of adverse comment. The German interference with all Japan's schemes of finance has merely inspired the sublime Oriental patience of the Japanese, who are content to wait till the hour has struck for reprisals. That hour has now struck.

At the present moment the German navy may be ruled out as an effective world force. The fall of Tsing-Tao and the passing of Kiau-Chau out of German hands, followed by the destruction off the Falkland Isles of the Kiau-Chau squadron, has afforded a very practical justification of Japan's intervention. The Mikado's Government has with true instinct refrained from embarrassing us by any designs on Samoa, the Carolines, or New Guinea, and has given up to Australasia the islands which she had for strategic reasons taken from Germany.

New Zealand has already annexed German Samoa, and Australia has taken New Guinea. A German *pied-à-terre* so near the Australian coast has always been a source of disquietude to the island-continent. We have perhaps already forgotten that thirty years ago a vigorous Queensland Administration did annex Papua, but the move was disowned by the British Colonial Office, and Australia has ever since lamented that ill-judged weakness.

Japan's action is striking evidence of the world-wide antagonism which Prussian aims and methods have

aroused. The whole of Asia applauds the Mikado's prompt decision. The reception by the Japanese of General Barnardiston, lately in command of the British Tsing-Tao Force, is proof of the cordial understanding existing between us and our Far Eastern Allies.

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SCANDINAVIA AND
THE WAR

BY

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EDITORIAL NOTE

THE following articles are reprinted from the *Morning Post*, by the courteous permission of the proprietor. The author is peculiarly fitted to speak with knowledge, and at the same time with impartiality, on the subject of Scandinavian hopes and fears. His articles will probably come as a revelation to many even of those Englishmen who have visited Scandinavia. In this country too little attention has been paid to Scandinavian politics, although the achievements of the Scandinavian countries in literature, in sculpture, and in the sciences are better known and more admired by Englishmen than Dr. Bjorkman is aware.

H. W. C. D.

SCANDINAVIA AND THE WAR

I

FIRST of all, I must point out that, literally speaking, there is no Scandinavia as yet. There is a Scandinavian peninsula and a Scandinavian group of nations, but nothing that may be regarded as a political, economical, or even geographical entity. It is convenient, of course, to have a term that can be applied collectively to the three northern kingdoms; and to the world at large such a term has more validity than the nations comprised within it seem willing to admit. At home, in the United States, I find it next to impossible to make my closest and most intelligent friends remember whether, by birth, I am a Swede, a Norwegian, or a Dane. When I set them right, they answer commonly: 'Well, what is the difference anyhow?' Scandinavians are apt to take offence at an attitude which they regard as expressive of nothing but ignorance. To me that attitude is a most significant symptom, indicating that differences which seem very radical at close quarters may seem quite negligible at a distance. And no matter how much importance the Scandinavians themselves attach to the divergence of their respective natures and interests, an impartial outside observer can only conclude that all divergences are outweighed by their community of race and culture, their practical community of language, their extensive, although far from total, community of political position, and their steadily increasing community of economic interests. In any crisis they find themselves in a position almost

identical with that of Holland and Belgium, which countries, although separated by much greater racial distinctions, are constantly made to feel that the independence of one is essential to the independence of the other.

All this I grant, and the truth of it is more and more being brought home to those whom it principally concerns. In fact, I hope that one of the good results produced by the present upheaval will be to make the Scandinavians fix their gaze on what they have in common rather than on their differences. But, to understand the bearing of the great war on their countries, it is absolutely necessary to keep in mind that they still think and speak and act as Swedes, Norwegians, or Danes, and not primarily as Scandinavians. All of them are just now seriously agitated by hopes as well as fears; but their hopes and fears are not identical except in one point—that they are above all desirous of preserving their national integrity and independence. To make clear the distinctions modifying that common, general desire, I shall consider the three nations separately in their relation to the present crisis, as well as to the new international situation likely to spring from it.

Geographically Denmark belongs to the Continent rather than to the Scandinavian peninsula. But for racial differences it would form a logical part of the German Empire. And to Germany the advantages of such a union would be tremendous. It would turn the Baltic into a German lake, and multiply the chances for a bold stroke at England. It would give Germany the sailors she so badly needs. At the same time it would make it harder than ever for Sweden and Norway to maintain a complete independence, even if they were never openly attacked. In fact, Denmark would be so

valuable as a German province that I think its conquest would long ago have been made one of the main German objectives but for England. Denmark fears Germany, of course, and fears her more than any other Power. But that fear is mixed with hatred, too—a hatred that has lost very little of its intensity by the passing of fifty years since the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein were taken by Germany. Racially and linguistically one of those provinces, Holstein, had always been German and could be rightly claimed by a united Germany. The southern part of Sleswick had and has a mixed population, with the German element in ascendancy. Northern Sleswick was, and practically is still, as Danish as the island of Fünen. Had Germany been content to take Holstein and the German districts of Sleswick, the rancour caused by that seizure might not have been of long duration. But Germany took the whole of Sleswick; and what has been done during the last fifty years to uproot all traces of Danish nationality within that province goes far beyond anything done by the Russians in Poland and Finland, or by the Austrians in their Slavonic and Italian provinces. And however willing Denmark might have been to forget, the sufferings inflicted—and inflicted in vain—on the Danes of Sleswick have prevented it from doing so.

Though Denmark has always been akin to Germany in civilization, and though the economical community of interest between the two countries has been steadily increasing, the prevailing Danish attitude toward Germans remains distrustful to the verge of open hostility. For a long period of years the political life of Denmark was coloured and warped by the struggle between conflicting opinions as to what could and should be done to protect the badly exposed capital against the menace

of German conquest. On the other hand, Denmark has been drawn more and more toward England, not only because here Denmark has found one of her best markets, but because of its keen realization that England more than any other Great Power has an interest in protecting a country which may be said to hold the only key to the Baltic and one of the main keys to the North Sea. The events of 1801 and 1807 have grown very vague in memory ; and it is probably the Fleet of Great Britain which more than anything else has drawn the friendship of Denmark. At the same time, Denmark alone among the Scandinavian countries has established friendly relations with Russia. The original cause was sentiment—and the Danes are at once very sentimental and very practical—based on the marriage of a Danish Princess to the Heir to the Russian Throne. But this friendship has acquired more and more of a practical import with the growth of Russian hostility toward Germany and friendliness toward England. Thus it is not surprising that in the present conflict the sympathies of the Danish people turn almost exclusively toward the Allied cause.

But just because of these sympathies, which are not unknown in Berlin, the little country to the north, with a population of less than three millions, and with open shores, that lie almost within gunshot of the German coast, has been forced to maintain its neutrality as punctiliously as did Belgium. I do not think anything but a direct invasion of her territory could bring Denmark to forget the caution enforced by her dangerous proximity to the most unscrupulous of the warring Powers. That all fears for Denmark's safety are not directed southward will probably surprise Englishmen very much. But several travellers recently returned from Denmark assure me that one of the most harrowing apprehen-

sions of the Danish people is the possibility of England's trying to establish a naval base on Danish ground. 'Harrowing' is the word deliberately used, because the Danes feel that under such circumstances they would be forced to fight beside their natural enemies against their natural friends and allies. The time when such a fear might have been warranted is long gone by; and just now, when a sense of responsibility on behalf of Belgium has so largely caused England's decision to take up arms, such a fear is particularly groundless. A step of that kind, however advantageous in some ways, would in other ways prove all but fatal to the cause of the Allies. And this fact ought to be as clear to Denmark as I know it is to England. What, then, can make the Danes, against their will and against all reason, cling to this fear? Well, here we have another evidence of German 'diplomacy'. False statements with regard to England's intentions have no doubt been sedulously circulated—and this has been done not only in Denmark, but in Norway as well, where fears of exactly the same kind have been encountered by numerous trustworthy and well-informed travellers. Of course, we know that, if Danish distrust of England be explicable though unwarranted, such a fear on the part of Norway must be held nothing less than ridiculous. But it is there, it has to be counted with, and it should be dispelled.

To return to the more deep-lying Danish friendliness toward the Allies, this is probably strengthened by a realization on the part of Denmark that this may be not only its best but its only chance of recovering Sleswick. But, as I have already said, the Danes are intensely practical in spite of their sentimentality (their practical tendency being enforced by a strongly-developed sense

of humour), and they realize no less clearly that a head-long plunge into the whirlpool of war might at the best prove a very expensive way of achieving their cherished goal. To what extent they entertain any hopes of getting what they want without fighting for it I do not know. But should the Allies prove completely victorious in the end, as I believe they will, it would, particularly on the part of England, be good business, if nothing more, to insist on the belated return of the Danish part of Sleswick to the country of which it forms a natural adjunct.

Because of her position, sheltered by the Koelen mountains on the one side and by the Atlantic on the other, with Sweden acting as a buffer toward Russia and Denmark toward Germany, Norway remains almost unconcerned by the war as long as the two sister nations are unaffected and England does not suddenly desert a policy that has become expressive of one of Norway's main ideals. I do not think much account needs to be taken of any Norwegian fears of England, however much Germany may strive to foster them. But it is always better to meet such fears half-way, and England should not deem it beneath her dignity to do so. More than immediate defeat or victory is at stake just now. A new order of things is likely to emerge from this ordeal of fire. And, when this happens, the nature of the new order may depend in no little degree on the confidence reposed in England by the smaller nations. Such a confidence takes time to develop, though it may disappear in a moment; and it is more determined by public gossip than by the inside knowledge of men in power. Norway's fear of being dragged into the fight by one of the other two Scandinavian countries is much more real and much more significant. But there is a silver

lining to this cloud. In this case German inability to analyse human nature has again frustrated German hopes and intrigues. For years the German Emperor has done his best to win the heart of Norway, and I fear he has long deemed it well won. It is notorious that, while the Norwegians were still struggling to rid themselves of the union with Sweden, the Emperor repeatedly encouraged them, while at the same time he professed the utmost love for the Swedes and his particular good friend the aged King Oscar. I have never had any fault to find with the desire of the Norwegians to be completely independent (which they were not within the Union); but I know that they were more than once on the point of going to war for what could be had peacefully, and I suspect that their trust in German support may have had something to do with their impetuosity.

When the dissolution of the Union actually took place in 1905, war was averted; but relations between the two nations became badly strained, and remained so until not very long ago. As late as last spring several Norwegian poets of high standing bewailed in provocative verses the fact that the fight with Sweden had not come off in 1905. And one might have expected that a fratricidal war on the Scandinavian peninsula would be among the first results of the opportunity offered by the general *mêlée* on the Continent. But instead the Swedes and the Norwegians behaved as if they had never had a single misunderstanding. They arrived quickly at agreements meant to dispose of all mutual fear, and to ensure a common as well as mutual neutrality in the face of anything and everything but the open violation of that neutrality by a third party. It might be said that German interest in Sweden had

exercised pressure on Norway, directly or indirectly. But even if such pressure might have averted an impending crisis, I do not think it could have produced an understanding of the scope and completeness actually existing. Now just as the wonderful common sense of those two peoples—based, I think, on an unusually developed power of imagination—had asserted itself in 1905, so it reasserted itself in this case; and by their action I believe that all possible German hopes of bringing Sweden into the fray on its own side were effectively disposed of.

But this understanding, so helpful by ridding Sweden and Norway of all mutual fear, might under certain circumstances involve both of them instead of only one. And this is the possibility which, in spite of all reassurances, keeps the Norwegians from feeling wholly secure. There are two quarters from which the danger might appear. The Russians might invade Sweden, or at least seize a naval base on the island of Gothland. The alleged designs of Russia on the northernmost part of the Scandinavian peninsula are well known to everybody who gives the least attention to international politics. I shall return to them later when discussing the position of Sweden. For the present I can dismiss them as buried under an avalanche of new events and opportunities too exciting to permit Russian attention to dwell on the distant north. I think this has been realized by the Norwegians, and that in so far as Russia still figures in their apprehensions it is rather as a temptation to Swedish aggressiveness than as a direct aggressor. And the Swedish attitude toward Russia since the beginning of the war has gone far toward dispelling the last vestige of this particular fear. It is the hold of Germany on Sweden—based on circumstances to be

related further on—which continues to cause anxiety to the Norwegians, in spite of the practically perfect guarantee furnished by the understanding between the sister nations. And this is just the point where the futility of the German intrigues shows itself. In spite of the North Cape excursions of the German Emperor, in spite of the glowing Pan-Germanism of the late Björnstjerne Björnson (whose ideas I do not mean to belittle by this reference), and in spite of the employment of Björn Björnson as the Emperor's principal Scandinavian press agent, the Norwegians do not trust the Germans very much. Perhaps a reason for this anomalous and ungrateful attitude on their part may be furnished by what happened at the time when Norway, after the separation from Sweden, was preparing to start a completely new Government of its own. The democratic and republican tendencies of the country are too well known to need mention. Yet a Monarchical Government was decided on; and it is pretty well understood that this concession was the price paid for Germany's acceptance of the new state of affairs.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that the Norwegians find it hard to believe that Germany may not force Sweden into the fight after all. The silver lining to this cloud—though it may not appear as such to Englishmen for the time being—is that the Norwegians seem to take it for granted they must fight on the same side as the Swedes. I think this feeling on their part bodes well not only for the future but for the present, as it will go far toward quieting the Swedes. The sum and substance of all this is that the Norwegians do not want to fight anybody, and that they would be particularly chagrined at having to fight for Germany against the

English. Their sympathies are beyond all doubt with the Allies. And with England Norway has probably more in common than with any other non-Scandinavian nation. To England, and to its Fleet, Norway, like Denmark, would instinctively look for support in a moment of dire need. I insist that promise of such support should be given before the fatal moment arrives, and that it should be given in the most unequivocal terms.¹ Her independence is what Norway cherishes above anything else. An assault on it is the one thing she fears. She stands more outside than her sister nations, with less to fear and less to gain from the events that are now shaking Europe to its foundations. Her incentive to neutrality is the more potent because she has recently entered on a career of industrial development that promises great things for her future. Like Sweden, she is bound to be of tremendous importance to England during the rest of this century, provided she is permitted to grow in peace and in accordance with her own nature. For this reason, if for no other, England should spare no effort to dispose of whatever fears may be still haunting her.

II

Sweden now remains to be considered. I have on purpose put Sweden last, because she needs to be dealt with at somewhat greater length. Her position is more difficult than that of Norway or even of Denmark. Her problem is more acute. Her attitude has seemed more questionable. The sympathies of Denmark are undoubtedly with the Allies, no reservation being made against Russia. The sympathies of Norway are in the

¹ The Belgian Grey Book shows that the *offer* of support has been made by England [ED.].

main with England, though Norwegians view Russia with some apprehension. The sympathies of Sweden are to a large extent with Germany, although this implies no animosity toward England, and is coupled with a great deal of genuine love for France. The key to the situation is that Sweden does not love Germany so much as she fears, and for that reason hates, Russia. The main features of Sweden's geographical situation are in themselves an explanation of the Swedish state of mind. Sweden and Norway are joined along four-fifths of their entire length, and the Koelen Ridge, which screens Norway so effectively, is of little use to Sweden in this respect, a difference rising out of the conformation of the peninsula. The sound between Sweden and Denmark is only a mile and a half wide at one point. From Germany to the southern coast of Sweden is only a short cruise. The Island of Gothland, on the eastern coast of Sweden, projects far into the Baltic, offering an equal temptation to Russia and Germany. The Aland Islands practically form a bridge from Finland to the Swedish coast just north of Stockholm. There are a dozen points along the northernmost half of Sweden where a landing of troops from Finland could be easily effected. And finally, Sweden and Russia meet at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, at a point whence a railway starts across the Koelen Mountains to an ice-free harbour on the Norwegian coast. And the region tapped by that railway contains unlimited stores of some of the best iron ores known to the world, not to mention other mineral resources and a wonderful wealth of timber.

Let us also recall a few historical data. When Sweden lost Finland to Russia in 1809 the two countries had been at war for more than two hundred years,

clashing incessantly, as did England and France up to the close of the Napoleonic era. Although the Finns have neither race nor language in common with the Swedes, Finland had never been a mere colony to Sweden. It was an integral part of Sweden, bound to her by innumerable ties. And to this day there remains in Finland a Swedish-speaking population of about 250,000. Neither the long, hopeless struggle against the unrelenting Russian advance, nor the sense of responsibility toward the Finnish people, has ever been forgotten by the Swedes. The union with Norway, achieved by Bernadotte in 1814, was meant as a compensation for the loss of Finland. In one sense it was ; in another sense it was not. Through many decades that union undoubtedly meant Swedish control of Norway's military and naval resources, as well as of Norway's foreign policy, thus bringing to Sweden added power and security. But almost from the first Norway was rebellious against an arrangement which palpably foiled her aspiration at absolute self-determination. Of the details or merits of that long family quarrel we shall not have to speak here. Suffice it to say that, in spite of all quarrelling—and foolishly, perhaps—Sweden clung to the idea of the union as a guarantee against any aggression from a third party. And it was only when the union broke in 1905 that Sweden seemed to become aware of the full extent and significance of the Russian menace. Behind this realization, warranted or not, lay undoubtedly a fear that Norway might play into the hands of Russia.

Whether the Russian menace to Sweden has ever existed cannot and need not be decided here. The probability is that it has been exaggerated by the Swedes and under-estimated by the rest of the world.

The main facts advanced by the Swedes as grounds for their apprehensions were the violent Russian attacks on Finnish nationalism, the massing of Russian troops in Finland, the revelations of Russian espionage within Sweden, and the building of railways through Finland to the common border in the extreme north—railways that could bring no reasonable commercial or industrial advantages. The Swedes also saw an increase, rather than a decrease, of bitterness in Norway, although the separation had been accomplished without bloodshed and without the open interference of any third Power.

That all these factors tended to make the position of Sweden precarious in the extreme no one can deny. To make matters still worse, the relationship to Denmark seemed also to have taken a turn for the worse—perhaps because a Danish Prince had accepted the Norwegian Throne, and perhaps because of the known Danish friendliness toward Russia. At this juncture the Swedes appeared to be seized with a sense of utter isolation. But this sense produced no discouragement. Instead, it put them on their mettle and led to an outburst of fierce determination to preserve their country and their nationality at any cost. Reforms of every kind were started or hastened. The whole people seemed to undergo a process of rebirth. Physical and moral discipline became salient characteristics where not long before laxity of every kind had reigned. A period of feverish upbuilding followed, and not only material but also human resources were subject to this process. Nevertheless the Swedes felt compelled to look abroad for help. On this point I dare not speak with too much assurance, but I believe that the nation as a whole would have been most inclined to turn westward, and especially toward England, in this search.

Both because of her large financial interests in Sweden, and because of her long-standing trouble with Russia, England must at one time have seemed the logical ally and protector. Repeatedly I have heard Swedes declare: 'England can never afford to let Russia get a foothold on the Atlantic.' Why this natural tendency never had a chance to make itself felt will be explained further on.

Another possible ally was Germany, of course, and for years a very close friendship had joined the Royal House of Sweden to the Hohenzollerns and other reigning dynasties. The present Swedish King is married to a German Princess, as was his father, and one of his sons is named after the Emperor. One of the latter's sons is named after the late King Oscar. Symptoms of this kind cannot be overlooked, even in these days of constitutional government. And the interchange of ideas has always been brisk between Sweden and Germany. In this connexion it is not without point that for many years no author has pushed to the forefront in Sweden without having his works promptly translated into German. The same is true of Norwegian and Danish works; and while it need not have formed a part of any premeditated campaign on the part of Germany, it has nevertheless had its inevitable effect—an effect that has been greatly enhanced by the contrasting English indifference to all but a small part of the Scandinavian literatures.

Considering all these circumstances, Englishmen might well be surprised, not at the extent but at the limitation of the pro-German sentiment in Sweden. The situation is both curious and entertaining—from an English viewpoint. In spite of the known leanings of the Royal House, in spite of all overtures from

Germany, in spite of military admiration of Prussian methods, in spite of the reckless agitation carried on by men like Sven Hedin, the Swedes have found it extremely hard to become enthusiastic about the Germans, whose arrogance, smug self-complacency, and unfailing tactlessness are constantly grating on them. During the war of 1870-1, for instance, Swedish sympathies were overwhelmingly with France. For all their hatred of official Russia, the Swedes have never hated the Russians as individuals. On the other hand, the feeling against the individual German has at times been so strong that I have heard of German travellers in Sweden speaking English or French in order not to reveal their nationality. Toward the Prussian military spirit and methods the people of Sweden have always manifested a profound distrust and dislike. Although strongly individualistic, the Swedes are at bottom very democratic. What, then, has given Germany the hold on Swedish sympathies which undoubtedly it has to-day? The answer is very simple: the rapprochement between Russia and England. As long as those two Powers remained mutually suspicious of each other, Sweden felt comparatively secure. The understanding between England and France was probably a disappointment, and the effect of it was augmented by the simultaneously increasing hostility between Germany and Russia. But it was only the final completion of the Triple Entente that was felt as a direct blow—the worst one received by Sweden for a long time. For with England tied to Russia, not only by diplomatic engagements but by the exigencies of her own situation, what hope could there be for Sweden in a case of Russian aggression?

If we also bear in mind the dismay caused in German

circles by the Entente—even though its full value to France may never have been realized until after the war had broken out—and the incessant activity of Germany's intriguing diplomacy, with its established policy of international embroilment and its disingenuous methods, we can hardly wonder at the attitude of Sweden to-day. By their isolation within the Scandinavian group, by the apparent or real threats of Russia, by the combination of English and Russian interests, by the intrigues of Germany, and, finally, by the violent agitation of a socially influential pro-German group at home, the Swedes have simply been driven to look upon Germany as their only remaining friend.

No Englishman who has grasped this combination of powerful influences, all of them pressing in the same direction, can fail to respect and admire the restraint shown by the Swedish people since the beginning of the present crisis. No matter what the sympathies of individuals or groups may have been, the behaviour of the nation as a whole has been scrupulously correct, nothing being undertaken in the way of mobilization, for instance, but what was absolutely required for the protection of Swedish neutrality at an extremely critical period. Nor have the Swedes at any time been betrayed into any resentment against England. On the contrary, I have been told by several Englishmen, who have recently passed through Sweden on their way to or from Russia, that they were passed the moment their nationality became known, while the passports and luggage of Germans as well as Russians were carefully examined. To be perfectly frank, however, I do not know what might have happened if the present war had not been preceded by that awakening of the Swedish nation already referred to. The Swedes present a

curious mixture of idealism and practical instincts. Both as individuals and as a nation they are seized at times by an irresistible passion for adventures, for tremendous achievements. The spirit of Charles XII is not quite dead in the country. From time to time the old dreams of world-power seem to haunt the nation, bringing it to a dangerous point of disregard for the hard realities of the current hour.

Perhaps this spirit of adventure will never depart entirely from the Swedish character. Perhaps its departure would be a distinct loss not only to the Swedes but to the world at large. But of late it has turned in a new direction, at once safer and more promising. The Swedes have begun to see visions of power based not on conquest but on internal development. The richness of their natural resources, particularly in metals, has long been known. Up to a brief time ago there seemed small hope of their extensive exploitation, because the needed fuel had to be imported. The progress of electricity has changed this situation radically. Swedish electrical engineers are counted among the best in the world to-day. The waterfalls, in which the country abounds, can now be put to use. New methods of smelting the ore have been devised and are constantly being perfected. The ore can be used at home instead of being shipped abroad. As I was coming across the ocean a few weeks ago I heard an English metallurgist remark that men of his profession expect the Swedes in less than fifty years to lead the world in steel production.

The Swedes have firmly grasped these new possibilities, in which there is adventure enough to suit their ardent souls. To make their new dreams real, they need nothing but their own ingenuity, industry, capacity

for social organization, and—security against interruption from without. No nation in the world is more passionately devoted to its own independence. This has always been true. It is now more true than ever. Freedom to pursue their own course within their own country is all that the Swedes care for—and the world at large, all mankind, will be sure to profit if this desire of theirs is not foiled. The Swedes will be neutral until forced by open infringement of their neutrality to take up arms. They will be friendly with every nation that leaves them alone—even Russia. They will be grateful for any action on the part of greater Powers tending to rid them of the fear of unprovoked aggression that has so long been haunting them. They are looking for no expansion of their territory. If Finland were offered them by the Concert of Powers to-day their answer would probably be: ‘Finland is a nation by itself and should be subject to no other nation.’ If, on the other hand, Finland were once more to become an autonomous member of a Russian Federation, with all its grievances disposed of, I think the Swedes would shed three-fourths of the nervousness that has possessed them in recent years. They do not fear a practically free Finland, tied to Russia by bonds of affection. They do fear a harassed and oppressed Finland that may be prepared as a tool against themselves.

There is in these desires of theirs no vestige of the impossible. What they ask for is eminently practicable and desirable from the viewpoint of every nation wedded to democratic principles. And, as the war goes on, I think the mood in Sweden may change considerably. There, as elsewhere, time is fighting on the side of the Allies. In the meantime nothing is wanted on the part of England but patience. But, when the time comes

to make peace, it would be well if England took steps to ensure to Sweden as well as to Norway and Denmark the neutral independence which to them means life itself. The treaty of 1855, making England and France joint guarantors of Swedish and Norwegian independence and integrity, was abrogated in 1908, because Sweden and Norway considered it injurious to their prestige. It might, however, be wise if they now accepted some similar agreement which should take into account the numerous changes that have occurred since the old treaty was signed. It would also be well, I think, if England could depart from her customary policy of proud indifference—to the extent of really trying to win the friendships of the Scandinavian nations. No one is stronger than he who can learn from his enemies. And England has much to learn from Germany. Those Scandinavian countries possess things that England needs, and will need more and more. They belong naturally to the Anglo-Saxon group—with Great Britain, the United States, and the British Colonies—rather than with Germany. So little will be needed to win them: nothing but an open declaration of intentions, a firm support of principles that have long been dear to the English mind, and some genuine interest in the life, culture, and aspirations of the three nations that have lately brought mankind gifts out of all proportion to their own numerical or political importance.

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REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY

IN THREE VOLUMES. THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON, Printed by J. Sturges, at the Black-Swan in Strand, 1704.

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THE
STAND OF LIÈGE

BY

A. NEVILLE HILDITCH

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MAPS

Between pages 20 and 21

THE STAND OF LIÈGE

The Brabant armies on the fret
For battle in the cause of liberty.

WORDSWORTH.

ON the morning of August 4, 1914, the sentinels pacing the ancient citadel of Liège, where the infantry barracks were situated, cast, no doubt, many anxious glances eastwards, where the Vesdre wound, through Verviers and Limbourg, to the German frontier. They could see in that direction, and to the south, in the direction of Luxembourg, now, they knew, in German hands, long rolling stretches of wooded upland, rising gradually to where the heights of the Ardennes bounded the prospect. The journey between London and Cologne had no stretch more charming than the twenty-five miles, dotted with pretty country-houses, picturesque villages, and busy manufactories, traversed by a stream winding along a deep and beautiful valley, between Liège and Herbesthal. In the opposite direction, to west and to north, spread the broad and fertile plains of Hesbaye and Dutch Limbourg, broken by hilly stretches. The morning was sultry and cloudy. The panorama that lay below, magnificent as it was, could not be seen to best advantage. The broad Meuse, joined to the south of the city by the Vesdre and the Ourthe, lost itself in haze. Visé, ten miles to the north, could be discerned dimly upon the east bank. The soldier's eye could pick out the forts which girdled the city: Fléron and Evegnée, dominating their villages, lay

nearest the German frontier. Below, descending by steep curving streets and stairways, and intersected by numerous canals and streams, was Liège itself.

Liège, lying in a richly cultivated valley, is strikingly picturesque. The towers of numerous old churches, some dating back to the tenth century, grace the left bank of the river, where the principal part of the city is placed. The chimneys of many factories and foundries rise upon the right bank, the Outremeuse, the quarters of the artisan inhabitants. Innumerable barges line the Meuse near the iron-works and coal-pits of Seraing. The river is spanned by several remarkably fine bridges. The Liégeois who, on August 3, discussed in their tree-lined boulevards and their cafés the national crisis that had arisen with the delivery of Germany's ultimatum, could regard with complacency many historic buildings and invariably well laid-out streets. That ultimatum had, indeed, placed their country and themselves in a terrible position. Events had been moving rapidly for some days. A fever of anticipation and of preparation had settled upon the city.¹ The Belgian army had begun to mobilize. The Garde Civique had been called up. Then reservists were summoned in the middle of the night by knocks at their doors and by the ringing of church bells. Horses and vehicles of all sorts were commandeered. Even the dogs harnessed to the milkmen's and bakers' carts were taken off, wagging their tails in the prevailing excitement, to draw the machine-guns of the infantry. Carrier-pigeons also were requisitioned. A food panic commenced.

¹ The writer is indebted, for many succeeding facts concerning the internal condition of the city during the defence, to the account of an eye-witness, Dr. Hamelius, of Liège University, in his book, *The Siege of Liège*.

Provision dealers, overwhelmed by the rush of buyers, at first refused to accept banknotes, though payable on sight. There was a run upon the banks, amid noisy scenes. In some cases the city firemen had to be employed to disperse the crowds by playing the hose upon the more turbulent creditors. Cattle from the surrounding district were driven in, and stood, lowing plaintively, in suburban fields. The animals, it was remarked, seemed struck by uncanny fear. Many sickened and died. Refugees of all nationalities poured through the city towards their respective countries. Harrowing tales and sensational rumours were exchanged. It was reported that the 25th Prussian Regiment was deployed along the frontier near Moresnet. German airships were said to have passed over Brussels by night. A local paper published on August 2 an account, copied by the press of foreign capitals, but later proved unfounded, of a considerable French victory near Nancy. There were not wanting signs which, if contributing to the alarm of the citizens, stimulated their faith in Leman, their military governor. Thirty thousand navvies had been at work on Sunday, August 2, digging trenches and erecting earthworks between the forts. Thousands of troops had been brought up from Diest by forced marches to augment the garrison. Wanderers by night might have observed mysterious preparations, and the secret transport of bulky objects in connexion with the forts. The precautions had proved to be justified. On August 3 newspaper placards, 'Belgium Refuses,' spread sudden news among the disturbed populace of the rejection of Germany's proposals. The next day dawned upon an anxious but determined city. Yesterday had sent defiance to Germany. What was to-day to bring? Did their neighbours indeed

intend to make war upon them? Within a few hours, before night fell, an overwhelming enemy might be in their midst. The horrors of war might have overtaken their homes. The citizens could not but despair of the ultimate result of the onslaught of a foe so mighty. But they waited, during hours of acute suspense, with fortitude. Events soon revealed themselves. During the morning the distant rattle of rifle-fire broke out suddenly in the wooded country beyond Herve. A sharper and more continuous fusillade opened in the direction of Visé. Some time later a nearer and more sinister sound, the deep thunder of guns, was heard. The Germans were bombarding the forts.

Reports poured in at General Leman's head-quarters. The Germans had entered Limbourg: they had pushed on to Verviers: they had advanced to Herve: a large force had reached Dalhem, and was approaching Visé. The climax came. The enemy had arrived outside Fléron, and were preparing to attack. Leman's eyes might well be troubled; but his jaw was set hard.

It may be well now to recount the first stages of the German advance. Troops had crossed the frontier, early that morning, in three columns. It is recorded that, on their journey by open goods-train to Herbesthal, old men ran out to bless them, women and girls to encourage them, and to press upon them food and drink. Passing trainloads cheered each other, and promised to meet again in Paris. They were in high spirits. The task immediately before them appeared easy. It seemed incredible that Belgium would, or could, resist their progress. The main column, detraining at Herbesthal, took to the road and advanced into Belgian territory. Cavalry patrols were sent on ahead. A few stray shots fired upon them showed that Belgian

scouts were on the alert. No resistance was offered. The cavalry, passing through Limbourg, met with some of the retreating Belgians at Verviers. There was a slight skirmish. The Belgians retired in safety, and made good use of their retreat in blowing up bridges and tearing up the railway. The line was, indeed, remarkable for the engineering skill of its construction. German infantry, meanwhile, had commandeered locomotives and rolling-stock found at Limbourg, and had, partly by rail and partly by road, reached Verviers. The terror-stricken inhabitants withdrew into their houses, and watched the arrival of the Germans from behind closed shutters. The invaders proceeded to the town hall. The Belgian flag was torn down and replaced by the German amid the cheers of the troops. Martial law was proclaimed in French. A German officer, placed in charge of the administration of the town, began to billet troops and requisition supplies. Large forces had, meanwhile, been pushing forward by various routes towards Liège. One column made rapid progress for some distance by means of the railway, until the torn-up portion of the line compelled recourse to the road. Other columns converged upon Herve, about ten miles due east of Liège. Continuous firing broke out in a northerly direction as the advance was proceeding. Belgian troops, after a skirmish at Warsage, had retreated, destroying bridges in their wake, to Visé. Here they were making their first stand.

Visé occupied a position of considerable strategic importance. It commanded the passage of the Meuse north of the city, which was at present exposed to attack from the east alone. Unless Visé were in German hands, it would be impossible completely to invest Liège,

or to throw forward cavalry into the country beyond. The capture of Visé was, indeed, an essential preliminary to the capture of Liège. Von Emmich, the veteran German commander, fully aware of this, had meditated a surprise. While his main body was advancing by Limbourg and Verviers, a number of motor-cars, carrying German troops, followed by large bodies of cavalry, crossed the frontier and proceeded rapidly to Dalhem. Two miles away, on the near bank of the river, lay Visé. So far no opposition, other than a few stray shots, had met them. They could not expect as propitious an entry into Visé, and they prepared for action. It was soon seen that Belgian troops were in occupation. Light German artillery was brought up, and fire was opened. It was the first engagement of the war. One can well imagine that the nerves of the combatants, as yet unhardened to the sight and sound of battle, were strung to the highest pitch. It is, indeed, in his first engagement that the soldier usually shows whether his natural disposition is for advance or for retreat. The defence of Visé foreshadowed the defence of Liège. The Belgians showed spirit. The Germans could make no progress for a considerable while. Time was precious. The attack on Liège itself, which the seizure of Visé should precede, would soon open. They commenced a series of fierce assaults upon the town. Many houses were set ablaze by bursting shells. The inhabitants, furious at the wanton attack upon their peaceful dwelling-place, began to take a share in the fighting. Many were, indeed, provided with weapons. The manufacture of fire-arms, for which Liège was famed, was largely carried on in the workers' homes. The people were familiar with their mechanism and use. Shots were fired from the houses. Boys and women flung stones upon

the attackers. Finally, after a desperate struggle, entry into the town was effected by the Germans. They were too late to save the bridge. The Belgians, retreating, destroyed it, and took up a position on the opposite bank of the river. A body of Uhlans, making for the bridge, was almost annihilated by a hot fire opened upon them by infantry hidden among the broken piers. At the same time shots were fired from houses near the bank. It is possible that these came from Belgian soldiers. The German infantry, pouring through the streets, proceeded to indiscriminate reprisals. A large number of the inhabitants were shot down. All resistance having ceased, the remaining population were herded together into the centre of the town, and surrounded by German troops. The commanding officer addressed the sullen Belgians in French. Urgent necessity, he said, not deliberate enmity, had forced the Germans to invade Belgian territory. But the inhabitants must submit to German military law. Every attack on the troops would be immediately punished with death. A shot rang out suddenly. The officer fell badly wounded. A group of eight Belgians, from whose midst the bullet was fired, were seized on the spot. A file of riflemen was drawn up. The eight, without attempt at discrimination, were summarily executed.

While the attack upon Visé was in progress, the German columns were concentrating on Liège. Their front line stretched roughly from Visé on their right wing to Nessonvaux on their left. Their centre rested upon Herve. Cavalry had cleared the way for them as they advanced. By evening their first line had halted before the forts and entrenchments of Liège, and were in readiness to attack.

The Germans were in great strength. They formed

the 3rd Army, called the Army on the Meuse. Their commander, General von Emmich, had known, during sixty-six years of life, nearly half a century of military experience, and had seen service in the campaigns of 1870. Before the outbreak of war he had been at Hanover in command of the 10th Army Corps, the famous Iron Division of Brandenburg. That corps, together with the 7th, were now with him before Liège. The 9th Corps was proceeding from Altona, and would join him later. His present forces numbered some 90,000 men, of all arms. A cavalry division was also at his disposal. Of field artillery the three corps mustered among them 72 six-gun batteries, and 12 four-gun heavy howitzer batteries. Each infantry regiment carried six machine guns. But no heavy siege artillery had been brought up. The heaviest guns that von Emmich could show, his six-inch howitzers, were inferior in calibre and in quality to many within the Liège forts. It was, indeed, a part of the German scheme to travel lightly equipped. Von Emmich's plans had been carefully prepared. He would 'take Liège in his stride'. It was not unlikely that the Belgians had calculated on at least twelve days elapsing from the commencement of the German mobilization before Liège could be attacked. Evidence already showed that they had been surprised. Probably there were only a few thousand troops in the city. He could engage the eastern forts with his artillery, push his forces through the wide intervals between them, and have the city at his mercy. If the forts held out, he would invest them, brush aside the Belgian field troops, and sweep forward as rapidly as possible. The country was rich in agricultural produce. The German troops would feed upon the fat of Belgian land. It seemed unnecessary to encumber themselves with great

supplies of provisions and of baggage. Speed was the great object. If the Germans, by a sudden *coup de main*, could seize Liège, could scatter the Belgian field army before fully mobilized, could occupy Namur and Brussels, there was nothing to prevent their immediate advance upon Paris. The French would be unready. The British needed time. If, indeed, their 'contemptible little army' placed itself in the way, it should be instantly trampled down by weight of numbers and annihilated. The heavier German artillery, designed to shatter the fortifications of Paris, could have some preliminary practice upon the forts of Liège, did they refuse to yield. Their capture was not essential to the occupation of the city, nor to the crossing of the Meuse. But it would be necessary to drive the Belgians from the rampart of trenches between the forts. The 7th Corps was massing before the nearest three, Barchon, Evegnée, and Fléron. It was evening. Light showers had fallen during the day. The sky was overcast. But the light would still hold good for some hours. The first shells were sent screaming towards the Belgian lines. The firing soon became general. The German infantry prepared for action. A night attack, after the bombardment had weakened the Belgian defence, was contemplated.

Let us now return to Liège. The garrison had been busy. Scouts had kept General Leman informed of the enemy's movements. The forts were in readiness. Infantry manned the trenches on the eastern side of the city. Many buildings and obstacles which stood outside the line of defence, and which seemed likely to afford cover to the attackers, were demolished. The place was, indeed, naturally strong. But its governor laboured under a fatal disadvantage. The force at his disposal was altogether inadequate to its defence. It

had been estimated in 1890 that a garrison of at least 74,000 was essential. General Leman had only 40,000. The Germans brought against him first twice, then three times, that number. This disproportion was, however, in some measure compensated for by the skill, the resource, and the courage of Leman himself.

He was known as the silent general. He was essentially a man of action. But his personality was strong because he could be trusted implicitly. Other officers might be more popular among the troops. Leman was a martinet in discipline. He expected much from his men. He followed and studied his profession zealously. It is related that, after being all day on horseback, he would often sit up discussing problems of strategy and of tactics, of which he was a master, until early morning. He seemed, indeed, incapable of fatigue. He was a recognized expert in Roman law, in military architecture, in engineering science. To attributes of mind were added many qualities of heart and of temper. He mingled prudence with tenacity, kindness with force of will. His judgement was as cool, his resource was as ready, in pressing home a success as in sustaining a reverse. He knew accurately, indeed, the weaknesses and the capabilities of his position at Liège. Even had it been garrisoned by forces adequate to its sustained defence, instead of half that number, it was hardly impregnable. The fact that, without the necessary numbers, constituted its strength as a *place d'arrêt*, constituted also its weakness as a defensible stronghold. Its twelve works, though inter-supporting, were isolated from the city and from one another. There was no key-fort.

The rough circle of forts and trenches around the city formed a circumference of about thirty-three miles. Each fort lay about four miles from Liège, and two or

three miles from the next. The country within this circular area, covering many square miles, was in general, excluding the city itself, richly cultivated and thickly populated. The eastern half, the scene of the fiercest fighting, was hilly and wooded. A great number of men would obviously be required to ring this extensive district with a line of troops. Leman's force, comprising the regular garrison, his own 3rd Liège Division, and the 15th Brigade, numbered no more than 40,000. It was impossible for him to defend the whole of the circle at the same time. If the Germans crossed the Meuse, surrounded the city, and attacked the whole line simultaneously, the defence must instantly collapse, and the surrender of the field troops would become inevitable. Leman saw that he must at all costs prevent the enemy from crossing the Meuse. It was more likely that they would try to force a passage to the north than to the south of the city. Envelopment from the south would necessitate the bridging of three rivers instead of one, and would be considerably longer. He must also economize his men by manning only those trenches directly opposite the enemy's lines. His field troops were mobile, and included many cavalry. He would keep large numbers in reserve. He must be constantly on the watch. Immediately any unguarded portion of his line was threatened, he must hurry his reserves to the gap. At every point in the circle at which a German force appeared, a covering Belgian force must be waiting. It was conceivable that small detachments might enter at undefended spots. Mobile reserves must be ready to cut them off at once. Such was Leman's general strategy. The manner of the German advance confirmed his dispositions. The Germans had struck at Visé, and had seized it. But

Belgian troops now lay along the western bank of the river in readiness to repel any attempt at crossing. Small parties of German cavalry could be seen on the other side. Patrols were also observed near Barchon, Evegnée, and Fléron. It soon became evident that masses of infantry and artillery were concentrating opposite these three forts. The latter fired a few practice shots. Soon the woods were resounding to the roar of the first artillery duel of the war.

The bombardment continued without intermission for some hours. Both Belgians and Germans, under fire for the first time, no doubt experienced many new emotions. The Germans, however, suffered far more from the fire than their opponents. The defenders knew well the ground in front of them. The range of every landmark was known to them. Manœuvres had taken place in that district only the year before. The firing from the forts engaged was naturally far more accurate than from the German batteries. The guns of Evegnée destroyed two German pieces, without structural injury or the loss of a single man. Darkness began to set in. It became difficult to distinguish objects on the heavily-wooded slopes opposite each position. Little impression had so far been made upon the defence. The Belgian losses were inconsiderable. The forts were quite undamaged. As night deepened, the flashes of the guns grew more distinct, their booming louder. Searchlights in the forts were brought into play. Their beams, sweeping the wide area from Barchon to Fléron, disclosed masses of German infantry approaching the Belgian lines.

Those lines described, from Barchon to Fléron, a curve. Both these forts were roughly triangular in form, were surrounded by a ditch and by barbed-wire entanglements. The works were of concrete, sur-

mounted by revolving turrets of steel, called cupolas. Within the latter were mounted the heavier guns, of which each fort possessed eight howitzers and mortars, and four quick-firers. Machine-guns for the repulse of storming parties stood upon the ramparts. Four others in the ring of forts were similar to Barchon and Fléron. Between the two latter, somewhat advanced from their line, was Evegnée, called, from its reduced size, a 'fortin'. It was similar to them in type, but much smaller in scale and less powerful in armament. Five others in the ring were 'fortins' like Evegnée. Open grassy slopes, called glacis, surrounded each fort, which presented, rising little above the glacis, but a small mark for fire. The total armament of the twelve works was some 400 pieces. Some of the heavier guns, indeed, the Germans would not expect to find. Some months before, the Belgian Government had ordered fortress artillery from Krupp of Essen. Early delivery was asked for, and payment was made. When the European horizon darkened a deputation was sent to Essen. The guns were overdue. A report had got abroad that treachery was afoot. What, indeed, was the cause of delay? The deputies were received cordially and feasted royally. The Germans, however, would not commit themselves as to the guns. There was nothing for it but to take other steps. Under cover of darkness, in a mysterious manner, to avoid detection by spies, pieces of heavy calibre were moved from Antwerp to bring the armament of Liège to full strength. Their efficacy had already been proved. It was no doubt a matter of surprise to German gunners that their artillery was easily outmatched.

Belgian officers, as they scanned the enemy's advance, must have knitted their brows in astonishment. They

could see the German infantry marching through the fields in close formation, without haste, without attempt to take cover, as if on parade. A deployment of barely five paces separated man from man. It is recorded that, forty-four years before, the battlefield of Gravelotte was strewn, behind the Prussian firing line, with skulkers who had left their ranks, while the more courageous had advanced. Some were lying down in the furrows, their rifles pointed towards the front as if in action; others had openly made themselves comfortable behind bushes and in ditches. It is not improbable that the Germans before Liège adopted advance in mass to check wholesale straggling. But the Belgians seized their opportunity. The cupolas in the forts swung round. The field artillery, the hotchkisses, the maxims, were trained upon the approaching columns. Flame sprang and thunder roared from the muzzles of a hundred guns. Bullets swept in a blast of death, gust after gust, the dim shadowy stretches, pasture and standing grain, woodland and broken ground, before the long front of battle. But the Germans maintained for some time an inexorable advance. At many points in the long line the stricken front ranks, falling back upon one another, formed a barrier of corpses. The woods, indeed, provided useful cover from which to fire. But the German artillery could not cover effectually such a form of infantry attack. The fighting was hottest near Barchon. The Germans pressed a fierce assault upon the trenches, held by two Belgian regiments. So near did the enemy draw, so sharp was their fusillade, that Leman, ever on the watch, hurried up reinforcements. It was determined to assume the offensive. A spirited bayonet charge followed. The Germans fled. Their main columns were forced to

retire for some distance to re-form their shattered ranks. The Belgians, indeed, resorted to the bayonet at many other points. The Germans, stoically brave in facing a devastating fire, rank behind rank, almost shoulder to shoulder, showed little inclination to face the bayonet. It was probably some hours before the last attack ceased. The defenders had maintained their ground. No portion of their line had been penetrated. The forts were undamaged. They must have inflicted enormous losses upon the enemy. Dawn broke. Daylight revealed a ghastly and a pitiable sight. From any point hundreds of bodies could be seen lying on the slopes. In some parts they lay piled four feet high. The woods were scarred and the fields furrowed by shell-fire. The Belgians themselves had suffered severely. Their wounded were carried into the city. The defenders were, however, allowed little rest. Early in the morning the bombardment was renewed.

Wednesday, August 5, opened dull and hot. The German firing line had lengthened. The 10th Army Corps had now come up on the left of the 7th, the corps repulsed during the night. The cannonade stretched from Visé to a considerable distance below Liège. Six of the most easterly forts, from Pontisse to Embourg, became involved. Their guns were well able to hold their own.

Within a few hours infantry attacks recommenced. The assaults, now along a wider front, were pressed as fiercely as ever. The enemy advanced across open country in close formation, as before, and by a succession of short rushes. They ran forward, dropped on their fronts, fired a rifle-volley, and ran forward again, with shells bursting in their midst. But each time they attempted to storm the Belgian lines they were

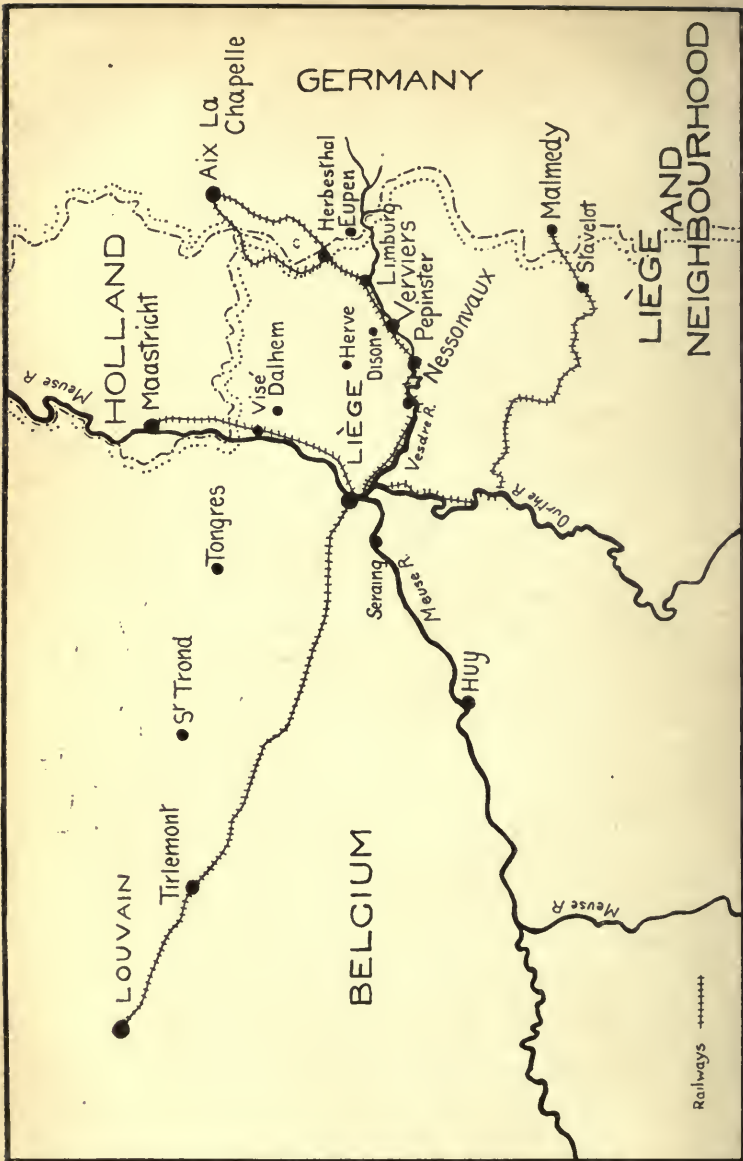
met by a terrible fire. At last a large body of Germans succeeded in gaining a footing on the near slopes of one of the forts. Its larger guns could not be depressed to reach them. Victory seemed within their grasp. But streams of bullets from machine-guns were suddenly played upon their ranks. They retired in disorder. The spectacle from the forts of attacks such as these moved the pity of the Belgians themselves. The smoke of the guns was soon carried away by the wind. Wounded Germans were observed struggling to release themselves from their dead comrades. So high in some parts became the barricade of the slain and injured that the fire of the defenders was in danger of being masked. The Germans did, indeed, in some cases make use of this human barricade to creep closer. At points where they came within 50 yards of the trenches the Belgians did not hesitate to rush out to attack them with the bayonet. One man is said to have dashed forward alone, and to have returned in safety after killing four of the enemy. All assaults were successfully repulsed. But the defenders were hard pressed. The firing line became so lengthened that Lemans had no alternative but to throw almost all his available troops into the fighting. During the morning, aircraft, both Belgian and German, eager to display their capabilities, hummed continually to and fro. Men who, in time of peace, would have fraternized as fellow adventurers in a new sphere of science, had in war become intent on one another's destruction. A Zeppelin appeared in the distance, but drew off. Belgian aeroplanes were notably successful. One airman, subjected to a fusillade of shots as he flew over the enemy's lines, remarked coolly on landing in safety, 'How badly these Germans shoot!' A German machine

was shot down near Argenteau. Another was inadvertently brought down by the Germans themselves. It was not easy, indeed, although the German Taubes bore a mark in black resembling the Iron Cross of Prussia, to distinguish between friend and enemy. Below, guns thundered without ceasing, and the drone of air-machines swelled the uproar. To the airmen above, deafened with the familiar sound of their engines, the battle-field was completely silent.

General Leman and his staff spent part of the day in council of war at the military head-quarters in the city. A review of events and of the present position did not present unsatisfactory features. It was, indeed, no small matter to have repulsed with untried troops the first onslaught of what was reputed to be the finest fighting machine ever evolved. So far they had done well. The Germans were at a standstill. All their efforts to break the line were being checked. They could not cross the Meuse in force. But how long could the defence be sustained? Could the Belgians hold out till relieved by the French? Much depended upon whether the enemy were successful in getting across the Meuse in large numbers. If so, it would become necessary for the field troops to retire before surrounded. The city would have to be abandoned. The forts, amply garrisoned and provisioned, must resist to the last and embarrass the German advance. There was no need yet to think of retiring. But preparations, in case it became necessary, should be made. Meanwhile, the city must be kept calm. Business was at a standstill. The populace were very agitated. Trains leaving the city were stormed. The citizens as yet knew little of what was happening in the firing line, and many contradictory reports were abroad. It

was, indeed, believed by many that some of the forts had been silenced. Spy-hunting had been in progress. The city was undoubtedly infested by spies. It might be possible to turn the fact to account. By a certain cunning ruse Uhlan patrols might be lured, in the hope of capturing Leman himself, into the suburbs, and there trapped. The wildest rumours also were current among the people of help at hand. It was realized that the journey by rail from the French frontier could be done in three hours, from Paris in five. Both French and British troops were reported to be approaching the city. The streets became filled with joyous crowds, who eagerly bought up the little tricolour flags opportunely vended by hawkers. The excitement was intense. It seemed, indeed, on the whole desirable that hope should be kept high. Leman and his officers were suddenly interrupted by a violent hubbub without. Loud cries could be heard. The General, followed by his staff, rushed anxiously outside. Had the Germans broken through? Shouts greeted his appearance. Leman observed eight soldiers, in some foreign uniform, hastening towards him. He scanned them in amazement. Major Marchand, one of his staff, scented danger. A fusillade of revolver shots was suddenly fired by the strangers. Marchand had thrown himself in front of the General, and fell, mortally wounded. 'Give me a revolver quickly,' cried Leman. But he was almost alone. A staff-officer, a man of Herculean build, shouted to him not to expose himself, and lifted him up over the wall of an adjacent foundry. He then swung himself over. Their assailants attempted to follow. Leman and his companion were drawn up through the windows of a neighbouring dwelling. But by this time Belgian officers and gendarmes, dashing

MAPS



HOLLAND
Maastricht

GERMANY

LIÈGE AND
NEIGHBOURHOOD

BELGIUM

LOUVAIN

Tirlemont

St Trond

Tongres

LIÈGE

Vise
Dalhem

Herve

Dison

Verviers

Pepinster

Limbourg

Herbesthal

Eupen

Aix La
Chapelle

Malmedy

Stavelot

Nessonvaux

Seraing

Huy

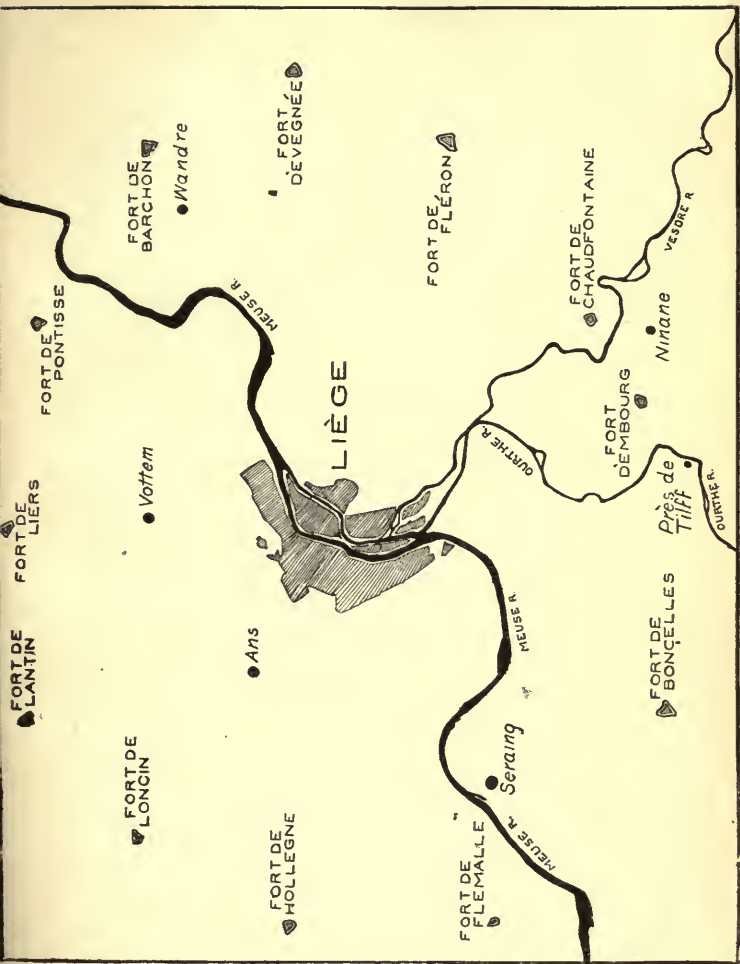
Meuse R.

Ourthe R.

Veprre R.

Meuse R.

Railways +-----+



LIÈGE AND ITS FORTS

out to the General's help, had engaged the Germans in a desperate scuffle. An officer and two gendarmes were killed. But all the raiders were finally accounted for.¹

While these stirring events were taking place in the city, desperate attempts were being made by the Germans to cross the Meuse near Visé. The guns of Pontisse and Barchon covered the river-banks for some distance. Belgian cavalry and artillery were guarding the west bank between the forts and the Dutch frontier. The enemy's pontoon bridges were destroyed as soon as built. A favourite method of the Belgians was to wait until the structure was almost completed before wrecking it. This had been tried very successfully the day before at the ford of Lixhe. In some cases, indeed, the ordinary bridges had been left standing, and were carefully covered by concealed artillery and infantry. German columns were allowed to defile on to their structures. Shot and shell were then suddenly rained down. The bridge columns gave way. Horses and men were precipitated into the water, and the dead became massed between the parapets. The Germans, however, did not press their attack on the banks of the Meuse in sufficient strength or with sufficient skill. Some parties were, indeed, driven by the Belgians over the Dutch frontier. All attempts to cross the river were frustrated.

During the day the attack upon the forts was pressed stubbornly. Belgian outposts and cavalry patrols kept continual watch in the wooded ground in front of the defences to give warning whenever the enemy approached. At some points Uhlans made determined efforts to penetrate the line. Fierce encounters ensued

¹ Several versions are given of the attack upon Leman's life: as far as can be judged, the above account is substantially trustworthy.

between hostile cavalry. Near Fléron a squadron of Belgian lancers, about 150 strong, fell upon 500 of the enemy. The trampling of the horses, the jingling of the accoutrements, the cries of men and beasts, the flashing lances, the waving pennants, made up a sight and sound not the least splendid, though becoming rare under modern conditions, in warfare. The Belgians, despite the odds, scattered the hostile squadrons with great slaughter. But they themselves lost their captain, and were cut up very severely.

Night approached. The Belgians were weary. They had been fighting intermittently for many hours. Little relief from trench work was possible. The numerical superiority of the Germans enabled them constantly to renew their firing line. A bright moon came out. The searchlights were brought into play. For twenty-four hours fierce fighting had been in progress. But the position was substantially the same.

The night passed without serious event. Every few minutes, indeed, the crash of a heavy gun and its responding roll disturbed the silence. At some points night attacks were delivered, but successfully repelled. Towards dawn, rain began to fall. August 6 opened, dreary and windy. The soldiers were soaked to the skin, and fatigued by long duty. At about seven o'clock two aeroplanes, clearly visible against the low clouds, were observed above the Belgian lines. Fire was opened upon them both by the Germans and by the forts. The machines rocked dangerously in eddies caused by exploding shells. They were, however, piloted by Belgians, and flew off safely westwards into the country. During the day, as previously, the Belgian lines were constantly bombarded and assailed. The gloomy weather seemed to make the cannonade more sullen. The towns-

men of Liège, listening anxiously from their cellars, could hear, between short intervals of silence, the boom of guns, the rattle of rifle-shots, sometimes singly, often in a burst. The Liégeois were rapidly accustoming themselves to their novel conditions. Whenever a shell screamed towards the city a warning bell signalled danger, and prompted a rush to cellars. Every now and then, however, a shell would fall amid the houses and explode. The screams of the injured, the shrill cries of alarmed women and children, the shattered and sometimes burning dwellings, were remembered with horror by the survivors of the siege. Fabrications as to forthcoming relief continued to be circulated and believed. A British force was said to have been seen at Ans, only a mile away, and would shortly arrive by rail. The credulous who hastened to the railway station returned after a long wait disappointed and disheartened. Temporary panics were caused by two parties of Uhlans who had, by design, penetrated to the suburbs in quest of General Leman. It could be guessed, from the reception they received, that they had been expected. Not a man escaped. One detachment was all shot down, and the other all captured. But, in general, the city grew calmer. Old men began to recall the days when they had heard afar the cannonade of Sedan. An examination for the university degree, arranged for this day, was proceeded with. When German prisoners were brought through the streets, even ladies ventured to examine curiously, but without emotion, the conquered enemy. It is said that Lieutenant von Förstner, of Zabern notoriety, was one of the first to be taken. Intense enthusiasm and hope were everywhere manifested at the valiant conduct of the troops in the trenches. There was much uncertainty as to what had happened.

But it was known that Belgium had reason to be proud of her soldiers. Every one was anxious to be doing something to help. Large numbers of young men were enrolled in the Army and hastily taken off to Antwerp for a six-weeks' training. Many older citizens joined the Garde Civique, and were employed in preserving order, in guarding prisoners, and points of military importance. Some of the Garde, however, took part in the actual fighting. During the day a detachment was assailed near Bonnelles. The encounter that followed ended in the total discomfiture of the Germans. The enemy had, indeed, lost much of the buoyant enthusiasm in which they had opened the campaign. Their casualties had been terribly severe: some battalions had only a third of their officers left. Many of the wounded were dying in the open fields for lack of attention. Great relief, therefore, was felt when it became known that their commander had asked for an armistice.

Von Emmich had, meanwhile, been reinforced by the 9th Army Corps. They came up on the morning of August 6, and were badly needed. Von Emmich himself could not but be bitterly mortified at his unexpected check before Liège. Not only were his own plans upset, but the calculations of his Emperor and of the Army Staff at Berlin were in danger. He had hoped to earn the praises of his country. But what could he expect now but her reproaches? Repeated failure, disappointed anticipation, immense losses, had demoralized his men. Delay had disorganized his commissariat. He had counted on feeding upon the produce of Belgium. But the way to that source was blocked. The territory he had already occupied, even if the Belgians had not driven off most of the cattle, was too small to support his army. The vast supplies of bread that all the bakers

of Verviers were turning out, under military direction, were inadequate. Prisoners taken by the Belgians complained of ravenous hunger and thirst. It was told how, on the morning before, August 5, the men were vastly chagrined only to receive, when looking forward to ample rations of drink and food, a small piece of sausage. Von Emmich had asked for an armistice of twenty-four hours in which to bury the dead. That period would enable him to reorganize his forces. Strong reinforcements also were on the way. He had already another army corps, 40,000 strong, at his disposal. A great effort to cross the Meuse must immediately be made. Undoubtedly the clue to victory lay there. The city must be enveloped. The Belgians, though they had resisted so well the attack from the front, could hardly be expected to cope with a simultaneous attack from the rear. Von Emmich, despite his mortification, could not, indeed, resist admiration at the valour of the defence. He was, moreover, acquainted with General Leman, whom he had met on manœuvres the previous year. He could have wished that his unfortunate Uhlans had effected the Belgian leader's capture. Leman's answer to his request was brought to him. The armistice was refused.

Stirring events had, meanwhile, been taking place, during the morning and afternoon of Thursday, August 6, in the firing line. About half past eleven the enemy, under cover of artillery, crept up towards Barchon. The Belgians reserved their fire. The Germans, when within close range, drew together for the final onset. At a concerted signal the Belgians loosed upon them a hail of shrapnel and of bullets. The enemy were swept back with terrible slaughter, and abandoned seven machine-guns. At another point, where the defenders were

holding the stately Château de Langres against great odds, the Belgian commander tried a ruse. Quantities of explosives were carried within: a fuse was prepared. The Belgians made a show of resistance before quietly evacuating the building. A large body of Germans rushed in triumphantly, and commenced to ransack the rooms. The Belgians, waiting with nerves on edge at a safe distance, were suddenly stunned by the crash of a deafening explosion. A great column of flame shot up, carrying in its wake masses of shattered masonry and timber. An incident of a similar nature occurred to the north of the city. Under Leman's directions a field outside the Belgian lines had been skilfully mined. The General sent out a small detachment to take up a position just beyond this field. The Germans, as he had calculated, got in the rear of this force in order to cut it off. Electric wire connected the explosives to the defenders' lines. The current was switched on. A sheet of flame and smoke arose. The German force was annihilated. Trivial as they were, these successes contributed to raise the spirit of the Belgians. But more important operations were in progress on the banks of the Meuse north of Liège. At the end of the day it became evident that the Belgians could maintain their ground no longer.

Fighting had, indeed, opened propitiously in this quarter. A counter-attack, delivered by the Belgians from the heights near Wandre upon German outposts, had been attended with brilliant success. Many of the enemy had been cut off from their main body and forced to retire in disorder towards Visé. But around that town operations were in progress which augured ill for the Belgians. Great reinforcements of artillery and infantry had been hurried by the German General to

the river-banks. A crossing must be forced at all hazards. Batteries were placed so as to cover the engineering work. Large parties of Germans, working in little boats, were engaged in building pontoon bridges at different points. The fire from Pontisse and Barchon greatly hampered the operations. But the Belgian troops on the opposite bank were prevented by the German artillery from impeding effectually the enemy's crossing. The river-valley was low and flat, and afforded little cover. Large numbers were gradually passed over during the day. Horses were swum across. Cavalry took the field. Numerous bodies overran the surrounding district. One force was cut off and completely routed by Belgians, who took many prisoners. But by five o'clock in the gloomy and sultry afternoon the Germans had begun to spread out, and to advance southwards in the direction of Liège.

Leman, who had watched the movements he was powerless to prevent with dismay and sorrow, realized that all was over. He had to accept the inevitable. He had foreseen that, sooner or later, the Germans would make use of their superior numbers by enveloping the city. He had made plans in accordance. Delay would mean disaster to his field troops. He reluctantly gave orders for a general retirement. This was no easy operation. Large forces were ordered to continue throughout the evening to harass the advance of the Germans who had crossed the Meuse. Some German infantry who had reached Vottem, a village within the circle of forts, were surprised by the Belgians and hoisted the white flag. When the Belgians approached they were fired upon at close range. Numerous instances of treachery and inhumanity have been recorded, indeed, in the fighting at Liège. Germans in many cases fired

on doctors, on Red Cross ambulances and wagons, or marched into battle displaying Belgian flags and wearing Belgian cockades. The Liégeois watched with mingled emotions the retreat of their defenders westwards through the city. It was disappointing that the courageous resistance of the last two days should seem all to have been for nothing. The horses of the artillery trains and the cavalry squadrons were jaded and blood-stained. The infantry were tired out and footsore, but determined, since duty called them elsewhere, to escape capture by the Germans. During the evening and night the field troops were all withdrawn from the city, and marched off towards Louvain. A garrison of 250 men was left in each of the forts, all of which so far were in good condition. Leman decided to remain at his post. He could have retired with his army. He would, no doubt, have been received at Brussels with honour and enthusiasm. He might add to military renown already won in future operations. But better results, if less personally attractive, might be gained if he stayed to co-ordinate the defence of the forts, and to exercise moral influence upon the garrisons. From Loncin, which he took as his head-quarters, the long columns of the departing troops could be seen passing into the darkness. The retreat had been conducted without serious hitch. Some stragglers had, no doubt, been cut off. Minor street fighting, in which civilians had unfortunately taken a share, had occurred in parts where German cavalry had pressed forward. But the main Belgian army was in safety, and the enemy did not yet appear to be advancing. The twelve forts, calling to one another throughout the night in the rumble of their big guns, prepared doggedly to fight until the inevitable end.

The Germans, apparently, did not realize their success till some hours after the Belgians had evacuated the position. Perhaps the east frontal attack was not pressed home by the besiegers in the hope of restoring confidence to the besieged while the enveloping attack was progressing across the Meuse. The enemy could hardly anticipate, indeed, so sudden a retirement. But during the night and early morning large forces passed between the forts and entered the city. The Liégeois, rising from their slumbers, found the invaders within their gates, and guarding the principal points of advantage. One of the bridges, indeed, had been blown up the night before by the retreating Belgians. The railway tunnel had also been blocked. Kleyer, the burgo-master, had prepared the citizens for their fate the previous evening by a printed circular, outlining the laws of war with regard to the participation of civilians, and cautioning peaceful submission. Little panic was evinced. The German military authorities installed themselves in the Citadel and in the public buildings, and took over the administration of the city. Martial law was proclaimed. The Garde Civique were employed to keep order among their fellow countrymen. One hundred of the Garde, and later Kleyer, Bishop Rutten, and some principal citizens, were confined in the Citadel as hostages. The walls of the city were placarded with posters announcing that, if another shot was fired by the inhabitants upon the German troops, these hostages would be immediately executed. All weapons were ordered to be given up on penalty of death. So suspicious of a rising were the invaders that barricades were erected, machine-guns placed, and guards posted in many of the principal streets. Long columns began, during August 7, and continued for many days after-

wards, to file in endless procession through the town. They passed into the interior upon a mission more important and more arduous than the capture of Liège, which had been won only at great cost. Germany affected to see in the seizure of the city a brilliant military exploit and a propitious opening to the campaign. Boundless enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. At Hanover Frau von Emmich read the news aloud to the exulting populace. It was announced in Berlin by an aide-de-camp sent out by the Kaiser to the crowds before the castle ; and policemen on bicycles were dispatched to shout the joyful tidings along the Unter den Linden.

General Leman, meanwhile, had taken up his quarters in Fort Loncin. His army had got away safely and intact. Its adroit retreat had reserved it for future usefulness. He could turn to the next phase of the resistance conscious that his men and he had already rendered valuable service to their country and to their country's friends. The enemy's occupation of the city and advance over the Meuse had been delayed for over forty-eight hours. Even now a passage had been forced, the unbroken chain of forts could hinder the Germans from advancing except slowly and with difficulty. The days thus gained were of incalculable value for the completion of Belgium's mobilization, and to the allies who were coming to Belgium's aid. Leman saw in success already accomplished the inspiration of deeds that could yet be done. He must urge upon his fort commanders that they must struggle to the very last. They must harass the enemy's movements in every possible way. Pontoon bridges over the Meuse must be constantly destroyed by shell-fire. The forts had, indeed, an abundant supply of provisions, of water, and of ammunition. Little

material damage had so far been done to their structures. Leman would himself visit each fort daily, to bring news and instructions. The outer world was not entirely cut off. Under the protection of the guns of Loncin, light railway engines could still be run from the junction of Ans along the Brussels line. There seemed, indeed, little hope of relief. But the forts had so far proved able to resist the heaviest guns that the enemy had brought up. Belgium had spent much money, and had employed the greatest military engineer of the nineteenth century, upon their construction. They might be overcome by sheer weight. But they must not fall, other than as ruins, into the hands of the Germans.

Morning broke. The artillery remained silent. The Belgians in the forts could not doubt, from various signs, that the Germans were in the city. It remained to await vigilantly the enemy's next move. The day wore on, but without event. An occasional rifle-shot was the only sound of war. It was difficult to know what the enemy were doing. The combatants, indeed, needed rest badly. No doubt the Germans, like the Belgians, were resting. Night came. But silence still reigned.

This comparative calm lasted about three days. During that time the shots fired on either side were very few and intermittent. The Germans kept outside the range of the fort guns. Small parties approached, indeed, unmolested, to pick up their wounded. Gruesome stories are told of the cremation of their dead. Many corpses were said to have been pitched, under cover of darkness, into the Meuse. The total casualties were estimated at about 30,000. Aeroplanes were busy in the sky. Large forces of the enemy's cavalry seemed also to be scouring the country beyond the western forts. But this state of affairs could not

last long. The Germans had succeeded in occupying Liège, but they had so far gained little advantage from that success. Great armies would soon be hastening from all parts of Germany towards the Belgian frontier. But before they could advance across that frontier in any numbers or with any speed, the forts of Liège must be reduced. Pontisse and Barchon threatened the passage of the Meuse to the north of the city, Flémalle and Boncelles to the south. Embourg dominated the Ourthe valley for some miles. Fléron and Chaudfontaine overlooked the railway approach from Germany. Loncin guarded the line from Liège to Brussels. It became obvious to the Belgians that a great effort would soon be made by the Germans to break up the obstacles that impeded their progress. Guns were placed upon the Citadel, and in other parts of the city. On Monday, August 10, the great artillery duel was renewed.

The first phase of the defence of Liège began on the evening of August 4, and ended on the evening of August 6. During an interval of three days no fighting took place. The final phase lasted from the 10th to the 18th. Throughout this latter period, over a week, the forts were incessantly bombarded and frequently stormed. In one desperate attack upon Flémalle, delivered early in the morning of August 10, no less than 800 of the enemy were killed, many of them caught in barbed-wire entanglements. On some days rain fell; on others the sun shone. But the guns roared almost without pause. To make any impression upon those masses of earth, of stone, and of iron, the targets for innumerable shells, seemed at first impossible. The fort cupolas, revolving in wreaths of smoke, uttered thunder and darted lightning on all sides. Many outlying houses and farms were set ablaze by the Belgian guns.

Little clouds of smoke sprang constantly from the green hill-sides opposite, and denoted the position of the German artillery. The forts were soon completely invested. Leman visited each daily as long as possible. On one of his journeys he was injured in the leg by falling masonry. Undeterred, he took to using a motor-car. When the forts were each surrounded, however, he was confined to Loncin, where he prepared for a final stand.

One by one, as the days passed, the forts fell. The first and most persistent attacks were made on Fléron, Flémalle, Embourg, and Chaudfontaine. The guns of Embourg were, indeed, notably well served. Three motor-cars, driven by German officers along the Tilff road, were smashed by shells; one being hurled below into the Ourthe. Chaudfontaine also showed considerable accuracy. A detachment of the enemy, screening themselves behind a forage cart, was ascending a slope leading to Ninave, where German guns had been placed, when several shells, bursting in the cart, killed the whole party. Chaudfontaine, however, was soon after blown up. The Germans, after assailing the eastern forts, concentrated their fire upon the western, notably on Pontisse, Liers, and Lantin. Day succeeded day without the gain of any substantial success. The Germans realized that their artillery was inadequate. Unless the Belgian guns could be outranged and out-classed, there would be no end to this disheartening struggle. The forts were probably provisioned for months. It was, no doubt, with considerable impatience that the arrival of siege artillery was awaited.

Meanwhile, during the bombardment of the forts, a bombardment of the city itself was twice opened. This seemed, indeed, to afford some ground for a rumour

spread abroad that the Germans had threatened, if the forts were not surrendered, to shell the town. Few cases of civilian outbreaks seem to have taken place. The damage and the casualties, however, were not in either case severe. The inhabitants were prepared beforehand, and the troops in the city taken out of the danger zone. The Cathedral of St. Paul and the University building were partly demolished. Some of the streets were torn up and littered with wreckage. Otherwise than by these two outbreaks, the Germans appeared anxious to win the favour and to restore the confidence of the citizens. Few of the latter, indeed, would venture into the streets. It is said that, in a vain attempt to revive business, German soldiers were ordered by their officers to throng the food-stalls and the shops, while the Belgian authorities were forced to run the trams, which had ceased working, though no passengers appeared. The daily goose-step parade, however, attracted many spectators. The Liégeois gradually grew accustomed to the sight of German soldiers in their streets and cafés, drinking and playing cards, and to the sound of the guns, many placed in parts of the city itself, steadily bombarding the forts. As is usual in a city in a state of siege, the inhabitants looked upon themselves as the sole interest of the world. No news were forthcoming of the course of war outside. It was known that large forces of the enemy had passed through the city and into Belgium. Wild rumours were rife. Reports such as 'Berlin on fire', 'Great German disaster', picked up by railwaymen at Ans, were gloated over. More truthful accounts, however, soon got abroad regarding the behaviour of German troops in neighbouring villages, culminating in the burning of Visé.

It is recorded that, in the Franco-Prussian campaigns of 1870, an Alsatian named Hauff killed two Germans who were plundering his farm. He was seized and shot immediately. His wife found her little son crying over his father's body. 'Mamma,' said the boy, 'when I grow up I will shoot the Germans who killed Daddy.' The widow fled from the place and settled near Visé. Her son in due course grew to manhood, became a farmer, and married. He had two sons. One day he learned that the Germans were invading the country, to intimidate the Belgians. At length a party of Germans arrived outside his farm. Hatred blazed in Hauff's eyes as he took his rifle in his hand. There was a sharp report, and a German fell. The farmer was dragged outside, and placed against a wall. His last moments were spent in the bitterest anguish. His two sons were seized and placed beside him. All three were immediately executed. This occurrence was but a beginning. Several shots were fired at Visé on the evening of August 15. It is alleged that these were fired by drunken Germans at their own officers. The destruction of the town was begun during the night. It was almost entirely burnt. From all over the district, indeed, came tales of wanton and indiscriminate retribution wherever the laws of war were said to have been transgressed, perhaps unwittingly, by civilians. A splendid harvest had been expected. Many fields of wheat, already cut and placed in 'stooks', lay rotting for want of attention. Days afterwards observers were shocked at the desolate aspect of the countryside. In the village of Herve, famous throughout Belgium for its flavoured cheeses, 19 houses remained out of about 500. Corpses were strewn everywhere: a smell of burning pervaded the

atmosphere. The drastic nature of the reprisals could be estimated from notices such as 'Spare us!' 'We are innocent!' displayed upon houses still standing. The high roads around Liège were torn up at intervals of about forty yards. In rare cases, sights such as children playing innocently in pretty gardens, where houses had escaped demolition, recalled, amid the prevailing havoc, the happy days of peace. There was much to remind one of war. Long German columns continually passed through the district. Soon the heavier artillery began to arrive. One class of gun in particular might well arrest the attention of spectators. It was in four pieces, each drawn by three traction-engines. A thirteenth engine went on ahead to aid the ascent of hills. This gun was the new 16-inch siege howitzer. It had been constructed in secret, and was the largest piece in existence. A single shot was said to suffice to pierce the strongest steel armour. These guns were intended to batter Paris. Meanwhile, they were to be tested upon Liège.

The forts were still holding out stubbornly. A force of 30,000 of the enemy had been left for their reduction. They were shelled day and night. They were, indeed, proving a dangerous thorn in the enemy's side. They disconnected his lines of communication. They retarded the passage of troops and transport wagons. Pontoon bridges especially were objects of the attention of the fort artillery. One Belgian gun was said to have destroyed no less than ten. But on August 13 and 14 the German heavy artillery began to arrive. It was brought into action. Fort Boncelles was one of the first to receive the fire. Bombardment was opened at six o'clock on August 14, and continued for two hours. The guns were so placed that the garrison

could neither see nor fire at them. At eight o'clock two German officers approached, and called upon the fort to surrender. Guns still more colossal than those already used, they said, would render its destruction instantaneous. The Belgian commander replied that honour forbade surrender. His men burst into a cheer. The Germans returned, and the bombardment was continued. The fort began to feel the effects. The chimney of the engine-house fell in; part of the works caught fire; the electric light went out; suffocating fumes filled the galleries. Resistance was maintained throughout the day and night. But at six o'clock next morning the concrete chambers which held the guns began to give way. Several of the cupolas turned no more. Two hours later a shell pierced the roof and burst inside the fort. Several men were wounded. Further resistance seemed useless, and it was decided to surrender. Three white flags were hoisted. While the Germans were approaching the Belgians disabled their guns and rifles and destroyed their ammunition. The enemy took possession of the fort. The prisoners, looking back as they were marched off, could see nothing but a heap of ruins.

Similar destruction gradually overtook the remaining forts. Their fabrics crumbled under the constant impact of heavy shells. Their garrisons, forced to retire into the small chambers within the central concrete blocks, had to inhale oxygen to keep themselves alive. Many were, indeed, at last asphyxiated. Storming parties could no longer be resisted by machine-guns. The strongest of the forts, Loncin, the quarters of General Leman, succumbed in turn. It was shelled by the heavier German guns at a distance of seven miles. The batteries upon the Citadel of Liège were

also turned upon it. It is asserted that, during twenty-six hours of bombardment, shells were rained upon the works at the rate of six a minute. The incessant concussions and explosions at last shattered the structure to ruins. Leman saw that the end was inevitable. He destroyed all his plans, maps, and papers. The three remaining guns were disabled, and the ammunition kept beside them exploded. He had about one hundred men left. These he led out of Loncin in a daring effort to reach another fort. But they were seen by the enemy, and had to abandon the attempt. A German storming party rushed forward to a final assault. But suddenly a shell tore through the battered masonry, and exploded in the main magazine. The fort blew up. There was a terrific crash. Huge masses of concrete were hurled high into the air. An immense cloud of dust and fumes arose. When it had cleared away the Germans advanced. The ground was strewn with the bodies of their storming party. A Belgian corporal with a shattered arm raised his rifle and started to fire at them as they approached. Most of the garrison were buried under the ruins. Leman lay, white and still, pinned beneath a massive beam. He was drawn from his dangerous position, half suffocated by fumes, by some of his men. 'Respectez le général. Il est mort,' cried a soldier as the Germans came up. He was borne gently away to a trench, where a German officer gave him drink. He came to his senses and looked round. 'The men fought valiantly,' he said. 'Put it in your dispatches that I was unconscious.' He was placed in an ambulance, and carried into Liège. Shortly afterwards, when sufficiently recovered, he was brought before Von Emmich. The two commanders saluted. 'General,' said the German, holding out his hand,

'you have gallantly and nobly held your forts.' 'I thank you,' Leman replied: 'our troops have lived up to their reputation. War is not like manœuvres,' he added, with a smile. He unbuckled his sword, and tendered it to the victor. Von Emmich bowed. 'No,' he said, 'keep it. To have crossed swords with you has been an honour.' A tear sparkled in the Belgian's eye.¹

Nothing more remains to be told. The forts were not built to resist the pounding of artillery as heavy as that brought against them. They had been constructed when the typical siege gun was the 6-inch howitzer. They had to contend with artillery the calibres of which ranged as high as 16 inches. Each was reduced in turn. The last fell on August 17 or 18.

Thus ended the memorable stand of Liège. The struggle was watched with the intensest interest and emotion by the whole of the civilized world. British statesmen paid tributes to the gallant city. France conferred upon it the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The Tsar of Russia expressed his admiration in a message to the Belgian King. Events which followed proved the importance of the time lost to the Germans before Liège. British troops were enabled, reaching Mons not an hour too soon, to oppose a second bulwark to the advancing tide. The strategic value of the defence was hardly greater than its moral effect. The spell of 1870 was broken. German arms were looked upon as invincible no more. The story is full of human interest and dramatic incident. The struggle brought out many noble sentiments. It stirred many brutal passions.

¹ This incident is taken from the narrative of a German officer, published in the press. There is no reason to believe it is not substantially accurate.

It indicated, as the opening chapter in the greatest and most modern of wars, some tendencies of the impending conflict. Science was to be the weapon. Method of mind, weight of metal, ingenuity of destructive device, were to decide the issue. Most of the ancient glamour of battle was gone. But war, maturing as mankind matured, still showed, as human nature showed, both flashes of its youthful chivalry, and traces of its primitive barbarity. Human passions and emotions, human ambitions and ideals, were again at open strife. Lasting peace was the ultimate quest. Christian principle was the issue.

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POETRY AND WAR

BY

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POETRY AND WAR

Soul of the World, Knowledge without thee,
What hath the Earth that truly glorious is ?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot ? What good is like to this—
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading and the world's delight ?

S. DANIEL.

SOMEONE, I forget who, has said that we English are not a military nation, but that we *are* a very warlike and even pugnacious people. It is very true. There is no fear that we shall ever become militarist, but we *are* a fighting race. 'If blood be the price of Admiralty, Lord God we ha' paid in full !'

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we English are, with all our practicality, pre-eminently a poetical nation, for that too we most certainly are. It may safely be claimed that no modern nation possesses a poetical literature finer in quality or richer in quantity than our own. Not France, though she has much fine poetry and more fine prose ; not Italy, though her fair fields have been watered by an ever-flowing stream of poesy from Dante to Carducci. Certainly not Germany. The Germans to-day have somehow got it into their heads that they are, before all other nations, a nation of poets. Can they compare with us ? Let us put it into naval language. Their 'Grand Fleet' seems somewhat limited. Grant that they have one 'super-Dreadnought', the 'Goethe', admittedly a fine and

powerful ship; still she is hardly equal in guns or speed to the 'Shakespeare'. Grant that they have two or three other Dreadnoughts, the 'Lessing', the 'Schiller', and that swift and dangerous craft, largely fitted on French lines, the 'Heine', and that they possess a flotilla of minor vessels: what have they to put against the number or the variety of our armament?

No; Germany has fine poets and poems, for which the world is the richer, and which we must never, not even to-day, forget.

Some of the most poignant of modern war-poems are those of Detlev von Liliencron, who, born at Kiel in 1844, died six years ago, and fought both in the Austrian and in the Franco-Prussian War. But England has been, almost since she became England, the most poetical of European countries, and there is no poetic literature which for variety or force can be ranked beside ours, except that of ancient Greece. The consequence is that the history of these islands of ours might very largely be written from their poetry, and to a great extent in its very language.

There is an interesting book by Dr. Firth, the Regius Professor of History at Oxford, entitled *English History in English Poetry*, which shows what might be done in this way. But Professor Firth only deals with a special short and recent period, that from the French Revolution to the death of Queen Victoria. He might have begun far earlier, for these islands have been, as long as they have possessed any history, homes of poetry and nests of singing birds. The ancient Britons, as we know, had their 'bards'. We have not their poems preserved in a form which is readily available. But the story of Boadicea has produced two of the best war-poems we have.

The quiet, pious, evangelical Cowper was no 'muff' or pacifist. He wrote: 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still'.

He also wrote :

When the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsels of her country's gods,

while Tennyson treated the same subject in one of the most splendid masterpieces of metrification which even he accomplished.

It is only when we come to the Saxons that what may be called the English poetic record begins. 'The Battle of Brunanburh', one of the most famous Early English poems, all can read in Tennyson's spirited and sledge-hammer version based on his son's prose translation. The English Chronicle contains other similar poems.

When the Normans came they brought their own poets in their train. It is interesting to contrast the account of the Battle of Hastings or Senlac, told in the *Roman de Rou*, with the English account both of Brunanburh and of Stamford Bridge. This Battle of Hastings again Tennyson has described for us in his play of *Harold*, briefly, but vividly, making happy use of a resonant Latin hymn.

The wars with Wales, with Scotland and France, the wars with Spain, the Dutch wars, the later wars with France and Spain combined, the great Napoleonic struggle, the Crimea, the Mutiny, the South African War, all of these have produced their poetry. The difficulty is to select. Some principle of selection is needed.

There are the 'descriptive' poems, the accounts of

stirring incidents by land or sea, there are the 'elegiac' poems, the dirges on the death of heroes, there are those special war-songs, the poems of stimulus or encouragement, there are the 'philosophic' poems speaking of the moral aspects of war.

Some pieces, of course, contain in one whole many, or all, of these elements.

Most striking, if rare, are the contemporary poems which preserve some touch of the life and colours of the time. They are like the Bayeux Tapestry, which is very poetical, and may indeed be called a war-poem in needlework, a drama or epic set out in *tableaux*.

One of the earliest collections of English war-poems has a special interest for us to-day, for it describes a war going on in exactly the region where we are fighting at this hour, the collection of poems by an author whose personal history is unknown, Laurence Minot,¹ describing the wars of Edward the Third, first in Scotland with the Battle of Halidon Hill, and then the Channel, and in the Low Countries. The very headings of the Cantos are suggestive.

I

Lithes and I sall tell yow tyll
Ye bataile of Halidon Hill.

II

Now for to tell yow will I turn
Of yc bataile of Banocburn.

III

How Edward ye King come in Braband
And took homage of all ye land.

¹ An excellent edition is that of Mr. Joseph Hall, M.A., published by the Clarendon Press.

Our Kinge was cumen, trewly to tell,
 Into Braband for to dwell.
 Ye Kayser Lowis of Bavere
 That in that land han had no pere,
 He and als his sons two,
 And other princes many mo.
 Bishoppes and Prelates were thare fele
 That had full mekill worldly wele.
 Princes and people, ald and yong,
 All that spake with Duchè tong.
 All thai come with great honowre
 Sir Edward to save and socowre.

Then follows an account of the naval battle of Sluys, or the 'Swin', in which Edward defeated the French. The description is very graphic :

King Edward unto sail was ful sune dight
 With erles and barons and many kene knight.
 Thai come before Blankebergh on Saint Jon's night
 That was to the Normondes a well sary sight,
 Yit trumped thai and daunced with torches ful bright
 In the wild waniand ¹ was thaire hertes light.
 Upon the morne efter, if I suth say
 A meri man Sir Robard out of Morlay
 At half eb in the Swin sought he the way
 Thare lered men the Normandes at bukler to play
 Helped tham no prayer that thai might pray
 The wreches er wonnen, thair wapin es oway.

A little later comes the account of Edward's march through Normandy and the famous battle of Crècy.

Stedes strong bilevid ² still
 Biside Cressy upon the grene :
 Sir Philip wanted all his will,
 That was wele on his sembland ³ sene

¹ 'The light of the waning moon.'

² Abode.

³ Countenance.

With spere and schelde and helmis schene
 The bare than durst thai nocht habide ;
 Ye King of Beme was cant and kene,
 But there he left both play and pride.

But I must not linger. We must omit the cantos which tell how :

Sir David had of his men grete loss
 With Sir Edward at ye Nevil Cross.

or

How King Edward and his meniè
 Met with ye Spaniardes in ye see.

or

How gentill Sir Edward with his grete engines
 Wan with his wight men ye castill of Gynes (*Guines*).

From Crècy (1346) and Poitiers (1355) it is natural to pass to Agincourt (1418).

This famous battle may perhaps fitly open the chapter of what may be called modern English War Poetry. It is celebrated in some of the finest and most famous lines in our own or any tongue, by Shakespeare, and there are two very interesting ballads about it.

Alas ! that historians have to tell us that those battles and wars meant death to literature.

War, when it is really exhausting, crushes out, or burns up, poetry. It enfeebles the body politic, absorbs the interest, and lowers the vitality of a nation.¹

‘ No age of our history ’, says J. R. Green, ‘ is so sad and so sombre as the age which we traverse from the Third Edward to Joan of Arc.’

¹ Dr. Charles Saleeby, F.R.S., the well-known authority, has been most opportunely working out this problem, as may be seen in his ‘ *Dysgenics of War* ’.

These wars are therefore for the most part told, they are at any rate best commemorated, not by contemporaries, but by poets of a later time, writing when peace and her arts had plucked up heart and merriment again. Thus the melancholy and inglorious civil wars at home, the wars with France, sometimes melancholy too, but more glorious, are sung by the Elizabethan Drayton and Daniel, and above all by Shakespeare himself.

There is no need to quote again the passages of *Henry V*, about St. Crispin's Day, 'Crispin, Crispian', which have appeared in every book of War Poetry, in every newspaper, and been on every lip, during the last few months. But of the famous special songs of Agincourt some mention must be here made.

The Battle of Agincourt indeed may be taken as the point of departure in dealing with what may be called modern or living English War Poetry. Of Agincourt there are two poetic descriptions. The first is very early and anonymous. It will be found in a little volume of the 'Oxford Garland' series, entitled *Patriotic Poems*, selected by Mr. R. M. Leonard, which can be bought for sevenpence. It begins :

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Where English slew and hurt
 All their French foemen ?
 With our pikes and bills brown
 How the French were beat down,
 Shot by our bowmen !

and it ends :

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Dear was the victory bought
 By fifty yeomen.

Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French,
Rare English bowmen ! ¹

The other is better known. It is the spirited poem by Michael Drayton, found in almost all the Anthologies, called 'The Battle of Agincourt', which begins :

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

and ends :

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ;
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

At once famous it became. As Ben Jonson said :

Look how we read the Spartans were inflamed
With bold Tyrtaeus' verse : when thou art named
So shall our English youth urge on and cry
An Agincourt ! an Agincourt ! or die.

When Tennyson wrote 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' he was supposed to have taken the rhythm from this poem. But he did not. He took it from a line in a prose account in *The Times*, 'Someone had blundered.'

¹ There is a variant reading 'women' which male readers may prefer.

The great central contest with the Armada, though both in its general character, its greater incidents, its natural setting, and its successive moments, one of the most poetic of all encounters, produced at the time no adequate poems. It has since, in the last and in the present century, found not a few poets.

There is Macaulay's ballad, a little rhetorical, but finely poetical too. There is Swinburne's tercentenary poem. There is Mr. Noyes's epic of Drake, large in its conception and its treatment. To-day there is Mr. Masefield's beautiful and magic poem 'Philip the King'.

But the contests with Spain, both before and after the Expedition of the Armada, have left their record in splendid and spirited ballads.

Three of these ballads, the 'Ballad of Lord Willoughby', the 'Ballad of Mary Ambree', about 1587, and the 'Ballad of the Winning of Cales', i. e. Cadiz, by the English, all date before the Armada.

That delightful sea song 'The Honour of Bristol', a little later in date, is inspired by the same spirit.

Above all, there is one most perfect and beautiful poem which does not deal, it is true, with the fight of the Armada, but with a fight in the same struggle, Tennyson's ballad of the *Revenge*.

This R. L. Stevenson rightly called one of the noblest ballads in the English language. It is also surely one of the most artistically perfect. Why is it so? What is it makes its peculiar excellence? It is, that it combines so many elements of beauty. The story is a very singular one. As Tennyson wrote about it to his wife, 'Sir Richard Grenville in *one* ship, the *Revenge*, fought *fifty-three* Spanish ships of the line for fifteen hours, a tremendous story, outrivalling Agincourt.' As

Froude wrote, 'The action struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people, it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the defeat of the Armada itself.' Both the hero and his ship were remarkable. Sir Richard Grenville, as we know from Sir Walter Raleigh, who tells the tale, was truly a 'gallant gentleman' and a man of that transcendent courage, at once resolute and explosive, that seems to be more than human. The *Revenge* herself had been Drake's ship when he fought the Armada three years earlier.

The poem itself is full of both musical and pictorial effect. There is not a line or a word too little or too much. Throughout it all there is a sense of the 'setting', of the contrasting beauty of the natural scene. At the last, when the awful human struggle, the heroism even to death, is over, nature reasserts herself and whelms all in her vast engulfing peace. I will not attempt to read all of it to you, but only two sections, which may perhaps illustrate my criticism, the ninth and the fourteenth.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—
God of battles ! was ever a battle like this in the world
before ?

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few ;
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they
knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the
deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien
crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
crag
To be lost evermore in the main.

It is the magic of Tennyson, a really great poet with a great heart, head, and soul, with a great spirit of patriotism.

Its effect is like that of Turner's picture of 'The Fighting *Téméraire* tugged to her last Berth' in the National Gallery.

The Civil Wars again brought forth fine poetry on both sides, Milton and Marvell over against the Cavaliers. All through *Paradise Lost* echo and thunder Milton's own experiences, the same which found voice in his great war-sonnets, the sonnet to Cromwell and others. But

against these it is only fair to set the fine songs of Lovelace and the Cavalier poets. You remember Lovelace's song :

GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

It is fair to remember this, and to remember that perhaps the best tribute of all to the ultimate nobility of the unhappy victim, the Royal Martyr, came from Marvell.

The struggle with Scotland produced fine poetry on both sides, the finest perhaps naturally in Scotland. Yet there is the magnificent English Border Ballad of 'Chevy Chase', which Sir Philip Sidney said moved his heart more than a trumpet, and which Ben Jonson would rather have written than all his works.

The last sad fight for Scottish independence in particular stirred her poets and her poetesses for many a long year. It inspired Scott. Who knows not *Marmion* ? It also inspired one of the most beautiful pieces of war poetry in the world, not always recognized as such, 'The Flowers of the Forest'. Do you know it ? Let me read it to you.

I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milkin',
 Lassies a' liltin' before dawn o' day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loanin'—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts,¹ in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,²
 Lassies are lonely and dowie and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin³ and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin',
 Bandsters are lyart,⁴ and runkled, and gray :
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleechin'⁵—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloamin', nae younkers are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lassies at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milkin' ;
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
 Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loanin'—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Do you know it ; do you know what its theme is,
 and how it came to be written ? It is about the Battle
 of Flodden. It was written by a young Scotch lady
 of good family and education, Miss Jean Elliot. Her
 brother, also a poet, as they were riding home in the
 family coach, bet her a pair of gloves that she could not
 write a good piece on Flodden. In a short space she
 wrote this.* It has not unnaturally often been mistaken
 for a contemporary popular ballad.

¹ Pens.² Rallying.³ Milk pail.⁴ Grizzled.⁵ Coaxing.

The Dutch Wars found their poet in Dryden. Some may remember his *Astrea Redux*, with the splendid couplet, as Professor Saintsbury calls it, on the British Amphitrite :

Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.

and the *Annus Mirabilis*, which Mr. Pepys, Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, wrote down ' A very good poem ' .

The eighteenth century, that formal age, was formal even in its war poetry. Take the great example, that of Addison's *Campaign*. The best way to read it is to read it restored to its setting in Thackeray's *Esmond*. Thackeray points the moral of the folly and sham glory which are the seamy side of war's splendour, and true heroism. But Addison himself knew what was good, as may be seen, though ' the little conceited wits of the Age ' laughed at them, from his papers in the *Spectator* on ' Chevy Chase ' .

And the same moral had been pointed more simply by Southey in that well-known ballad which Mr. Palgrave very rightly included in the *Golden Treasury* :

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done.

The century which began with formal classicism ended, as all know, in the Revolution and the Romance of the new era. Burns belongs to the eighteenth century, but he had caught the breeze of the coming dawn. He wrote of war, as he wrote of everything, with fire. He is one of the most signal examples of a truth which should ever be remembered, that passion is the secret of poetry. Burns was all compact of passion. The passing of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century is perhaps nowhere more happily focused and illustrated than in

the one meeting which took place between Burns and Scott. The story is one of the most charming in literature. It is given in a letter of Scott's own in Lockhart's *Life of Burns* :

As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him ; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and less with the gentry of the West Country, the two sets that he most frequented. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among them I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sate silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms.

These lines were written beneath (lines pre-eminently characteristic of the eighteenth century) :

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or, rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of *The Justice of Peace*. I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

The great war with Napoleon and its poetry I pass over. To tell all is, as the French proverb says, to be a bore. All are familiar with the poetry of Byron and Scott, and of the rival group, Wordsworth who has already been mentioned, Southey, and Coleridge. Independent of both is the best of all, Thomas Campbell.

The Crimean War made Tennyson the laureate of the nation. The Queen, well advised by Sir Robert Peel, had bestowed the official laurel on him only three years before.

Tennyson may not be the greatest of English war-poets, though I am not sure that he is not, but he is the most complete. He has treated war in so many ways. He has written poems, and those of the first order, upon it in every aspect. He has written on the spur of the moment, and after the event, sometimes not very long after the event, sometimes at a considerable distance of time.

The 'Charge of the Light Brigade', one of the very best ballads of its kind, was written in a moment, and on the moment, directly the news came to England; the 'Charge of the Heavy Brigade', less well known, and less fine, but still fine, was written some time after the event. So was that splendid ballad of the Mutiny, the 'Defence of Lucknow'.

A historic poem is the ballad of the *Revenge*, already dealt with. A splendid poem of the elegiac order, perhaps the finest of its kind in the language (Stevenson called it 'one of our few blood-boilers'), is the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington'.

Of fighting, handled in the artistic, pictorial, epic style, there is abundance in *The Princess* and in the *Idylls*. Magnificent examples of the imaginative ballad treatment are Sir Galahad and Oriana.

On the philosophy of war there is the monodrama of *Maud*, and the 'Epilogue' to the 'Charge of the Heavy Brigade'.

For many years it was the fashion to scoff at *Maud*. Now the converted pacifist announces as his own discovery, exactly the teaching which *Maud* put forward sixty years ago, that war with all its horrors yet brings out many noble qualities.

Finally, of that kind of poetry which, when war is waging, is especially considered 'war poetry'—poems of the stimulating, hortatory, Tyrtæan kind, Tennyson has written many. It was no accident, though it was unexpected, that among his literary legacies his son should have found the vigorous 'Call to Arms', which he gave to the world last autumn and which seemed as if written for the contemporary crisis and the living hour.

It is no wonder that he bulks so large in the war Anthologies. War gives new values to poetry, sometimes by reviving the old values. Names like those of Mrs. Hemans, Campbell, Macaulay, Tennyson, Longfellow, recover their lustre, if indeed they had ever lost it. Let me say to any here, especially young readers who are in doubt where to place him, Don't pretend to admire Tennyson if you really do not. There was a time, and a long time, during which that was done. But if you do care for the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' or the *Revenge*, or 'Oriana', or the 'Duke of Wellington', don't be ashamed or afraid to say so.

The Crimea brought forth several fine war-poems by other poets besides Tennyson, such as Archbishop Trench's 'Alma'. Notably it brought forth one poem by an Englishman, but of New not Old England, worthy to be compared, though very different, even with

the ' Charge of the Light Brigade ', Longfellow's tribute to the heroism of womanhood not less than that of manhood, his poem on Florence Nightingale, the ' Lady with the Lamp ', in the hospital at Scutari.

To-day after sixty years she has her statue in London among the warriors with whom she was associated in her life, and from whom in her death it is meet that she should not be divided.

But the idea of her statue is based on the poem. You know the story on which that is founded? It is well told in Sir E. T. Cook's Life. At night, when all was quiet in the hospital at Scutari, she used to go round the wards with a little lamp. The soldiers were observed to kiss her shadow as it fell upon the wall as she passed.

ST. FILOMENA

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls,
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus, thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see,
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its ray shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land.
 A noble type of good
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall she be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore,
 Saint Filomena bore.

So she stands now, the foundress of an ever-lengthening line of war nurses and of peace nurses too, and a pioneer of army organization, *Dux femina facti*.

The Mutiny again furnished themes for several fine pieces, among the finest Tennyson's splendid 'Defence of Lucknow'. But the American Civil War is perhaps the best example in modern history of a war producing poetry.

The American War brought forth a large crop, and some of the best that America has produced, poetry indeed so far transcending the somewhat dead ordinary

American level that we are tempted to say that nothing but a great war will bring forth great poetry from America. All her best poets were roused—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bret Harte, Lowell, Holmes, Walt Whitman.

One of the best of the war-songs was a Southern poem, Randall's 'Maryland, my Maryland'. 'John Brown's Body', a war-song of the North, is, I believe, with some alteration, being sung amongst us to-day.

The War is still the heroic epoch of the States. It made Lincoln. It made Walt Whitman.

Walt Whitman distinctly says that it was the war that produced his *Leaves of Grass* and made him an effective poet.

These, however, and much more might have gone on and come to naught (almost positively would have come to naught) if a sudden, vast, terrible, direct and indirect stimulus for new and national poetic expression had not been given to me. It is certain, I say, that—although I had made a start before—only from the occurrence of the Secession War, and what it show'd me by flashes of lightning, with the emotional depths it sounded and arous'd (of course I don't mean in my own heart only, I saw it just as plainly in others, in millions)—that only from the strong flare and provocation of that war's sights and scenes, the final reasons for being of an autochthonic American song definitely came forth.

I went down to the war-field in Virginia (end of 1862), lived thenceforward in camp—saw great battles and the days and nights afterward—all the fluctuations, gloom, despair, hopes again arous'd, courage evoked—death readily risked—the *cause*, too—along and filling those agonistic and lurid years, 1863-4-5—the real parturition years (more than 1776-83 of this henceforth homogeneous Union) without those three or four years, my *Leaves of Grass*, as they stand, would not now be existing.

If you want to see how war strikes a real poet and

what it is indeed like, you should read not only Whitman's poems, but his prose, his 'Specimen Days'. I know nothing, not even Zola's *Débâcle*, that gives so vivid a picture of war—that war which, as one of Whitman's compatriots said, is *Hell*. Read in particular the section headed 'A Night Battle', 'Unnamed remains the bravest soldier', almost exactly like the German poem 'Death in the Cornfield', by Liliencron, 'A Glimpse of War's Hell-Scenes', and then, if your heart is too agonized, as it well may be, read 'The most Inspiring of All War's Shows', and, best of all, 'Home-made Music'. Read 'Beat, Beat Drums', 'Vigil Strange', and above all the poem on the memorable year Eighteen Sixty-one. I know no war poetry which moves me more, though some satisfies more my artistic sense.

EIGHTEEN SIXTY-ONE.

Arm'd year—year of the struggle :
 No dainty rhymes or sentimental love verses for you,
 terrible year,
 Not you as some pale poetling seated at a desk lisping
 cadenzas piano,
 But as a strong man erect, clothed in blue clothes,
 advancing, carrying a rifle on your shoulder,
 With well-gristled body and sunburnt face and hands,
 with a knife in the belt at your side,
 As I heard you shouting loud, your sonorous voice ring-
 ing across the continent,
 Your masculine voice, O year, as rising amid the great
 cities,
 Amid the men of Manhattan I saw you, as one of the
 workmen and dwellers in Manhattan,
 Or with large steps crossing the prairies out of Illinois
 and Indiana,
 Rapidly crossing the West with springy gait and de-
 scending the Alleghanies,
 Or down from the Great Lakes or in Pennsylvania or on
 deck along the Ohio river,

Or southward along the Tennessee or Cumberland rivers,
 or at Chattanooga on the mountain-top,
 Saw I your gait and saw I your sinewy limbs clothed in
 blue, bearing weapons, robust year,
 Heard your determined voice launched forth again and
 again,
 Year that suddenly sang by the mouths of the round-
 lipp'd cannon,
 I repeat you, hurrying, crashing, sad, distracted year.

Longfellow, deeply stirred, wrote a fine descriptive poem, the 'Ballad of the Cumberland'. He also wrote the noble apostrophe to the Union :

Sail on, O Union, strong and great :
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on nor fear to breast the sea,
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee ;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee, are all with thee.

Alter one word, alter 'Union' into 'Empire' ; is it not true, ought not our American kinsmen to recognize its truth to our own cause ?

Time would fail to quote Julia Ward Howes's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic', or Bret Harte's noble 'Reveille'. The spirit of each and all is the same.

Lowell, who also wrote the well-known humorous, wise, and witty *Biglow Papers*, when the war was over penned his beautiful Memorial ode :—

We sit here in the Promised Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk :
 But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.

We welcome back our bravest and our best :
 Ah me ! not all ! some come not with the rest,
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here !
 I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
 But the sad strings complain,
 And will not please the ear.
 I sweep them for a Paeon, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.
 Fittier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving ;
 I with uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not,—Say not so !
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the way.
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;
 No ban of endless night exiles the brave ;
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

The South African War is still recent in many memories and so are its songs, and I need not to revive them.

This war of to-day has had the natural effect of bringing into being many collections of war poetry, and I am bound to say that I think not a few of them are very good. Others there were, of course, in existence before. One of the very best books of the kind, I think, is still the *Lyra Heroica*, a book of verse for boys arranged by that indomitable 'poet of action', W. E. Henley, in 1892.

The selection is excellent ; the notes tell just what needs being told, and are full of manly sense and sensibility. Its happy motto is that often-quoted, incomparable quatrain of Scott :

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
 To all the sensual world proclaim :
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

Its chief drawback for present purposes is that it does not contain any poems written after 1892, or any of Henley's own.

It is significant that of the war-anthologies of to-day one of the best is a volume drawing its inspiration from Henley, dedicated to his memory, called by a name of his invention, and bearing on its title-page a strophe from his ringing and singing ode 'England, my England'. It is compiled by Mr. Goodchild and published by Messrs. Jarrold. It opens with a number of poems inspired by the present war, and then passes to a very excellent selection of pieces written for the American War.

Another is 'Our Glorious Heritage', with an excellent Introduction by that fine, discriminating judge, Dr. Beeching, Dean of Norwich. This too has a merit of its own, in that it includes some admirable Colonial pieces, the 'Canadian Volunteers', the 'Birth of Australia', and 'New Zealand'.

Another, again, somewhat more modern in scope, perhaps the most up-to-date of all, is a collection by that veteran Professor Knight, entitled *Pro Patria et Rege*, which again has an interesting Introduction.

The Oxford Press has put out two small volumes, both simple and cheap. One that is called *Patriotic Verse*, arranged by Mr. R. M. Leonard, already mentioned, sound both in its selection and in its brief notes. The other, entitled *War Poetry*, arranged by Mr. Christopher Stone, has a double interest. In the first place, it has a brilliant Introduction of an unusual, unconventional kind, written by that soldier who has so often shown how well he can wield the pen, General Sir Ian Hamilton.

Next, the collection itself is really 'historic'. It brings together many ballads and popular songs difficult to find collected elsewhere, and it gives them in their chronological order, and in their original form.

We wonder often what poetry our soldiers to-day really like. I suppose that the song which they have made the most use of, whatever it meant, is the well-known 'Tipperary'. It might look a little disappointing in an anthology. Here are many of what may be called the 'Tipperaries' of bygone times.

Of the poetry of the moment none, I think, is more significant than that which comes from the Colonies, from the heart and lips of those children of ours who are now grown to first manhood and are our youthful comrades in this common struggle. Significant, because it shows how deeply they are stirred. Canada has had her poets for some time. Conspicuous among them is Canon Frederick George Scott, of Quebec, now at the Front as an Army Chaplain. I should like to call your attention to a little volume of his entitled *The Gates of Time*, published by Messrs. Bagster in their sixpenny series. It includes his fine 'Hymn of Empire' and one or two other poems bearing on the war. Australia, to my mind, is a specially poetical country. Perhaps it is something in the geography of the South Seas. The Maoris seem to be a poetic race.

Certainly I thought one of the pieces of the truest poetry put out in the war, though it was not in verse, was the message of the small island Niue, or Savage Island, as it was most inappropriately called, in the region of New Zealand, inhabited by a people akin to the Maoris. You may have seen the message in *The Times*. It was a letter from twelve chiefs of the island. They sent £164 in money and the following words :

To King George V, and all those in authority and the brave men who fight. I am the island of Niue, a small child that stands up to help King George V.

Two poems from Australia have struck me very much. They are both by old Oxford men who have made their homes in Australia.

The first was a sonnet which appeared in *The Times*, by Mr. Archibald Strong, called 'Australia to England'.

The next has not, I think, appeared in England. It was inspired by the sight of the troops passing beneath the statue of Captain Cook at Sydney, and was written by Mr. John Sandes, of the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* :

AUSTRALIANS TO THE FRONT !

(*Captain Cook hears the Drums*)

From the Scheldt unto the Niemen,
Hark, the music of the drums !
Not unthrilled the souls of free men
When that instant message comes.
Rolling east the wild fantasia
Stirs the Orient blood to flame ;
And the drums call Australasia—
And she answers to her name.

Far away from hosts in battle,
Yet in time with marching feet.
Here and now the war-drums rattle
In the sunbright city street.
Horse and foot in martial manner,
Swift commands, and glances high,
Naked steel and silken banner—
Thus the ranks go proudly by.

But within the gardens spacious,
Not a stone's throw from the crowd
One who fronts the landscape gracious
Listens to the war-drums loud.

Beats the eager drummer harder,
 And methinks the bronze can hear,
 In those eyes a flash of ardour !
 On that cheek a noble tear !

‘ Dauntless Captain, did’st thou ever,
 With thy sailor-eyes of gray
 Searching out from thy *Endeavour*
 That sequestered flower-starred bay,
 Dream that some day those who love thee
 Here would stake their all of worth,
 For the flag that waved above thee
 And the land that gave thee birth ? ’

And the dauntless Captain listens :
 Ah, if only he could speak !
 But a vagrant raindrop glistens
 On that scorched and blistered cheek,
 And the faith that does not falter
 Still may hear his whisper low :
 ‘ *Son, this new land doth not alter
 Britain’s breed of long ago.* ’

What is the conclusion of the whole matter ? What does war do for poetry and poetry for war ? Some say that war does not produce good poetry. The truth is it produces much bad, and little good, but even in time of peace that is the usual proportion. Good poetry is always rare, very good poetry very rare. A few good poems war produces at the moment, as I have shown. Tennyson’s ‘ Charge of the Light Brigade ’, Longfellow’s ‘ Santa Filomena ’, Newbolt’s ‘ The Only Son ’, Kipling’s poem written the other day ‘ For all we have and are ’. More it produces after the event, when, as Wordsworth said, ‘ Passion is remembered in tranquillity ’, the *Persae* of Aeschylus, or the fine passages of Virgil and Horace on the Battle of Actium.

Others say that modern war is not romantic and that

science has destroyed the poetry of war. That, I imagine, has always been said. It was said when gunpowder superseded bows and arrows, and when steam made obsolete the stately sailing ship. I do not doubt it was said—there are signs that it was said—of the Iron Age which superseded that of Stone. It is partly, but only partly, true.

The accounts of the end of the *Emden*, of Admiral Beattie's or Admiral Sturdee's flying fight, when the ships were tearing through the seas at some thirty miles an hour and yet striking at eleven miles' distance, are as thrilling as anything I have ever read. The aeroplane, as Tennyson foresaw nearly ninety years ago, is as poetical as the sailing ship. Poetry, as I have endeavoured to show, brings out the deeper meaning, the 'lesson' of war. It shows its horror, and also its heroism, in a way which enables us to bear and to read both aright. In time of peace it keeps alive the noble temper which war, when it comes, evokes, the love of country, the spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice, the conviction that there are better things than ease and luxury, or party or personal gain or triumph. It fixes and it lights up those ideal values which, when all is at stake, and everything stands to be lost or won, are seen to be the real.

Let me conclude with one more example which, in its short space and beautifully simple form, illustrates, I think, much of what I have endeavoured to say, a poem produced in and by and for these days, the lines by Lord Crewe on the grave of his son-in-law Captain O'Neill, Member of Parliament, who fell in November last. They appeared first in the Harrow School Magazine and later were given to the world in *The Times*. With Lord Crewe's permission and that of *The Times* I quote them.

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play ;
Friendships at will ; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope ; some service to the State ;
Benignant age ; then the long tryst to keep
Where, in the yew-tree shadow congregate,
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will ?
We ask ; and wait.

WHY WE ARE AT WAR

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H. W. C. D.

BRITAIN'S WAR BY LAND

To the foreign observer, looking only at the numbers in the fighting line, it may seem at first sight that Britain, whatever her achievements at sea, is making on land but a small effort when compared with the splendid muster of her Allies. Such a view is not unnatural, and, if well founded, would constitute a grave indictment of the British people. In this life-and-death struggle it is the duty of each ally to fling his whole resources into the common stock, and any reluctance is treason to the common cause. But I believe that the view, if it is anywhere seriously held, is based on a misunderstanding, and I wish to set down very shortly the reasons for my belief. The questions to be answered are two : Has Britain done her part in providing troops, and have those troops given a good account of themselves ?

I

In the first place we must remember the circumstances of Britain at the outbreak of war. We were an island people with a world-wide empire. That meant that we needed an omnipotent navy, and we held with good reason that we had got it. It meant also that, having no great land-frontier, such as Russia or France, we did not need land forces on the Continental scale. If a European Power declared

war against us, we believed that our fleet would prevent invasion, and that all that we needed was a Home Defence force sufficient to repel a raid. But since we were always fighting little wars up and down our Empire, we had to have a professional army, composed of those who voluntarily chose a soldier's life, highly trained, and enlisted for a reasonable length of service. This army was fixed at about 250,000 men, and 160,000 of them were ready for use at any moment in any part of the globe. It did not represent the real fighting strength of the nation, as the army of France, for example, represented the French fighting strength. It was only a spear-head to the man-power of Britain, and we knew that in a world-war, if time were granted us, we should soon get the shaft for it from among the hedgerows of England.

It may be said that our military policy was mistaken. That may or may not be true, but it was the policy in vogue last July. All our military arrangements were based on it, and our zeal in the cause of the Allies can only be judged by our use of the weapon which we found ready to our hand. This is not the place to discuss our future methods of defence, but one thing may be urged in reply to those critics who have argued that we were radically unprepared. The question is not whether we should have had some system of universal training, or whether on the outbreak of war we should have raised our new armies on a compulsory basis. For

both of these policies a good case can be made out. But the point is whether the *whole* of our traditional system was not culpably inadequate. Now, this system sufficed for our ordinary needs, for ninety-nine out of a hundred possible developments. As it chanced, the hundredth happened, and we had to revise and supplement it in some vital parts. But a military policy adequate to the hundredth contingency would have been futile and extravagant for the ninety-nine others which were our reasonable day-to-day expectation. It would have taxed our resources and impeded our normal life, and would have been valueless except in the one remote contingency. Nothing short of an army on the Continental scale would have met the need. Other schemes, no doubt, might have given us a better foundation than we actually possessed for the raising of new armies, but that alone would have fulfilled the immediate military requirements. Had we been able to put on the Continent in August from half a million to a million trained men it is probable that the campaign on French and Belgian soil would have long since been over. But to argue from this probability to the conclusion that we should always have had a Continental army ready is to forget the first maxim of sound government. A statesman budgets for ordinary conditions, not for a year of uninterrupted pestilence and earthquake. A wise man insures against risks which are really likely, not against something which is just on the distant rim of

possibility. There is such a thing as over-insurance, and to have based all our preparations on the sudden insanity of Germany would have meant paying too high a premium. Unless we subscribe to the belief that this kind of war was always 'inevitable'—a belief which seems to demand a direct Divine revelation—it is difficult to see how any British Government could have prepared for it in the only way which would have brought it to a summary close. And let it be added that, accepting our traditional policy, we had brought the system created under it to a high efficiency. Our Expeditionary Force and our General Staff had never been more ready for war.

War came, and we at once sent our whole Expeditionary Army to the front in France, and set about increasing our armed forces. To those who remembered the delays and confusion at the beginning of the South African War, the speed and precision with which our Army crossed the Channel and fell into line with the French seemed little short of miraculous. Having no system of compulsory service, we relied upon the patriotism of our people. Our islands were not invaded, or immediately threatened, so we could not call for recruits to fight for the existence and sanctity of their homes. Our appeal was made on behalf of the honour of Britain and the liberties and interests of our Allies. These are great matters, but it takes the ordinary man, unversed in foreign politics, a little time to understand them.

It should not be forgotten that the new voluntary armies which we raised were not like a Continental levy which defends its borders against the horrors of invasion, but men who volunteered either because they hated what Germany stood for and believed in the Allies' cause, or because they liked fighting for its own sake. The class in any nation which responds to such an appeal cannot be as wide as the class which will fight for the safety of its homes.

At the outbreak of war we had about 900,000 men wholly or partly trained—250,000 in the Regular Army, 230,000 in the various Reserves, and 420,000 in the Army for Home Defence.¹ By August 17 we had sent 150,000 men to the Allied line in France, a force which may be taken as equivalent to three German Army Corps and three Cavalry Divisions. Since then we have sent out further divisions and at least 80,000 men as drafts to fill up gaps, for our losses in the first four months of war have been very large in proportion to the size of our Army. One brigade in fifteen days' fighting lost 97 per cent. of its officers and 77 per cent. of its men, and many battalions have lost the whole of their original strength. Up to the end of 1914 we had sent out not less than 300,000 men, and we continue rapidly to add to this figure. We have in these islands, as a Home Defence Force and in training for foreign service, well over a million and a half of men, and recruits are pouring in daily. Voluntary recruits,

¹ This figure includes a portion of the National Reserve.

remember, coming largely from classes to whom the pay is no attraction and who have other means of earning their living. In four months' time we shall have a total armed force of something over two millions, and at least 500,000 of these will be fighting on the Continent. In nine months' time we may have a million in the fighting line.

That is for Britain alone. Canada has sent 32,000 men and is training 10,000 more. She believes that if the war lasts for a year she will send us any number from 100,000 to 250,000. Australia and New Zealand have equipped over 30,000, and can certainly send 100,000 if required. Then there is India, which has sent us two divisions to Europe, and another force to East Africa. We can probably count on not less than 200,000 Indians for our fighting lines in Asia, Africa, and Europe.

Remember, too, that the war on the continent of Europe is for Britain not all the war. In the first place we have to keep a force for home defence. In the case of a Continental Power the only army is the field army. France need not guard Algiers, nor Russia Turkestan, from invasion. But we are compelled to keep an army on our coasts to meet any possible danger from the German fleet. Again, we are fighting at this moment in Egypt and in Mesopotamia against the Turks, in the Cameroons, in German East Africa, and in South Africa. We have also to provide garrisons for strategical points throughout the Empire, like Gibraltar, Malta, and

Aden ; and we have to send troops to replace the British regulars withdrawn from India and the East.

Taking all these activities together, we can claim, I think, that we have well over two million men at the moment under arms for the different purposes of the war, and in six months' time it will be nearer three million.

Now, how does this compare with the population of our country ? According to the latest figures, we have in the British Islands just over eight million men of military age—that is between eighteen and forty-five. Taking a percentage on the French precedent, we must deduct two millions as unfit. We must also allow large deductions for men required to run our industries, for at present we are manufacturing war material and supplies for all our Allies as well as for ourselves. That is good for the British manufacturer, but it is a good thing, too, for our Allies, and clearly such industries must be kept going. So let us deduct two million men for this purpose. We shall not be far wrong if we allow 500,000 as the amount required for the Navy and purposes connected with the Navy ; and at least another 500,000 for the men between thirty-eight and forty-five, since thirty-eight is the age limit we have fixed for enlistment. So we get three millions as our maximum of possible recruits. Our British forces, as we have seen, will presently be very little below two millions, and that is 66 per cent. Britain has never professed to be a military Power. Her

main preoccupation is her Navy, and the appeal she is now making must be regarded as a special effort, something quite outside her common line of interests, and something for which the machinery has had to be improvised. With this in mind the percentage must surely seem creditable, and every month it will go on rising.

II

In the three months of fighting which began at Mons on August 23, the British Army under Field-Marshal Sir John French has done its full share. More than its share in proportion to its numbers; and this is only right, for it is the most professional and highly trained force in the world, and like many of the Russian troops, it has had recent war experience. When General Joffre took up the position along the Sambre and the Meuse in order to feel the strength of the German advance, the British Force was given the post on the extreme left, between Condé and Binche, with its centre at the town of Mons. At that time the Allies believed that Namur could hold out for weeks. They gravely underestimated the strength of the German right wing under von Kluck and von Buelow, and they were apparently unaware of the large armies advancing against their centre through the Ardennes.

Namur fell in less than two days, and its fall made the Allied position an impossible salient. The 5th French Army on the British right was driven back under the severe frontal attack by von Buelow, and

the 4th and 3rd French Armies were at the same time repulsed from the line of the Meuse and forced southward. This meant that the left of the line, held by our troops, was more or less in the air. Von Kluck on the German right was not only attacking Sir John French on the front, but had an Army Corps and two Cavalry Divisions moving westward in an enveloping movement, while von Buelow was threatening the British right.

We began the battle of Mons on that Sunday afternoon in the belief that we had only two army corps against us. At that time our total force in the firing line was scarcely more than 80,000 men, the Third Corps having not yet come up, so the strength seemed evenly matched. On the Sunday evening, however, Sir John French heard from General Joffre of the defeat of the 5th Army on our right and the fall of Namur, and he also became aware that at least four Army Corps were moving against him. Nothing was left but to retreat, and on that night our movement southward began. The arrangement was that the Second Corps should make a stand to permit the First Corps to retire to the Maubeuge position, and should then break off the engagement and follow. Accordingly, during most of Monday General Smith-Dorrien's Second Corps was employed in holding back the enemy, a task in which he was outnumbered by at least three to one. It succeeded, and the whole British Force by the Monday evening had fallen back in good order to the new position.

But by this time it was clear that the German aim was to turn our left flank and drive us under the guns of Maubeuge, which would become for us what Metz had been to Bazaine ; so Sir John French gave the order for a further retreat. During Tuesday this was carried out successfully with many sharp rear-guard actions. Late on Tuesday night we occupied a position from Maroilles and Landrecies in the east to Le Cateau in the west. In the early darkness the 4th (Guards) Brigade of the First Corps at Landrecies was violently attacked, and the engagements spread along the line of the First Corps and lasted far into the night. In the morning it was plain that if the First Corps was to get away the Second Corps must hold up the enemy. Smith-Dorrien was there-upon involved in a battle which lasted till the afternoon of Wednesday, and deserves to be remembered as one of the finest achievements in the history of the British Army. The odds against him were never less than four to one, and were probably greater. He had to fight a covering action, and then break it off and retire ; and every soldier knows the difficulties of such an operation. We lost severely but we were never defeated, and by the Wednesday evening the Second Corps had begun its retirement. All night the retreat continued, and our wearied men were hotly pressed by the German vanguard. Next morning the pursuit had slackened, and we held a position from St. Quentin east along the Oise valley. For the next five days of the retirement the pressure

was less severe, for the French cavalry had come up on our flank, and the new French 6th Army was forming on our left. We had heavy fighting in several places, especially in the woods of Compiègne, but on the whole till we had crossed the Marne we were not seriously driven. Le Cateau had told on von Kluck as well as on the British.

The whole retreat was a very brilliant exploit for all the Allied Armies, but especially for the British, who had to bear the brunt of the attack. Our retirement was a strategic retreat—that is, it was undertaken under the pressure of strategic requirements, but not under the compulsion of a defeat. The rarity of such retirements is a proof of their difficulty. In modern history there are three famous examples. The first is Sir John Moore's retreat from Astorga to Corunna, a march of 250 miles through wild mountains in a tempest of snow and rain, with Napoleon and 70,000 men at his heels. Moore fell back, as all the world knows, fighting constant rear-guard actions and losing heavily each day, chiefly from starvation and fatigue. But he preserved his army intact, and on January 16, 1809, could turn at Corunna and beat off his pursuers. That is the most perfect instance in British history, perhaps in any history. A second is Wellington's retreat into Portugal after his victory at Talavera. 'A pretty general', wrote Cobbett, the eternal type of the ill-informed critic, 'who wins a victory one day, and finds he has to run away the next.' A third is the

Russian retreat before the French in 1812 which lured Napoleon into the icy depths of the continent. That was a true strategic retirement, for the battle of Borodino was an accident, and Kutusov would never have fought it but for political pressure. Russia won by drawing on her foe till winter, her ally, could destroy him. Sir John French, in the days from Mons to the Marne, had an easy country to traverse and perfect weather, as compared with what fell to the lot of Sir John Moore and Napoleon. His supplies did not seriously fail, and his transport problem was not difficult. His special danger lay in the enormous masses behind him, moving at a speed unknown before, and ever threatening to envelop his flanks. The pace, the comparatively small losses, and the excellent discipline and *moral* preserved in his troops, were the distinguishing features of his performance.

In estimating the achievement, we must remember the temperament of the soldier. He was entering upon a war against what public opinion agreed was the most formidable army in the world. In such a campaign an initial success, however small, works wonders with the spirit of an army. But there had been no success. The men had gone straight from the train, or from a long march, into action, and almost every hour of every day they had been retreating. Often they were given the chance of measuring themselves in close combat against their adversaries, and on these occasions they had held

their own ; but still the retreat went on, and it was difficult to avoid the feeling that, even if their own battalion stood fast, there must have been a defeat elsewhere in the line to explain this endless retirement. Such conditions are desperately trying to a soldier's nerves. The man who will support cheerfully any fatigue in a forward march will wilt and slacken when he is going backward. Remember, too, that, except for a few members of the Headquarters Staff, the officers and men knew nothing of the general situation. Had they learned of the fall of Namur it would have explained much, but few of them heard of it till a week later. That under such circumstances complete discipline and faithfulness were preserved, and that after so great a damping of zeal the fire of attack could be readily rekindled, was an achievement more remarkable, perhaps, than the most signal victory.

On September 5 General Joffre informed Sir John French that the time had now come to take the offensive. Early on Sunday morning, September 6, the Allied line, now almost touching the Seine, turned and struck. Von Kluck, believing that the British were too weary and broken to be dangerous, marched across our front in an attempt to envelop the French 5th Army. His own rearguards and communications were assailed by the new French 6th Army, and the British, moving from behind the Forest of Crécy, fell upon the right flank of his main advance, while the French 5th Army attacked it in

front. After four days' hard fighting von Kluck was forced to retreat, and his retirement compelled the whole German front from the Oureq to Verdun to fall back also. The battles on the Marne were a brilliant performance for each one of the Allied armies. That after a fortnight's rapid retirement they should be able to turn and strike with undiminished vigour spoke volumes for the stamina of both French and British.

The decisive movement on the Marne was probably that of Wednesday the 9th, when the British drove von Kluck across the river, while the 5th French Army uncovered von Buelow's right, and General Foch with the 9th Army drove the Prussian Guard into the marshes of St. Gond. To illustrate the fighting quality of our own troops we may note that one day forty-five of our cavalry squadrons drove before them seventy-two German squadrons ; while four German infantry divisions were utterly beaten by five British ; though at Mons four British had repulsed the attack of eight German.

By September 12 the German Army had occupied its prepared positions along the river Aisne, and those months of trench warfare began which are not yet concluded. The achievements of the British forces are now less individual than in the days from Mons to Marne ; they are part of the slow general offensive of the 250 miles of the Allied line. One incident, however, should be noted. The crossing of the river Aisne by the three British corps on September 13-14

in the face of strong German resistance was a remarkable achievement. On the 14th Sir Douglas Haig and the First Corps on the British right made an effort to drive a wedge into the enemy's front, and succeeded in gaining a position on the high ground north of the river, which they continued to hold against great odds during the succeeding days of the engagement.

In the first fortnight of October it became clear that the Germans were meditating another enveloping movement against our left flank, their object being the possession of Calais and the southern ports of the Channel. To prevent this, the Allied left was extended northward, and the British Forces were sent to hold the extreme northern flank in West Flanders. The change in the dispositions was made with the utmost secrecy and precision, and a new line was taken up by the British extending from La Bassée to the north of Ypres. For a moment there was grave danger to the Allies. After the fall of Antwerp very large German forces were hurled against our left. The British 7th Division and the 3rd Cavalry Division fell back from Ghent and Bruges towards the Lys, and for some days we held a line of nearly forty miles with hurriedly prepared trenches against a vast numerical superiority. Presently the Belgian Army and a new French Army came up on our left, and held a position between us and the sea. November and December saw the British Forces engaged in a war of entrenchments which recalled

the fighting of Marlborough's day. The cavalry charges in the retreat from Mons and the battle of the Marne had gone, and our best cavalry fought like infantry in the trenches, and were away for weeks from their horses. This is not the place to tell the day-to-day history of that stubborn fighting. We had to encounter not only the tidal waves of the new German Armies, but the desperate attacks of their picked troops, the Prussian Guard.

The worst period for the British forces was the assault upon Ypres, which began about the 17th of October and continued till about the 13th of November. So far as the British were concerned, the bulk of the fighting fell upon General Capper's 7th Division, Sir Douglas Haig's First Corps, and on General Byng's 3rd Cavalry Division. The severity of the engagements may be judged from the fact that the generals commanding the 1st and 2nd Divisions were both wounded and five of their staff officers were killed. More than once the British line was pierced, but, like the Arabs who broke our square at Abu-Klea, the invaders were given no chance to make good their success. On November 10 a division of the Prussian Guard, which had received its Emperor's special command to pierce our front, attacked with great vigour, and their decisive repulse on the following day brought the fiercest fighting to an end. In the struggle for Ypres it is difficult to single out regiments when all did brilliantly, but special mention should be made of the work of the Household Cavalry in

General Byng's division, who, fighting in an unfamiliar trench warfare, added to the glory they had won before on more congenial fields. Then, as ever, the bulk of the defence was in the hands of those steady, old-fashioned English regiments of the line who have always been the backbone of our army. The Foot Guards showed that their unique discipline was compatible with a brilliant and adroit offensive, and Cavan's 4th Brigade added to the laurels they had won at Landrecies, at Villers-Cotterets, at the Marne, and at the Aisne. Two Yeomanry regiments fought with General Byng, and three Territorial battalions with Sir Douglas Haig, and showed all the steadiness and precision of first line troops. 'I venture to predict', Sir John French wrote of the British Armies in West Flanders, 'that their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our time.'

The day is still far distant when any part of the military history of the war can be finally written. The lines of the campaign are so broad and simple that we can follow more or less clearly the main strategy, but the tactical details must long be obscure. Even now, however, it is important that each of the Allies should know something of what the others are doing, and the story of a nation's deeds can best come from the nation itself. Nothing would be more welcome than to hear from Russia the splendid

tale of Lemberg and Augustovo and Warsaw, and from France the full story of Foch's attack on the Prussian Guard, and the heroic defence of Nancy. This slight sketch of British doings is a humble contribution to the common stock, which I hope will be repaid in kind.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THOUGHT IN MODERN FRANCE

THE object of the following pages is to account for the present state of public opinion and of national feeling in France by tracing them to their historic causes.

A war is one of the greatest trials that a nation can undergo : it taxes all its energies and possibilities and reveals its moral condition exactly as a great sentimental or intellectual crisis reveals the latent power or the unsuspected weakness of individuals. Under difficult circumstances of this kind a man not only acts but speaks in a manner which, whether to his credit or to his disgrace, proclaims the principles or the fallacies on which he has lived so far.

It is unquestionable that France has borne the brunt of the declaration of war, of the trying first weeks which followed, and of the slow months which elapsed after the battle of the Marne, in a manner which even her enemies must have admired, and which they probably did not expect. If you refer to the Yellow Paper (*Livre Jaune*) published in December 1914 by the French Government, you will find that the Germans had long cherished the idea that France was a decaying nation.

Were there traces of a similar notion, more or less conscious and reasoned, outside of Germany? It is impossible to deny it. Everybody must have met people who were surprised, even if they were delighted, to see France giving evidence of complete self-possession and following without effort the guidance of her best leaders.

Everybody must also remember meeting people who protested against this surprise and stated emphatically that they had always believed in the French nation, had never consented to look upon the French as modern *Graeculi* (the Greeks of the decadence) or, as a famous writer once said even less politely, as the monkeys in the European jungle.

Such differences of opinion can never be altogether unfounded; and the inference which a logical person who knew nothing of French history in the last four or five decades would draw could only be that conflicting tendencies must have been at work in French society. This conclusion is correct. Since 1870, the date when France, defeated by Germany, weakened furthermore by the Commune, and exhausted financially by the ransom (£200,000,000) she had to pay down to her conquerors, was left to heal her wounds as best she could—there have been two currents in French thought, consequently also in French morals, and according as observers happened to take note of one or the other, their impression was one of disgust or on the contrary of hopefulness.

Most people who followed the trend of French thought between the years 1876–95 were pessimistic. It is true that during the first five years after the war France gave a marvellous example of vitality. In those few years she managed to pay off the Germans who occupied her fortified towns along the eastern frontier, and she accomplished such a thorough reform of her military arrangements (keeping her soldiers under the colours for five years, rapidly improving her armament, and copying intelligently the organization of her enemies), that Bismarck became nervous and was for picking another quarrel the result of which must be her final destruction.

But this effort was the combination of a great national

impulse with the leadership of a politician who frequently came near to being a great statesman, M. Thiers, the first President of the Republic. It left the ideas of philosophers, scientists, literary people, journalists, and generally the so-called thinking circles where they were; and these ideas were practically the same which prevailed ten years before, under the Second Empire. Now, the ideas in the air during the Second Empire were not conducive to moral health. Nobody will deny that the most influential authors of that period were Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire, Michelet, Quinet, George Sand, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Dumas, and—among the more philosophic writers—Littré, Auguste Comte, Taine, and Renan. I know that besides these names others could be mentioned—Caro, Veillot, Lacordaire, Montalembert, O. Feuillet, for instance—which would point to a different direction of thought; but it will be found that none of them is really representative, and that their celebrity either did not last, or only came, as in the case of Veillot, long after the writer's death, or was confined to a small section of the public. In fact when we ask ourselves who were the Prophets of that day, as an accurate and instructive critic, M. Guérard, calls them, it is the list I first gave that inevitably occurs.

Now, one general characteristic of those writers is that, when compared with the best-known English writers of the middle Victorian period, they strike us at once as being what is called advanced. This expression is probably taken from the military vocabulary. Some people have a way of thinking which immediately suggests the vanguard of an army, or even its forlorn hope. And there is something invariably attractive in that position; originality, daring, contempt for ready-made notions, all imply brilliance and at first sight a quality akin to courage.

It is only on second thoughts we realize that, given certain conditions of the mental atmosphere, it requires no mean courage to be on the conservative or prudent side ; that there is little danger in running the gauntlet of criticism when one has popularity on one's side ; and that we all, more or less, have occasionally notions which we know are brilliant and might be dazzling if we chose to give them expression, but which, as Charlotte Brontë said, we feel we had better keep to ourselves.

In fact all those famous writers appear to-day to have been unduly advanced on some points, and several of them (as I shall have occasion to repeat) became aware of it themselves.

To begin with the philosophers, it was a good thing to rise above the shallow eclecticism of Cousin, who imagined he could build a philosophy by borrowing a bit from one philosopher, a bit from another, or above the Scottish School, who never went beyond psychology ; and it was more than advisable to take into account all the positive facts and laws ascertained by modern science before endeavouring to lay down metaphysical principles : all this Littré, Comte and Taine did with much method, erudition, insight, and, one may even say, with genius. But it is no less true that to-day these philosophers appear not only belated but hurtful. They disbelieved all spiritual realities, and the result was that crude readers inferred materialism from their works. Thousands of so-called positivists of all degree denied the existence of the soul because Littré and Taine said that soul-phenomena were not scientifically ascertainable, or the existence of free-will because Taine had written that ' virtue and vice are products like sugar or vitriol ', an irrefutable statement when properly understood, but dangerously easy to misunderstand.

Renan also was a rarely gifted man, not only as a writer of terse graceful French, a thinker of agile if somewhat too flexible intelligence, but even as a scholar and an exponent of what used to be called in those days the Higher Criticism. But admirably equipped as he was, he had serious shortcomings which to-day make him appear strangely out of date. He thought that science could explain—and with respect to religious questions explain away—everything. He had an easy jaunty manner of treating Christianity and even Theism as poetic beliefs born of deep instincts of the human soul, which, fearlessly analysed, turned out to be only the mythical expression of these instincts; God was merely a convenient word, the resurrection of Christ was a legend created by love, and His divinity was the metaphysical translation of similar legends. All this sounded distinguished and final; and the result was that belief appeared uncritical and undeveloped. As a matter of fact it took years of reconsideration of the same questions to enable a man like Dr. Sanday, for instance, who knows a great deal more about Biblical criticism than was known in Renan's day, to be respected as a scholar though speaking as a believer. One had to be advanced or to be regarded as a fossil.

Some people would occasionally observe that these doctrines might be scientific but their immediate effect was morally depressing and even deteriorating. If it was not certain that there was a divine influence in the world or a spiritual substance in man, if there was no free-will and we were the playthings of fatality, what was the use of a great deal that had hitherto been held indispensable to good living and happy dying? Of this objection Taine disposed at once with the greatest ease: speculation and life were different things, as art and our every-

day avocations are different ; when the philosopher set about philosophizing his duty was to forget that there were people who might overhear his inward reflections. Philosophy was autonomous even if it was dispiriting, and its effects were mere contingencies.

This view had considerable vogue not only among scientists and *savants*, but even among literary people who claimed for art the rights which philosophy asserted for itself. The famous formula, *l'art pour l'art*, for which the Goncourt brothers were responsible, but which accounts admirably for the literary attitude of Flaubert, or Leconte de Lisle, was a translation of the same doctrine : the artist had every right to describe what he pleased, in any way he pleased, provided he did it artistically ; moral or immoral consequences were nothing to him. All this tended, as may easily be seen, to isolate thinkers and writers, and all those who thought themselves entitled to imitate them, from their time, country, and fellow beings in the sole company of what was declared to be Truth or Beauty. A perilous state of affairs, this, in which the supposed sages of a nation profess indifference to the interests of their country.

It is needless to say much about the advanced character of the works of George Sand, Dumas, and Baudelaire. The first two writers practically taught that passion is only accountable to itself and that the desires of man when they reach a certain intensity overrule the ordinary canons of morals ; the third was a morbid decadent who even now defies analysis. As to Hugo, Quinet, and Michelet, at the stage of their career which corresponds to the Second Empire, they were, above all, humanitarians who loved all mankind—with the exception of Catholics, whom they abhorred—and firmly believed in the prompt establishment of the United States of Europe.

The catastrophe of 1870, which showed to the French that the United States of Europe was a rather premature conception, and demonstrated that courage, self-denial, and the virtues without which a nation must go to ruin are inconsistent with materialism, ought to have brought about a revulsion of feeling and of thought. It did produce this result in a few eminent individuals; and until 1876 the country at large, owing to its Government, appeared to have gone back to sound principles. But after 1876 the outlook changed rapidly. The masses began to forget the formidable lesson they had received a few years before, and the newly elected representatives of the country were very different from their predecessors. Where the difference lay was not very difficult to see. Most of these men had been students in Paris during the Second Empire, and their intellectual background was generally that which I have described above. Their philosophers were Taine or Haeckel, their theologian was Renan; the novels they had read were those of George Sand, the plays they had applauded were those of Dumas; they had believed in the United States of Europe, and imagined that the establishment of the French Republic was a first step towards the pacification of the world. The consequence was that the advanced doctrines which, in 1865, were confined to books, were found ten years after to underlie the Government of the country and to be paramount in the formation of the public spirit.

An objection must rise in the mind of the English reader: is it possible that literature, which after all is only the solace of idle hours, should have so much influence on the trend of public affairs? and is it not a fact that numberless French people were to be found,

under the Second Empire and long after, whose intellectual preferences had never been tainted by these dangerous principles ?

It should be remembered that the French have a tendency hardly found in the other European nations, and seldom met with in England, to be carried away by their intellectual notions ; all their popular movements, all their Revolutions were made in accordance with theories recklessly acted upon. A great deal of the fascination which the French nation exercised, along with the dread it inspired in Europe during the twenty years which followed 1789, arose from this uncompromising enthusiasm about ideas and consequent propagandism.

On the other hand, it is a fact that many French people ignored or disliked the popular writers who are representative of the Second Empire ; they had conservative views in morals and often in religion, and many a foreigner must have been surprised at finding them so remote from the type he imagined. All this is true. But it is a law of history that a country is moulded by its Government, because most individuals are passive, and even when they are not so, do not easily discover the means of raising a protest ; the press is on the side of the majority, and makes it the more difficult for the dissenting few to express their feelings.

In fact it is impossible to contradict two statements concerning the historical development of France during the last forty years, which bear out the principles I have just recalled. In the first place, it is universally admitted that the eight or nine Chambers which succeeded one another since 1876 were advanced. Their philosophy was not only anti-clerical—that is to say, opposed to the

interference of churchmen in civil affairs where they have no business—but it was anti-catholic and even anti-christian. These Parliaments suppressed religious orders and confiscated their property, they denounced the Concordat with the Pope, sent back his ambassador, and finally confiscated the Church property, all which was anti-catholic. But they also favoured and occasionally enforced methods of education which regarded the mention of God in schools as a breach of 'neutrality'; in 1902 the Premier Combes was hooted down by his majority for saying that he believed in the soul, and he had to explain and practically apologize for his words. This, no doubt, showed a hostility to Christianity obviously born of the philosophy of Taine and Renan.

In the second place, it is also impossible to deny that many people scattered all over the world regarded France as a decaying nation, and Paris as a centre of corruption. Allusions to this belief were frequent in the press of most countries. How did this notion come to be spread about to that extent? It was owing largely, no doubt, to the existence in Paris of scandalous places of amusement, *which catered mostly for foreign visitors* but which were regarded as representative. There was certainly a considerable amount of injustice or exaggeration in the notion that France was mirrored in its capital, and Paris in its worst theatres. But on the other hand, it would be futile to gainsay that the great novelist of the years 1875 to 1895 was Zola, and the great novelist of the years 1890–1905 Anatole France; and the popularity of these two men was not likely to decrease the impression left by the licentiousness I have just spoken of.

Zola was a talented, industrious man, with a curious sense of literary responsibility united to a complete

absence of decency. His object, like that of the Realists before him, was to be true to life, and his ambition was to make his description of society so accurate that philosophical laws could be immediately deduced from it. Balzac, who towered above him as an artist, had cherished the same hope, and we do not feel that he succeeded. The laws of the moral world have been obscured rather than emphasized by dramatists and novelists; and it was not until the nineteenth century that people went to them for the ethical guidance which they sadly need themselves. As a matter of fact, Zola, in spite of his philosophical pretensions, only produced a one-sided picture of the lowest society; if one went by his thirty volumes it would seem as if there were only one class in France, and all the representatives of that class were vicious. But he was unequalled in his particular *genre*, and Anatole France could say with mock admiration that nobody had been able to heap up such a dunghill. The result of Zola's success was double: it confirmed the French in the outspokenness they frequently affect, and it convinced foreigners that a nation which they supposed to be represented by such a writer was in a very bad way.

Anatole France, whose success pushed Zola into the shade, is apparently very different from the latter. He is supremely exquisite, dainty, and light-handed, with dashes of cynicism which lend to his elegance something akin to force; he has knowledge and intelligence, he is merciful to human weaknesses and full of pity for sorrow. But all these fascinating appearances do not prevent him from being fundamentally only another Zola. The brutes whom Zola depicted were automata submitted to the laws of a world in which physical instincts reign supreme; but so are the flitting

figures which Anatole France's crayons sketch so deftly. Anatole France does not believe in goodness any more than Zola does. There is a great deal of suffering in his works, and suffering seems to be morally superior to selfishness; but the writer shows us all the time that this is nothing but a delusion and that people in anguish are as selfish as their luckier fellows. The scale of moral values is absent from this view of the world, and the absence gradually appeared with deplorable clearness in Anatole France: there are people, even in England—I might say especially in England at the present day—who will not have it said Anatole France has become a rather coarse Socialist, thinking no more of patriotism than of virtue, and making game of the principles without which nations as well as individuals can have no self-respect. But facts are facts, and if anybody wants to understand how Anatole France could, three months before the war, sign an anti-militarist poster which the Germans must have read with delight, let him refer to *The Island of the Penguins*.

That the same deterioration was visible in thousands of Anatole France's admirers is also a fact. Frenchmen, when they have nothing better to do, love the affectation of cynicism or scepticism which disports itself in their literature from the *fabliaux* to Renan, and fills the works of Rabelais and Voltaire. They long gave way to that propensity; and the serious-minded observer who casually saw them smile and joke about the past, present, and future of their history could hardly refrain from pronouncing the verdict: a decaying nation.

These, then, are the symptoms which struck the people whom I described at the beginning of this essay as unable to conceal their surprise at the energy displayed by France in her hour of trial.

We should now advert to the symptoms which led others, more sanguine or better-informed students of France, to the conviction that she was sound at heart.

First of all one ought to remember that a country cannot be judged exclusively, or even mainly, by its literature. Literature is not so artificial as the theatre, because its field is wider, but it is far, all the same, from being the adequate expression of a community. The fact is that the bulk of the French nation was ignorant of, or averse to, the philosophy implied in the literature which scandalized the rest of the world. Foreigners who happened to stay in Paris—to say nothing of less sophisticated towns—long enough to see with their own eyes frequently expressed their surprise at finding the French home so different from the descriptions of the novelists. It took more time or more penetration to satisfy oneself that the affectation of scepticism or cynicism common in certain circles was only an affectation which any opportunity for seriousness could dispel; yet some people had a chance of coming to that certainty, and must have taken it as a matter of course when Zola came forward as a champion of morals, or more recently when Anatole France spoke up for patriotism: books were books and life was life—give a man a chance to rise above the dalliances of literature and he would be sure to act decently.

Still, literature is in one way a necessity. At a pinch a man will act on his impulses, and books will have but little share in his decisions; but in more peaceful periods our intellect csaves formulas, and according to the tendency visible in such formulas a country will, in its daily life, make for idealism or for materialism, for courage or for indulgence. If there had been no

traces between 1870 and the present day of what, in default of a better word, we must call a reaction, France might with good reason be called a decadent nation. But not only were such traces visible, they were dominant in the most important realms of human activity; and there is no exaggeration in saying that the characteristic of contemporary French thought is its strong reactionary tendency.

It is remarkable that two of the writers whom I pointed out above as representing the speculative recklessness of the Second Empire actually refuted their own theories. These two writers are no others than Taine and Renan, and it is useless to dwell on the importance of a change in such influential authors. I do not mean that Taine gave up his philosophy or Renan his criticism: a man seldom remodels his intellectual equipment after he is forty; but both Taine and Renan adopted after the war a completely different attitude towards life from that which they had shown before. Their conviction was that, being philosophers, their sole business was to philosophize, and that the consequences of their philosophy did not matter; if the conclusion of their speculations was that patriotism was a remnant of barbarism, let those who heard of that conclusion act as their conscience dictated. The double catastrophe of the defeat and the Commune staggered this security; the author of *L'Intelligence* and the author of *L'Avenir de la Science* had it brought home to them that, in spite of their long years of intellectual aloofness, they belonged to a community of men and not of pure spirits, and for the first time the civic instinct was awakened in them. The results are well known. Taine devoted the rest of his life to the eleven volumes of his *Origines de la France*

contemporaine, and Renan summed up his reflections on politics in *La Réforme intellectuelle et morale de la France*; and lo! these great works of the once advanced writers were not advanced at all; they were, on the contrary, resolutely conservative. Both historians showed the same distrust of vague aspirations as political motives and of democracy as a government. Both preferred the English habit of patching up to the French way of pulling down and rebuilding. Both regarded the Revolution as a failure, and modern demagogism as a form of cowardice. They stood for order, morals, and self-sacrifice as the basis of politics worth the name.

It is not exceptional to meet, even to-day, with people who, preferring the ideas of Taine and Renan in their first development to those which they afterwards advocated, resent any mention of the change I have just noticed. Such people, of course, do not count intellectually; had they come across Taine or Renan they would have promptly secured the contempt of two minds which never tried to get away from facts. But, unintelligent narrow-mindedness is not universal, and the readers of Taine's *Origines* and Renan's *Réforme* were deeply impressed. There is no doubt that the conservative tendency which has become more and more noticeable in favourite writers like Jules Lemaitre, Faguet, Capus, Prévost, and hundreds of their imitators can be traced, if not to Taine's or Renan's evolution, at least to the altered attitude created by that evolution: literary people began to take an active interest in politics, and they paid more attention to tangible results than to theories, or, above all, to eloquent declamations. The hostility to the professional politician, which is a great feature of the

young generation, has come down to them from Taine and Renan in a direct line.

As I said above, Taine and Renan never reconsidered their philosophy. They went on believing that all phenomena, being reducible to material causes and effects, could be traced by science to their farthest origins. The consequence of this doctrine was double : first of all it was a denial of the necessity of faith, seeing that there were no mysteries, and furthermore it was a denial of God. So belief in science was associated with complete religious incredulity. Crude minds, which are always anxious to appear free from trammels, affected exceedingly scientific principles.

Experience alone would have been enough to explode the scientific fallacy : Pasteur said that the deeper he went, the more difficult the discovery of causes became ; and everybody must notice, as well as this great man, that the riddle of the universe was no nearer its solution in the nineteenth century than it was in the days of Aristotle. But the belief in science, which was a dogma with Taine, was denounced by men who were not Taine's inferiors either as *savants* or as philosophers. Only specialists know the names of M. Lachelier and M. Boutroux, but everybody knew the name of Brunetière, who went round proclaiming the 'bankruptcy of science', and most people who count came to hear of the famous mathematician Poincaré, and especially of the famous philosopher Bergson, who at the present moment is by far the most successful exponent of his speciality. And what is the gist of Bergson's teaching ? the very reverse of Taine's : it is the multiform affirmation that science is a mere construction of the intellect and that we have no guarantee of its accuracy ; it is, moreover, an affirmation that there is a spiritual element in man and in the

world for which physics or biology can never account. This of course provided a sufficient basis for religion : belief, in M. Bergson's philosophy, is an eminently scientific attitude. So is patriotism, for it is another great feature of Bergsonism that it has more respect for man's instincts than for his intelligence.

On the whole, we can say that French science and philosophy are no longer antagonistic to the idea of free-will, morals, and religion, and the rare champions of materialism seem curiously out of date.

Literature shows a transformation of the same kind. Towards 1880 Zola was the undisputed master of the novel, and Naturalism, i. e. a coarser form of Realism, was triumphant; but it was the end of its success. A young writer who could not be called a man of genius, but who was sensitive and capable of delicate intuitions, Paul Bourget, felt that the public had been surfeited with brutality, and that there was a chance for a kind of fiction which would make more room for the soul than for the body. His success was immediate and universal. In less than five years, Zola appeared not only indecent but inartistic, and, what is even more damning, false. People began to shrug their shoulders at a view of life which presented men and women as mere automata acting under animal impulses. Nobody questioned any more that, even in a self-indulgent society, instinct is not the universal law and that even the lowest types of humanity know doubts and struggles. This meant the restoration of the moral element, of respect for sacrifice and contempt for selfishness in literature. Bourget's characters were weak, but he knew it, and they themselves confessed it : this was enough to dispel the stifling atmosphere which Zola's school had gathered around life.

In the last thirty years realism has certainly not died out, and we ought to be grateful, for realism rightly understood means nothing else than the search after human verity; but the success of Bourget, Bazin, Bordeaux, more recently of E. Psichari and E. Clermont, in the novel, also the immense superiority of F. de Curel on the stage, show clearly that the French once more include manifestations of the soul in their notion of the real.

Anatole France had his share in Zola's defeat: the terse criticism of Zola's inspiration which I quoted above soon became a household word; but example is stronger than any criticism, and Anatole France's novels did more than his generally overpraised critical works to rid French literature of cumbersome Naturalism. This statement may seem at first sight to contradict what I said above of the essential similarity between the spirit of both Anatole France and Zola's novels, but it is only an appearance. With the average reader style counts less than matter, and to such a one *Le Lys rouge* may be more dangerous than *La Terre*; but with artists it is not so. Anatole France is a Materialist and a Socialist in his spirit, but in his manner he is a storyteller in the most charming French tradition, with a disdain for what the Romanticists and the Naturalists called force, but which was mostly bombast, and a partiality for clarity, elegance, gracefulness, wit, and generally the literary qualities which the world, not so long ago, regarded as eminently French. It was by these qualities, above all, that Anatole France became contagious; and the consequence was that the hundreds of young writers who in the last twenty years have more or less felt his influence or that of his own masters—Renan first and the French classics afterwards—are generally French,

not only in manner but in spirit, and impress us by an independence towards foreign sources of judgement or impression which is a highly conscious form of patriotism.

Conscious as it is, this patriotism is not always explicit: the writer thinks it superfluous to dwell on what he supposes the reader will feel. Yet there is a literary school of rare fascination which has made it its business to brace up the French public by the frank expression of a patriotism so resolute as to appear sometimes narrow. The name of Maurice Barrès is not universally known in England, but no name is so popular in France, and it is synonymous with a passionate love of the French soil and the French tradition. The story of Barrès' evolution has been frequently told, and can be summed up in a few words. Towards 1890, when Barrès, then a very young man, first made his mark, there was no question of regarding him as an apostle of anything except pleasure. But it was pleasure of a refined and almost exalted kind, the sensation of full self-realization much more than any other. A theory of life underlay this attitude, which Barrès was not long in developing. He knew that the highest pleasure for a man was the consciousness that he was himself, but the consciousness of being oneself, he, like everybody who has led a spiritual life, soon realized was associated with the environment in which each one of us has grown up: a man was the most himself in his own country, surrounded with familiar associations, and in the constant enjoyment of the sentimental or intellectual heritage left to him by his ancestors. This very simple observation is no novelty to a plain man brought up away from the sophistication of modern philosophy; but it struck the ultra-refined generation of Barrès as a discovery, and its development led to the extraordinary success,

first of all of literary Nationalism, but also of Nationalism without any reference to literature. Thousands of volumes in the past twenty years have expressed the joy of their authors at feeling themselves in community with the historic tradition of their country, and there are hardly any French works of this period in which the reflection of the same consciousness does not appear. As this kind of literature became more successful it also became freed of its original selfishness; and while we have seen it reach to the expression of self-sacrifice in the works of a grandson of Renan, Ernest Psichari, we have also seen it attain to the perfection of its effect, in the death of the same Psichari, killed on the battle-field at the beginning of the war, and in the life of admirable self-denial which Barrès himself has led of late years.

The reader must now see for himself what a gulf there is between the unreality of the humanitarianism preached by Michelet and the wide-awake attention of Nationalism to the destinies of France; between the sombre stoicism which Naturalism was at its best, or the cynicism it was at its worst, and the brave optimism of most contemporary writers. Bearing in mind the transformation I have just outlined, it is easy to understand how shocking any mention of France as a corrupt and decaying nation must have been to people who really knew what path the national genius had followed in the last thirty years. They realized that France was more French than she had been since the early days of Napoleon I, when militarism, yet in its glorious youth, had not become tyrannical, and they felt that only an occasion was lacking to reveal the wonderful rejuvenation.

The occasion, of course, was the war; but the war only

took by surprise the ignorant or the thoughtless. In 1905, in 1908, especially in 1911, the French nation had known the suspense which filled the last week of July 1914 ; and if in 1905 there had been more astonishment than fear at the prospect of an encounter with Germany, in 1908 and in 1911 there was neither astonishment nor nervousness. Anybody who knew the trend both of the better literature and of popular feeling must have realized that when the crisis came France would surely be equal to it. There was no likelihood of any differences between the soldier-workman and the soldier-writer of the Péguy or Psichari type. In fact both classes of men appear to be in perfect unanimity, not because of the overwhelming pressure of the circumstances, but because the war found them in possession of the best national characteristics, which are clear intelligence on one hand and cheerful decision on the other. It would be foolish to hope that this unbroken unity will persevere after the peace ; the politicians who, at the Radical Convention of April 1914, almost on the eve of the war, insisted on reducing the French Army by a third, out of spite against President Poincaré even more than in accordance with pacifist theories, will not be shamed out of existence : we must expect to hear once more vague declamations as soon as pressing facts which demand prompt action can be pushed into the background ; but professional politicians nowhere represent the populations they deceive, and French thought, in the plain conversation of the peasant as well as in the writings of the literary man, will be healthier than it was during six or seven generations.

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THE WAR AND EMPLOYMENT¹

IMMEDIATELY before the declaration of war employment was good in the industries of the United Kingdom taken as a whole. The depression of 1908-9 had given place to good trade in 1911-12, and to such industrial prosperity in 1913 that till October of that year unemployment had been less than in any years for which comparable records exist. Some slight signs of reaction appeared in the winter 1913-14, but trade recovered in the spring and was in April only inferior to that of the previous year. During June and July, however, the adverse symptoms spread : the production of pig iron, the raw material of all the iron and steel trades, had fallen off considerably ; coal mines were not so busy ; shipbuilding showed some slackness of demand ; the woollen industry was definitely on the down grade, though the worsted manufacturers were still busy meeting the great American demand which had arisen from their lowered tariff. The most serious trouble was in Lancashire ; employment in the cotton mills was still good in July, but it was quite definitely foreseen that the future demand would be less and arrangements had been made for working short time for three months. There were no labour disputes of any magnitude unsettled, except the long-drawn-out trouble in the London building trade, which was reported in the *Labour Gazette* to be practically at an end. The statistics of foreign trade were by no

¹ This pamphlet contains the substance of a lecture delivered at the London School of Economics, February 15, 1915.

means unsatisfactory, but below their maximum. In brief, there was cause for anxiety, but little to show whether the coming autumn would begin a period of depression or only mark a temporary reaction after two years of great prosperity.

The declaration of war fortunately came in a week when many of the commercial and of the industrial population were taking or about to take holiday. A complete stoppage of production for a fortnight would have been a serious injury only to unskilled labour. By the end of a fortnight the paralysis caused by the shock was over, and it was possible to take stock of the position. New orders for export were, in the state of foreign credit, practically non-existent, and it was for the moment doubtful whether existing orders could be paid for or delivered. Many contracts in the home trade were cancelled. Industries producing luxuries or commodities whose purchase could be postponed were nearly stopped. Nevertheless, there is indisputable evidence for the statement that the total number of men completely unemployed at the end of August was less than in a month of trade depression of not unusual severity; for women a similar statement would have to be qualified, because a very large proportion of those still in employment were working short time. From September to the present date employment has continually improved, so that in February there is an unsatisfied demand in several occupations, while the unemployment of women is on a quite moderate scale, and, though short time is still prevalent in some important industries, in others there is even a balance of overtime.

Before we trace the change of employment in detail or in the aggregate, it is well to consider the nature

and adequacy of the published information. The index most generally quoted is based on the number of members of certain trade unions, whose aggregate membership is nearly a million, who are reported as unemployed at the end of each month; this number expressed as a percentage of the membership is published monthly in the *Labour Gazette* of the Board of Trade, and it is shown for 1913 and 1914 in column 1 of the table on p. 7. The trade unions concerned are in the main composed of skilled workmen; engineering accounts for a quarter of all, women are hardly represented, of building operatives only carpenters are included in any large numbers, and the loss of work by textile operatives and coal miners is not fully accounted for. This index, valuable as it is, is by no means necessarily representative of the movement of the whole volume of employment.

Since the Insurance Act came into force, very complete statistics are available as to the number of men unemployed in those industries where insurance against unemployment is compulsory—that is, building, works of construction, engineering, shipbuilding, and subordinate trades. The number out of work, expressed as a percentage of all so insured, gives very accurate information over an important, though limited, area of industry, containing about 2,500,000 men. These percentages, given in column 2, show fluctuations similar to those in column 1, though the movement is not so violent. In neither case are men out of work owing to labour disputes, or men who have joined the Army or Navy, counted as unemployed.

Information of a different and much less definite character is obtained from other records of the Labour Exchanges. The most significant statement is that which

gives the numbers of persons registered as desiring work (or a change of work) and on the 'live register' at selected dates. These numbers cannot be expressed as percentages, since there is no definition or knowledge of the population to which they relate, that is the persons who would apply to the Labour Exchanges when out of work. Columns 3 and 4 show the numbers of adult men and women, employed in industries other than those dealt with in column 2, who were on the live register in various months. For men the movement in uninsured trades is remarkably like that in insured trades; if the denominator is taken as 6,000,000, the percentages are nearly identical. For women, who are hardly represented at all in the earlier columns, the movement is quite different, and in their case the impression obtained is somewhat misleading, because a larger proportion than formerly have been induced to register since the war, owing to pressure from the administrators of the relief funds. Since domestic servants have been affected rather differently from those in industry and have also taken much more freely to registration, column 5 is given to show the effect on women in industry.

The figures so far relate almost entirely to persons wholly unemployed. The *Labour Gazette* also gives information as to the actual numbers employed month by month by a large number of firms in the textile trades and by smaller numbers in boot-making, food preparation, and some other industries. These trades are imperfectly represented in column 1, and hence this record is of special importance. In column 6 the results are shown; thus for every thousand persons employed in 1913, there were 991 employed by the same firms in the first half of 1914, 988 in July, 844 at the end of August, and so on. The industries concerned

MEASUREMENTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

MEASUREMENTS OF EMPLOYMENT.

Relative numbers and earnings in certain industries.

Coal Mines.

Date.	Trade Union Percent- age.		Insured Trades Percent- age.		Uninsured ¹ Trades. Actual numbers on 'live register'.		Women, excluding servants.		Including cotton.		Excluding cotton.		Av. No. of days worked per week.
	1.	2.	3.	4.	Men.	Women.	5.	No.	Earnings.	No.	Earnings.	No.	
Average 1913	2.1	3.6	227 ⁰⁰	157 ⁰⁰	5.	82 ⁰⁰	1000	1000	—	—	—	—	5.58
Average, Jan. to June 1914	2.3	3.9	236	177	93	91	991	992	991	992	991	992	5.50
July 1914	2.8	3.6	206	168	88	88	988	980	988	980	988	988	5.06
August 1914	7.1	6.2	422	282	158	158	844	695	844	695	844	822	4.55
September 1914	5.9	5.4	329	357	208	208	894	774	894	774	939	846	5.01
October 1914	4.4	4.2	257	348	197	197	905	825	905	825	942	911	5.03
November 1914	2.9	3.7	213	341	201	201	927	871	927	871	949	936	5.09
December 1914	2.5	3.3	188	291	179	179	933	902	933	902	949	954	5.22
January 1915	1.9	2.6	182	302	188	188	927	903	927	903	940	938	5.48
Feb. 12, 1915	—	2.25	165	311	188	188	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

The numbers in columns 1 and 2 refer to the end of the month, in 3, 4, and 5 to the middle, in 6, 7, 8, and 9 to the end, and in 10 to the latter half.

¹ i. e. not insured for unemployment, though insured for illness.

employ a large proportion of women. The volume of employment depends, however, not only on the number of persons at work, but on the length of time they work. In the textile and mining industries and in some others it is the custom to spread work when it is scarce among nearly all the employees, so that there is little complete unemployment but much short time. We are fortunately able to make this more complete measure in the industries dealt with in column 6, for we have also records of total wages paid, and rates of wages hardly changed in these industries in 1913 or 1914. Column 7 shows that, for every £1,000 paid in wages per week in 1913, £980 was paid weekly in July 1914, and only £695 in the last week in August. The facts shown in columns 6 and 7 are very much affected by the cotton industry, whose depression was only in part due to the war. If we take the same records, and, having eliminated cotton, proceed in the same way, we find (as in columns 8 and 9) that the relative losses of employment and of wages are much smaller.

The *Labour Gazette* contains further information as to some other industries, of which coal-mining is the most important; here the average number of days worked, each pit being treated as a unit, forms a useful index (column 10).

Besides these Reports, which are available in the ordinary course, the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board have co-operated in the collection of special information as to the amount and nature of distress and unemployment arising out of the war, primarily for the use of the administrators of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Two detailed Reports¹ have been published by the Board of Trade, and these form the

¹ Cd. 7703, Cd. 7755, prices 6d. and 1½d., Wyman & Sons.

basis of many of the statements in the following pages. The method employed was very similar to that used for columns 6-9 above; but the inquiry was very much wider, extending (with certain exceptions) to all districts, all industries, all firms who employed more than 100 persons, and a considerable sample of smaller firms. Since (as is general in such cases) the furnishing of the information was not compulsory, only about two-thirds of the *questionnaires* issued were filled in and returned, but these were quite sufficiently numerous to give an adequate account. So far as private industry is concerned, there were very few serious omissions; but the transport trades (railways, cartage, tramways, docks) are not included in the main tables, no account is given of persons employed directly by the Government, and commerce and retailing are dealt with only in London. Questions were asked of each employer as to the number of persons (distinguishing male and female) employed in July, the numbers in September, in October, and in December, how many were on short time and how many on overtime, and how many were known to have joined His Majesty's forces. The general summary for industry is given on p. 10. In the occupations included there are about 7,000,000 males and 2,250,000 females. The number of men known by the employers to have joined the forces (about 900,000 in this group) includes both reservists called up and new recruits; but it is incomplete, because men who lost their work in the earlier months may have enlisted unknown to their last employers. The information as to employment in and enlisting from other industries is less definite; but it is certain that they have not only contributed their quota to the forces, but have also suffered less from want of work, since they consist mainly of workers in agriculture, on

railways, and in docks, of which the first and second had from the beginning of the war no unusual surplus of labour, and the latter were immediately busy with military work during the short time that foreign trade was stagnant.

In addition to this main inquiry an even more detailed investigation was made for London as early as August 21, which is specially valuable because it included commercial firms and wholesale and retail dealers as well as industry, and it was made during the period of the first moratorium and before there had been time for readjustment. The London figures are given on p. 11.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Industrial occupations, not including transport or direct Government work.

Per 1,000 Males or 1,000 Females employed in July 1914.¹

	<i>Employed.</i>			<i>All.</i>	<i>No longer employed.</i>	<i>Known to have joined the forces.</i>
	<i>Over-time.</i>	<i>Normal time.</i>	<i>Short time.</i>			
<i>Males.</i>						
September	36	602	260	898	102	88
October	52	668	173	893	107	106
December	130	656	108	894	106	133
<i>Females.</i>						
September	21	535	360	916	84	—
October	59	619	260	938	62	—
December	108	669	191	968	32	—

¹ The table should be read as follows: In the United Kingdom for 1000 males employed in July, 898 were still employed in September (of whom 36 were on overtime, 260 on short time, and 602 on normal time); the remaining 102 were no longer employed, but 88 of these were known to have joined the forces.

When the number in the last column is greater than in the last but one, fresh men must have been taken on in employment.

LONDON.

Industrial occupations, not including building, transport, or direct Government work.

Per 1,000 Males or 1,000 Females employed in July 1914.

	<i>Employed. Normal or overtime.</i>	<i>Short time.</i>	<i>All.</i>	<i>No longer employed.</i>	<i>Known to have joined the forces.</i>
<i>Males.</i>					
August 21 . . .	700	215	915	85	60
September 11 . . .	650	210	860	140	85
October 16 . . .	738	125	863	137	102
December 11 . . .	818	67	885	115	130
<i>Females.</i>					
August . . .	515	395	910	90	—
September . . .	575	320	895	105	—
October . . .	760	170	930	70	—
December . . .	840	105	945	55	—

Commercial Occupations and Wholesale and Retail Dealing.

<i>Males.</i>					
August . . .	865	45	910	90	75
September . . .	837	38	875	125	117
October . . .	845	20	865	135	130
December . . .	810	10	820	180	185
<i>Females.</i>					
August . . .	765	192	957	43	—
September . . .	880	80	960	40	—
October . . .	890	95	985	15	—
December . . .	895	90	985	15	—

We are now in a position to give an account of the state of employment in industrial occupations taken all together. In London a fortnight after the declaration of war only 70 per cent. of the workmen and 52 per cent. of the workwomen were in full employment; but only 9 per cent. of each were no longer employed, the remainder being kept on short time. There was a very creditable and successful effort made to spread out work in all districts and all industries. There is no published

record of the number of hours worked by those on short time, but it is probable that few lost more than half their wages in August, while by October the majority of them did at least three-quarters of their full work. Of the men who were no longer employed, two-thirds were known to have been called up as reservists or to have enlisted, so that the increase of actual unemployment of men was only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all concerned. This statement excludes building, for conditions in that industry were not comparable with others; the truce in disputes that was arranged in August had the effect of increasing the employment by the execution of delayed contracts, and also it presumably transferred many men from 'dispute benefit' to 'unemployment benefit' and entitled them also to insurance payments, thus inflating the August percentages of columns 1 and 2, p. 7. The condition of women's employment, on the other hand, gave occasion for very serious anxiety, for it was doubtful whether even the partial employment existing could be maintained.

In September 5 per cent. more men in London had lost or left their employment, of whom half had joined the forces, and the number on short time was unaffected. With women there was on the whole a slight improvement, for 6 per cent. had been transferred from short time to whole time, while only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. had lost work completely since the previous account. The report for the whole country was similar to that for London, but rather more favourable. Recruiting accounted for nearly all the men unemployed, but short time was rather more prevalent. A smaller proportion of women were without work, but (owing mainly to the condition of the cotton trade) a larger proportion were on short time. It was generally felt after comparison of all the

information, summarized on pp. 7, 10 and 11, that the worst of unemployment was over, and it was known from other sources that distress was less acute.

The immediate problem was to increase the employment for women in London and Lancashire. In London workrooms were opened with a fair measure of success; and great, and ultimately successful, efforts were made to spread out, and place where most needed, the greatly increased quantity of Government contracts. In Lancashire little could be effected immediately.

In October every index in both tables shows a favourable movement. Recruiting had taken as many men as had lost work; short time had become less frequent, and in London (at any rate) it was seldom more than one-quarter's time that was lost; but women's unemployment was still so common as to be serious. The difficulty was by that time small enough to be grappled with, but it was incorrect to assume (as was commonly done) that there was no further problem as regards women and girls.

By December the demand for men could no longer be met and overtime was not uncommon, though short time also existed. In London and in the rest of the United Kingdom more men were accounted for as in employment or with the forces than had been employed in July.¹ It is not clear whence these men came, for the excess would have needed the great part of those who appear in columns 1, 2, 3 (p. 7) as unemployed in July, and as a matter of fact the percentages, &c., in December are little below those in July. Other reserves of labour must have been tapped, unoccupied and partly occupied persons diverted into industry, boys pushed forward, and

¹ Of course, recruiting from other occupations or from the unoccupied does not affect these figures.

old men retained. With women a great improvement was shown, though employment was not yet normal. Outside Lancashire there was as much overtime as short time, but there were still 3 per cent. completely unemployed in addition to the small number out of work in July. Domestic service is not included.

In January there was an improvement in the cotton industry, and a general demand for men. There was a slight set-back in women's employment on the whole; the linen, hosiery, lace, shirt, pottery and glass industries were each in a slightly worse condition than in December. The number of women of the live register is still increasing a little in February.

Turning now to commercial occupations in London (banking, insurance, &c., wholesale and retail dealing), in which clerks and shop assistants form the principal classes, we find similar phenomena month by month, but in a less acute form. Enlistment accounted for the men who had left their occupations more rapidly and completely. Short time was hardly serious, even for women, by the middle of September, and unemployment for women was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in October. A number of women were transferred, in banks and elsewhere, to work formerly done by men.¹

The general conclusion as to the state of employment in February 1915 is that there is a widespread unsatisfied demand for men, co-existing with a small number unemployed who cannot as yet be fitted into any of the vacant places, either because the class of work they are accustomed to is not in demand, or because they are incapable of regular work. The great majority

¹ 'To-day the L.C.C. increased the wages of women temporary clerks from 25s. to 35s. a week. Since the war men clerks cannot be secured.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Feb. 16, 1915.

of women are in regular work, some are working overtime, more are on short time, but there is also a proportion out of work, about as large as in an ordinary year of rather slack trade. So favourable a Report as this would not have been anticipated last August ; it could have been foretold that some industries would be very busy, and that enlistment would give some relief, but it was expected that there would be districts and trades where the raw material was seriously short (which is occurring only in the linen manufacture and in a few other not very important cases) or where the demand, whether for home use or for export, was so ineffective as to leave large numbers out of work, and elaborate preparations were made to meet the expected difficulties in the winter. The reasons why these forebodings have not been realized are threefold. First, no one had had any experience of war on so large a scale, and, even if it was believed that Lord Kitchener's larger demands would be met, it was hardly realized that an army at war in winter needs continual replenishment of supplies other than arms and ammunition, and that an army in training eats heartily and needs a complete outfit of new clothes as well as rifles. Secondly, the very great elasticity of our industrial system, supposed to be over-specialized and unenterprising, was not taken into account, nor the enormous advantage of drawing materials from every country in the world, which has enabled traders to increase their supplies from a great miscellany of sources and so replace those which are closed. Judging from the detailed statistics of external trade, we may even expect that the difficulty of manufacturers will soon be, not to obtain orders, but to find labour to carry them out. Thirdly, people had underrated the general industrial and social intelligence of the ordinary members of the community,

who in fact obtained a very rapid grasp of the situation and of the possibilities of ameliorating it. It was not realized that the mechanism and means of obtaining information of the Government Departments (especially the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and the Local Government Board) are fully developed and have been greatly improved in recent years; and it was not anticipated that these Departments would at once invite and obtain the co-operation of many persons experienced in finance, in trade, or in social problems, and, avoiding the mistakes to which officials are supposed to be prone, develop immediately bold constructive policies. The machinery of the Labour Exchanges has been strained to the utmost, and has proved of enormous utility. In brief, the difficulties to be faced were not insuperable, and they were attacked with courage and knowledge.

Space does not permit an account of industries in detail, but a general view can be obtained by taking them in four groups: those producing luxuries or goods whose purchase can be postponed, those producing ordinary necessities, those manufacturing for export, and those producing war material or rendering direct services to the Army or Navy. In August there was an immediate contraction in the first three groups, while in the fourth great activity was at once shown and has continued without relaxation up till now. The luxury trades, especially those where men are employed in large numbers—piano-making, working in precious metals, watch-making, high-class tailoring, furniture-making and printing—are concentrated to a considerable extent in London, which was thus badly affected in certain boroughs. Similar trades throughout the country, and motor-car and cycle makers, suffered at once. Women are employed more extensively in the

production of clothes than in any other group of industries, and were very badly affected both by the cessation of orders for expensive goods and the check in the purchasing of cheap clothes. Employment became very bad in the pottery district and in the lace industry of Nottingham, and in both is still far below normal. Both men and women, of all social classes, engaged in theatrical, musical, or other occupations for providing entertainment have had to face a greatly diminished demand. There was a sudden check in the employment of domestic servants. By October many of these industries had returned to a certain equilibrium; after the loss of about 10 per cent. of their men to the Army, the orders for business printing, for everyday clothes, &c., were enough to keep the reduced staff in moderate work. Government contracts were deliberately spread out so as to reach the partly employed wherever possible; and it was soon evident that a nation at war needs not only the metal-workers, the clothiers, and the preparers of food, but also the services of leather-workers, carpenters, packers, and a great number of other trades. By December there was only a relatively small body of men or women who failed to get work in their old trades, and some of these were able to adapt themselves to other work.

Persons engaged in providing the nation with its daily bread and other primary necessities—agriculturists, transport workers, dealers, and a proportion of a great number of other industries—have been throughout as busy as ever, since we have been on the whole rather better fed than usual, many of the workers are in the Army, and it has been difficult in some cases to catch up the time lost by the general disorganization of August.

The industries engaged in manufacturing for export were very badly hit. Of these the cotton manufacture is

much the most important, and it was not till December that it showed signs of recovery from the effect of the complete upset of its elaborate credit system at a time when its outlook was already bad. There is reason to think that the prospect is now favourable. In some industries the home demand was stimulated by the absence of imported manufactured goods. In others, where the export trade is only a fraction of the whole, there has been little contraction. Coal is, after cotton, the most valuable of our exports, but enlistment has completely removed any surplus of labour that might have appeared from the check in the foreign demand. Almost the whole trade of export of herrings is gone, and there was a great loss of work for the women in this seasonal industry, but the men trawl for mines instead of fish.

There is no means of knowing how many persons are employed directly by the Government or in Government contracts, but the effect of the vast demands for the service of the war are visible in every district and in a majority of industries. The railways are overworked. The docks at the Mersey and Thames are congested, and one can only imagine vaguely the pressure at Southampton. Woolwich has made demands for labour which have affected all the trades whose members can turn to arsenal work, the shipbuilding yards are overfull with work, and the manufacture of small-arms has made a similar call. The woollen industries of the West Riding cannot cope with the demand (though the worsted manufacture is not pressed), and many firms in Northampton and Leicester are very fully occupied. Clothing contracts have relieved a great part of the distress among tailors and dressmakers in London, and the Army demands for carpenters exhausted the ordinary

supply and found work for some furniture workers. These statements by no means exhaust the list.

There is little doubt that the total amount of productive work being done in the country is more than would have been accomplished by the whole of the women and girls and boys and the depleted number of men in a normal winter ; there is, in other words, enough work for all. But it would be a mistake to suppose that every individual can find employment. The older men in the luxury trades, other skilled men whom the general rearrangement of industry has displaced, women workers in lace, in earthenware, in linen, and (so far) in cotton, high-class dressmakers, and many other smaller groups, have lost a great deal of their ordinary work and cannot readily turn to other work. The reasons why so little actual distress is found in most districts are that in very many households there are two or more workers, and if one is unoccupied the others may be busy, and in a vast number of cases the payments to soldiers' dependants ease the situation.

It is difficult to find out how much transference of labour from one occupation to another there has been. Certainly the change has not been accomplished simply by the enlistment of those who have lost work, for on the one hand enlistment from many industries (e. g. mining, linen, jute, brewing) accounts for more than the contraction of employment so that new hands have had to be found, while on the other hand, a low rate of enlistment (e. g. among cotton weavers, quarrymen) has coincided with considerable unemployment. Each busy industry has no doubt called on its own reserve of labour, unskilled labour has moved to where it was wanted ; partly skilled men have been put to more skilled work ; some of the great army of machine tenders have adapted

themselves to the motions of unfamiliar machines. A few cases are recorded where men have changed their trade completely, sometimes going from skilled to unskilled work, or filling vacancies in the post office, and in some others men have been able to adapt their skill to a new process. There has also been in the textile and clothing industries an adaptation of machines together with their minders. Many people must have been rapidly trained to perform some of those simple tasks which form so large a part of modern industry. In general, it has proved that with the growth of the great new paid occupation of being trained to fight as an outlet, the whole force of labour has got itself in a wonderfully short time into a new order, where vast numbers of people are doing work of a rather different kind from what they have formerly done. In the four months after the beginning of the war about 450,000 vacancies for adults were notified to the Labour Exchanges, of which nearly 350,000 were filled; in the corresponding period for the previous year the numbers were 286,000 and 232,000.

Nevertheless the changes have not yet used up all the available labour. In many trades in most districts overtime and short time co-exist,¹ and though equaliza-

¹ STATE OF EMPLOYMENT IN DECEMBER. UNITED KINGDOM.

Per 100 employed in July.

	<i>Males.</i>				<i>Females.</i>	
	<i>Left ordinary employment.</i>	<i>Working over-time.</i>	<i>Working short time.</i>	<i>Increased number in employment.</i>	<i>Working over-time.</i>	<i>Working short time.</i>
Iron and Steel .	7.5	12.1	7.1	—	—	—
Timber .	6.2	13.9	13.5	—	—	—
Leather and Leather Goods .	6.3	29.8	4.5	10.1	22.5	7.3
Hosiery .	.7	22.2	3.0	7.8	20.5	5.1

(Extracted from Cd. 7755.)

tion is generally difficult, it is probable that the work can with care be better spread out. There are few useful men quite out of work, but there is a considerable number of women and girls on short time or seeking employment, and a further great number of women in all classes who are usually not producing anything of real utility. It is for women to organize this force to supplement men's work or allow men to join the forces, if any further needs are apparent.

There seems no reason to be over-anxious as to employment when the war is over. The return from the colours and the closing down of production of war necessities can hardly be much more abrupt than the disturbance of the last year. The nation will still need to be fed ; many of those contracts and purchases which have been postponed for want of credit or income or inclination for enjoyment, or have not been carried out for want of material or labour, will take effect. While we shall find the purchasing power of the belligerent countries greatly diminished and exports to them slow to recover, we shall also find some slackening in their competition both at home and abroad ; and, as regards our export trade to neutral countries, it seems probable that quite soon they will be desiring more than we, with our curtailed labour force, can supply, and if such a state of things exists at the conclusion of the war there will be a brisk foreign and colonial demand. No doubt there will be temporary trouble and individual hardship, but the wonderful elasticity in production, which has been so useful for the purposes of war, will be equally available for the service of peace.

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THE WAR AND THEOLOGY

It is an accepted commonplace that nothing can be quite the same again, after the war. Men and women will no doubt fall into the old ruts, and take up once more the familiar round of duties, but they will no longer be the same men and women. They will mostly be sadder, perhaps wiser, and certainly poorer. Many of them, too, will be conscious of a changed mentality, a more sober mood, and a deeper insight into things. So they tell us that the war will affect our religious outlook. Even in France there are signs of an awakening ; and in this country those who are best able to judge anticipate some real renewal of religious interest and devotion. There is at least a possibility of this, and a right use of the opportunity by the Churches may make sure of it. But, whatever may be the case in regard to religion, we may assert quite confidently that the war will bring about great changes in Theology. In this department, at any rate, our indebtedness to Germany cannot be disputed, and any alteration in the relations between the two countries, whether in practice or in sentiment, cannot fail to influence the course of our theological development. Already advantage is being taken of the present crisis by those whose fear of German theology is greater than their knowledge of it. They argue that British theology has been over-germanized, and that, now that our eyes are opened to the true character of the German spirit, we had better have done with this obsession once and for all. But debts are not

to be so easily repudiated. In a matter like this it were better not to act hastily or under the influence of passion. And it may therefore not be without profit to attempt a brief but balanced estimate of the influence of German over British theology, and to indicate the gain or loss which may be expected to follow from the changes in the relations between the two countries which are now inevitable.

The effect of German thought on British theology began to be felt first in Reformation times ; but it was neither marked nor widespread till the middle of the nineteenth century. In the year 1857 Mark Pattison was able to write,¹ 'It must not be supposed that German theology is some obscure national product, the concern exclusively of the country which has given it birth. It is no insulated phenomenon. Though generated in Germany it belongs to Christendom. It is the theological movement of the age. It is only because there is fuller intellectual life in Germany than elsewhere—only because it so happens that, at present, European speculation is transacted by Germans, as our financial affairs are by Jews, that German characteristics are impressed on the substance of the Christian science. The capital of learning is in the hands of Germans, and theirs has been the enterprise which has directed it into theological channels.' True as this judgement is, it had been, up to that time, by no means universally accepted. Both in Liberal and orthodox circles, by Arnold as well as by Pusey, German 'neology' was regarded with dislike and alarm. In 1825, in his preface to a translation of Schleiermacher's *Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke*, Connop Thirlwall had written, 'It would almost seem as if at Oxford the knowledge of German subjected a divine

¹ *Essays*, ii. 216.

to the same suspicion of heterodoxy which we know was attached some centuries back to the knowledge of Greek.' At that time, and for some years to come, there were very few English translations of German books, and very few theologians who were able to read such books in the original. Nevertheless there is no doubt that, during the whole of the first half of the nineteenth century, a German leaven was working in English religious thought, and preparing the way for a better understanding. Carlyle and Coleridge, each in his way a very potent influence, had familiarized the popular mind with German methods and conceptions, and men like Julius Hare, F. D. Maurice, and Erskine of Linlathen carried the new spirit into theology. Of the three great movements of religious thought in the nineteenth century, the Evangelical, the Tractarian, and the Liberal, the last-named alone can be said to have been born and nurtured under German influence. But even the two former were not altogether free from it. Traces of German Romanticism are to be found in the pietistic side of the Evangelical Revival, and in certain aspects of the Oxford movement. Its love of colour and ritual, and the stress laid on the element of mystery, may be traced in some measure to this source. But it is in the Liberal movement in English theology, represented by the Broad Church school among Anglicans, and the more advanced elements in the Free Churches, that the influence of German thought has been supreme. In this the most dominant factor was Hegelianism mediated partly through various critical schools, and partly through the work of British philosophers. Hegel worked with explosive effect through Strauss and Baur on the study of Christian origins. The rise of the new historical method, for which Lessing and Herder were responsible

along with Schelling and Hegel, made possible that critical study of the Old and New Testaments in which the Germans did such splendid work as pioneers, to be followed more soberly and constructively by numerous scholars in this country. The same influences were responsible for the comparative method in the study of religions, and, *longo intervallo*, for the rise of the brilliant religious-historical school of the present day. At the same time philosophical idealism was making itself felt in the reconstruction of Christian dogma through writers like Biedermann and O. Pfeiderer and, on the more orthodox side, Marheineke, Daub, Rothe, and Dorner. In England the same forces were at work in producing the theology of the Incarnation (*Lux Mundi* and Westcott), and generally in the reconstruction of doctrine on a Christo-centric basis.

In more recent times theology both in Germany and England has been powerfully affected by the work of Ritschl and his more or less independent followers Herrmann, Harnack, Kaftan, and others. Ritschl himself represents a reaction against Hegel and a partial return to Kant and Schleiermacher. His system is marked by a distrust alike of metaphysics and mysticism, a new emphasis on the Christian community (*Gemeinde*) and on the redemptive and experimental aspects of the Christian faith. Largely through his followers he has exercised a deep and widespread influence on theology both in this country and America. Though his ideas have not been received with any uncritical acquiescence, they have proved very fruitful and have helped to restore the balance of interest as between dogmatic and purely critical theology. It has therefore come about that, during the last decades of the nineteenth century up to the present time, relations between German and British

theology and theologians have become more and more close and cordial. Almost every book on a theological subject written in this country shows traces of our indebtedness to Germans. They have worked so assiduously and thoroughly in all the various fields, their scholarship is so exact and their speculation so bold and far-reaching that their writings cannot but win the appreciation of all serious students of the subject. It has also been the custom for theological students from England and Scotland, in ever increasing numbers, to spend some part of their course at a German University. They come back imbued with something of the German spirit and method ; and full of admiration for teachers like Harnack and Herrmann, Troeltsch and Jülicher, Johannes Weiss, Seeberg and Loofs. There is indeed some ground for the apprehension that theology in this country is coming to depend too exclusively on work done in Germany. This is seen in the fact that we are not sufficiently ready to give credit to our own men for the excellent and original work which they do. There are men living among us at the present time who in theology proper, and in philosophy of religion as well as in Old and New Testament criticism, have done work which will bear comparison with that of any continental scholars, and are sometimes more fully appreciated abroad than they are at home. Though there is no doubt that these men would be the first to acknowledge the debt which even they owe to their German *confrères*.

Now what is to be the effect of the war on the situation thus described ? As has already been said, all this long history of indebtedness and co-operation cannot be allowed to go for nothing. It is impossible to undo the past, and a wise man will not attempt it. At the same time the attitude which German theologians have taken

up in the course of the present struggle is bound to produce a very marked effect even on those who are most conscious of their obligations to them. To many in this country, it has been the most painful experience of their lives to find men, whose names they have long been accustomed to revere, showing themselves so blindly and bitterly partisan in their judgements regarding the causes of the war. The letter addressed by a number of German theologians to their English friends soon after the outbreak of the war might have been excused as a document evidently written under political influence and in ignorance of some vitally important facts. But no such excuse can be urged in favour of the second letter recently issued under the title, 'Another word to the Protestant Christians abroad.' This document is a most unworthy piece of special pleading, in which Great Britain is accused of having been the first to violate the neutrality of Belgium, the rise of the war spirit is attributed to the yellow press of this country, and Germany held up to admiration as always seeking for peace. The following sentences will suffice to show how amazingly blind to facts even trained historical scholars can become.

Our Emperor and our Government exerted every effort in their power in order to avert, if possible, the fearful disaster of such a war, being at one in their efforts with Parliament, the mass of the people and their intellectual leaders. No one has taught us more emphatically that even the Government exists under divine authority and must justify its power by the pursuance of moral purposes than has Heinrich von Treitschke : no one has condemned more than he the wanton breach of treaty or unscrupulous carrying on of war. The present war would never have arisen had England's politics been carried on in the spirit of Treitschke.

The spirit and temper revealed in this and other similar manifestoes—notably in the letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Professor Graf von Baudissin—will do even more than the general feeling of hostility exerted by the war to modify British opinion as to the work of the German theologians. Without giving way to any unreasonable prejudice, we shall be justified in altering our perspective so far as to make more allowance for the defects in their system and method of which we have always been more or less conscious. Recent events and revelations have forced upon our notice the way in which the whole German mentality has degenerated under Prussian influence. So far as the scholastic world is concerned, there is ground for believing that a gradual and subtle change has come about of which we are only now perceiving the fruits. In a very sweeping indictment of German scholarship Professor L. T. Hobhouse¹ writes, ‘It is learning divorced from its social purpose, destitute of large and generous ideas, worse than useless as a guide to the problems of national life, smothering the humanities in cartloads of detail, but fatal to the intellect.’ Extreme as this judgement is, some of the points indicated can be illustrated from German theology. There is a real divorce in Germany between theology as a science and its social and religious purpose. Of the splendid work which is done in the University class-rooms, little or no reflection is to be found in the pulpits of the Churches. The professors are, as a rule, not preachers. They are largely out of touch with practical and experimental religion, and their students are not always free to make use of what they learn. The orthodox and evangelical Churches are dead and obscurantist in their theology, and there is

¹ *Democracy and Reaction*, p. 83.

danger in being anything else than orthodox in a pulpit. The case of Pastor Jatho, and the action of even so liberal a theologian as Harnack¹ in regard to it, is a startling revelation of the truth of the saying that in Germany theology is free but religion bound. It is true that there have been of late many attempts among German evangelicals to remedy this state of things. Efforts to bring Christian people into touch with a more enlightened theology are constant and widespread, and theological students are everywhere seeking for a more real religious life. But Professor Weinel of Jena well expresses the need of the hour when he writes :

The resolve to achieve a new world, a kingdom of God, is far too weak among us. I mean the aspiration after a world ruled by truth, love, and purity, in which all that is shameful in the political and social life of the present day shall be impossible : a world in which war and retaliation, duelling and revenge, prostitution and the exploitation of the unfortunate, and all that opposes the will of a God of Love, shall be no more. Only when this lofty ideal of Christianity shall be again preached in all seriousness, when God shall be again vitally felt as ever present and speaking to us—only when Christianity, thus rejuvenated in earnest and enthusiastic, again becomes powerful in our midst, will our generation appear to be inwardly not unworthy of the splendid age in which it outwardly lives.²

These are sentiments which we might well echo in this country. And it is not unlikely that, in our more critical attitude towards Germany, we shall discover our own need to keep theology in closer touch with experience and life and always to use its historical and critical processes for a constructive end. There is still a great deal of truth

¹ Cf. *Jatho und Harnack, ihr Briefwechsel*, von Martin Rade.

² *Hibbert Journal*, vii. 745.

in the saying, *Pectus facit theologum*. Germany gives us many an object-lesson in the consequences of neglecting it, and if we can take warning from her mistakes our theology may become a more living and useful thing. There is good ground for the statement that the theology of a country is made by its preachers rather than by its professors, and if we are ever to have an English theology that is worth the name these two classes must work together and speak in tune.

But it is time to turn to an altogether different aspect of the subject. One result of the war will be that, for some time to come, there will be far fewer English and American theological students to be found in German Universities. It is to be hoped, therefore, that some effort may be made to improve and extend the facilities for theological teaching, especially in its higher branches, in this country. It would be altogether a good thing for both lands if more American theological students were to come to British Universities. They do so not infrequently as it is, and they can find very much to help them at Oxford or Cambridge, or some of the Scottish University towns. At the same time there is need for more and better theological teaching in this country. Many of the newer Universities do not attempt it, and in others it is sometimes carried on under restrictions which make it difficult to obtain the best results. If the changed conditions after the war create a demand for more advanced theological teaching it will be all to the good. There is also reason to hope that, as German influence diminishes, our theology may become more original and more British. The brilliant example which the Germans have set us in historical and critical work has been only too diligently followed by us, and this department of the work has tended to overshadow others.

If we can now persuade ourselves that we have something more to do than pick up crumbs from the German tables ; if we can reach out boldly towards a reconstruction of Christian doctrine in the light of all the new material that has been gathered from Biblical criticism on the one hand and from the comparative study of religions on the other ; if we will realize that, in the theology of the future, the new psychology has as great a part to play as that played by any philosophical system in the past, then we shall be doing a much needed work and meeting a demand of the age. The necessity for such effort has already been recognized in Germany, and we have in England and Scotland many men who are well capable of carrying it out. They are indeed better equipped than the Germans for the work of reconstructing doctrine. The German touch is apt to be rather hard, their spirit is academic and aloof from religious realities. Here we are more alive to such dangers and do not easily divorce doctrine from life.

A further impulse in the direction indicated will probably be obtained from the effect which the war is producing on the national temper, and which will probably deepen before it is over. It has already been suggested that the war will affect religion and the religious outlook. It will make men and women more serious, will raise some grave questions, and will incline many to seek a religious solution for them. All this constitutes a challenge to the theologians. If it is not to evaporate in mere emotionalism, there must be some sustained effort to meet the situation and to give ground and reason for the Christian world view. There have already been loud complaints that the Churches have not given the lead that might have been expected of them in the present crisis, and that they have spoken in too uncertain

tones on the great moral and spiritual issues involved. Such a charge is far too sweeping, though there may be some modicum of justification for it. So far as there is, it is probably due to the condition of theological unrest and uncertainty which has affected both the ministry and the Churches for some time past. As the consequences of this condition of things become more manifest the need for instruction will be more acutely felt, and the willingness to receive it will increase. Here again is a challenge to the theologians. The war is forcing to the front such questions as those of Divine Providence, Sacrifice, the immortality of the soul, and the application of Christian Ethics in national affairs. Face to face with the grim realities of the present need men and women will not be put off with conventional maxims or the stereotyped phrases of orthodoxy. The situation requires clear thinking and courageous sympathetic speech, such as can only come from men who are at once intellectually equipped and spiritually enlightened. The theologian of the future will have here a great opportunity if he will rise above the level of mere academic discussion, and give himself to the larger task of building up anew the faith of the Churches on broader and more secure foundations. On the much neglected subject of Christian Ethics especially, there is need for careful research and very definite pronouncement. This task will be easier for us than for the Germans, because we have not shrunk from the social consequences of our religion. As Professor Harnack has said, 'In the last two generations religious considerations have more than once helped to determine the home and foreign politics of England. We can point to nothing which corresponds to this, and we might hesitate to imitate it, because German Protestantism is individualistic.' There has been danger

of falling into religious individualism on this side also, but we are alive to it, and recent events will no doubt increase the tendency to give a social and international expression to the Christian faith. But if this is to be done with any good effect, the theologian will need to come down into the market-place, and address himself to the needs and problems of common men. There will always be a great deal of preparatory investigation which must of necessity be carried on in the background. But the results of it, and its bearing on the things that really matter in life and experience must be explained and brought out into the open so that he who runs may read. This must not be left to those whose task it is to popularize theology. It must be done by the theologians first and done well.

But there are yet other directions in which the war will modify the task and outlook of theology. It should open up new fields. Both in France and Russia theological work has been done that deserves to be better known and appreciated. The new religious attitude in France will surely lead to a revival of theology, and there are already many French writers on Biblical and doctrinal subjects whose clarity, sanity, and breadth of view make them well worthy of attention. It may be also that the *entente cordiale* will lead to a better understanding between the Protestant and Roman Churches. The pitiful invasion of this country by the Belgian refugees is bringing into thousands of British homes a new knowledge of Romanists and of their faith, and the knowledge will lead, it is to be hoped, to greater sympathy and charity. We cannot forget that the heroic figure of Cardinal Mercier is that of a great scholar as well as of a true pastor, and in the new conditions and broader outlook which will obtain after the war we may expect

that he, and others like him, will be respected and listened to far outside the borders of their own Church.

For many years past there has been a comity of scholarship which bade fair to become a potent influence in preserving the peace of the world. In theology, at any rate, the scholars of different countries and creeds were known to one another and respected for their works' sake in spite of all racial and ecclesiastical barriers. This happy condition of things has been rudely disturbed by the war, and it may be a long time before it can be restored. But to work for its restoration is a duty incumbent upon all those who put the pursuit of truth before any other aims. What has been said here as to the relations between theologians in this country and Germany is not intended to lead to any permanent estrangement, or to preclude the possibility of even better relations in the future. It will be a good thing for us to be compelled to readjust our perspective, and to realize that Germany has no monopoly of theological learning. It is well, too, that we should learn to develop our own theology on our own lines, and in such a way as to meet the needs of religion in our own lands. Also it is right that we should make more of the good work done in America and the Roman Catholic countries than we have generally done in the past. But we cannot leave Germany out of our calculations. She, like ourselves, will emerge from this terrible conflict sobered and chastened. It is to be hoped that both countries alike will slough off something of that materialism which has obscured their better selves, and that those spiritual elements which have played so great a part in their history will again come to the fore. The two countries have so much in common that they cannot afford to be permanently estranged. Whatever may be the case with politicians, or men of business, those who

stand for theology and religion cannot acquiesce in a lasting condition of hatred, misunderstanding, and suspicion. In the pursuit of these studies there may be found the common task and common interest which will lead the way to better feeling and more charitable judgements. German theology too will be changed by the war. We may expect there the same kind of readjustment for which we are ourselves looking. More vital matters will occupy attention, religion will become more serious and alive, the Churches will revive and there will be a greater demand for broad, constructive, spiritual thinking. This similarity in conditions, due to a companionship in suffering, can hardly fail to make for a more sympathetic mutual understanding. The mere idea of such a thing just now may be resented, but time is a great healer and, if we are wise, we shall let the years do their work and prepare ourselves to enter into their labours. If this war is to end in a lasting peace, it will only be by the efforts of men of goodwill directed towards such a consummation. There can be no better ground on which to carry out such a plan than that of theological scholarship and religious teaching. So far it would seem that the theologians have only darkened counsel by what they have written. But they are capable of better things, and when these mists of misunderstanding and suspicion have been dispersed, and the truth has come to light, we may reckon on their being the first to accept the facts of the situation. Meanwhile let them go on with their proper work in the spirit of patient inquiry and abounding faith. The course of events is opening out before them a great opportunity, and if they use it well the whole world will be in their debt.

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THE HISTORICAL PRECEDENT FOR THE NEW ARMY

THE great wars at the end of the eighteenth century give the only real precedent for the present war in Europe. It is, however, a precedent which is strangely mixed, for the situation would be most closely reproduced if we could imagine in those earlier wars a struggle between Revolutionary France and Napoleonic France. There is so much on the side of the Allies of that day which seems to belong to an old world. The small monarchies which confronted the Revolution are for the most part historical facts which Europe has left behind, although, through Napoleon, they have handed down an evil tradition of dynastic diplomacy ; even the larger, more modern Powers which overthrew Napoleon have, despite the national movements which gave them strength, something of the unreality of an ancient epoch, so hard is it now to grasp the pretensions of the Holy Alliance as being the real concepts of modern statesmen. But the spirit of the Napoleonic empire is still a modern factor, for the Germans are conscious imitators of its methods, and particularly of the errors which notoriously led to its fall ; and on the other side it is possible to see in this struggle a last assault on the new principles of the Revolution, an assault conducted with the same devotion to over-minute efficiency, the same highly capable yet often amazingly stupid bureaucratic administration, the same excessive regard for material motives, and contempt for the feelings of men, which

marked the rule of Napoleon—an assault, however, which is being met not merely by the same weapon of nationality, but by the true hope of liberty, equality, and fraternity which were the first principles of Revolutionary France.

It is curious also to see the parallelism between the two great wars even on the military side. I would illustrate this by two campaigns, one Napoleonic and one Republican. The former I need not describe in detail, for it is a precedent only for the Germans ; the latter I would develop at more length, for it is a remarkable and an encouraging precedent for England. The miniature of the present campaign in Europe is the campaign in Saxony in 1813. At the conclusion of the armistice Napoleon stood in Saxony with perhaps 440,000 men opposing the converging attack of 510,000 allies, a numerical disparity which was balanced by his central position. Yet in spite of his splendid conceptions and the skilful combination of his troops, so comparable in that small area to the German use of the strategic railway system, he was ruined utterly by the same elements which again are on the side of the Allies, by the exhaustion of his troops and his marked inferiority in reserves, by the gradual failure of his supplies in food and material, and above all by his impossible attempts to maintain the offensive at all costs and on all sides ; and the sudden collapse of Leipsic was consolidated by the desertion of his former ally Bavaria, whose position was that of the neutral European States to-day.

The other campaign, the omen of success for the principles of the Revolution, as that of 1813 is the omen of failure for the principles of Napoleon, is the Republican campaign in Flanders in 1793-4. The strategical interest is obvious, for the opposing armies or groups covered almost exactly the line of the present battle of the West,

from the North Sea to Switzerland, and the same incidents are thus being reproduced on the larger scale that the greater intensity of the present war necessitates.

In August 1793, after the failure in the spring of the French offensive both on the Rhine and in Holland, the main French forces on the northern frontier were pivoted on the fortress of Lille, being linked by a weak covering force with a second group on the fortified line from Maubeuge to the Meuse at Givet. Valenciennes was captured, and an advance in the centre promised the destruction of the Maubeuge group, or even the capture of Paris ; but the Austrians did not dare to pursue their success in the centre at the risk of exposing their right flank to the disordered yet still uncrushed army on the Scarpe. In September 1914 the French offensive had failed again both in the east and in the west, and the Germans took the risk which the Austrians declined a century before : they advanced on the centre between the powerful groups of Paris and the Meuse, exposed their flank to Paris, and were beaten in the battle of the Marne. 1793 closed, as did 1914, with the successful defence of the French line. Hondschoote preserved Dunkirk and the left wing, Wattignies rescued Maubeuge and the right, and the two victories foreshadowed the dual advance of the following year : there may have been the same indication in 1914 in the fighting at Ypres and in Champagne. The first three months of 1794 were marked mainly by the intense suffering of the French troops holding their line in winter without supplies and equipment. Then began the dual offensive, its dualism at first accidental, but gradually developing into two main lines of attack. On each wing was obstinate and indecisive fighting : it seemed impossible for the French to maintain themselves either on the Scheldt or on the

Sambre. Near Maubeuge four times in succession they crossed the Sambre and retreated before counter attacks ; in the fateful ground between Ypres, Courtrai, and Lille the advance was so slow as hardly to be perceptible. But Pichegru, though not a genius, was a very obstinate commander, and Jourdan was fighting for his life : their lieutenants, Souham, Moreau, Kléber, Marceau, Championnet, were able men who had survived the purging of war and of the Terror, that awful concentration of the country upon victory. Their men had still, in spite of their privations, the enthusiasm of the Revolution. So suddenly, at last, almost without a recognizable defeat—there was in this campaign none of the formal spectacular battle of the Napoleonic era—the Austrians admitted the pressure of numbers, the pressure of enthusiastic determination, the pressure of events in Poland. They evacuated Belgium and were driven to the Rhine. Strategically, 1794 is a comforting precedent. But this campaign has a still deeper interest owing to the nature of the armies engaged in it.

On the one side were the professional armies of the allied sovereigns, the troops having no better cause than devotion to their dynasties and the hope of spoiling France, the generals being either princes of the German royal houses or old soldiers enslaved by the pedantic details of Austrian military science, the sovereigns fired by the divine right of kings and the principles of benevolent despotism, and attended by diplomatists ever anxious as to the progress of rival interests in Poland.

On the other side was the new army of France, founded on a small professional army, but raised to formidable numbers by a sudden voluntary effort ; and despite the political excesses of the time and the subsequent encroachment of the idea of conquest, there is full evi-

dence that the inspiring motive of this new army was attachment to the principles which the Revolution has bequeathed to Europe.

The French regular army at the end of the reign of Louis XVI was itself not very dissimilar from the British first line army of to-day, and was but little smaller in numbers. Since the ministry of the Marshal Du Muy there had been a marked reaction from the corruption and inefficiency of the preceding era, and this reaction had been accentuated by the American War. Though it had been impossible to break the power of the Court in regard to the reservation of the regimental commands to the higher noblesse, yet the upper grades in the army had been gradually filled by honourable and capable men. Marshals de Ségur, de Castries, and de Broglie, and the younger Maillebois, owed their position to birth as well as to talent, yet mere ability had been recognized in the appointment of St. Germain to the ministry of war, and of de Vaux and Rochambeau, country gentlemen whose birth was too obscure to give them colonelcies at the age of twenty, to the command of armies, after laborious professional careers. Under these progressive leaders the army had seen a constant succession of partial reforms, partial because they were hampered by the influence of the Court, or by the fluctuations of finance and politics. Much attention had been given to military education; Napoleon's own school at Brienne is well known, but there were many others, such as the engineers' college at Mézières, and the artillery colleges of Châlons and Metz: exceptional facilities were given for the education of the sons of retired officers of lower rank, and in these schools a large number of the republican generals had their first training.

Staff work was unusually developed, while more

dubious political missions were employing the energies of men like Dumouriez, Kellermann, and Schérer, Guibert was developing the theory of tactics, d'Arçon and Carnot were discussing fortifications, and young officers like Berthier, Clarke, and Mathieu Dumas were constantly engaged in reconnaissances, even in foreign countries, of which they wrote too copious notes. This intellectual activity was indeed almost excessive: the War Office was choked with memoranda, and when war broke out the committee of defence wasted far too much time in the discussion of the interminable notes which every staff could produce with such facility.

The artillery material had just been reorganized by Gribeauval, and was served by a highly trained corps of officers. As the nobles of the Court disdained a technical education, this arm alone gave a career to the sons of the poorer country gentlemen, such as was Napoleon himself. The artillery consequently lost far less than the other services by the emigration of its officers; of the forty generals of division of artillery appointed between 1792 and 1814, all but four could use the prefix 'de' to their names.

The cavalry suffered more from emigration, but even as late as the campaign of Valmy it was very good, and was continually praised by Dumouriez.

In the infantry, although the reformers could not deprive the Court nobles of their hereditary right to colonelcies, they took care to recruit the subordinate officers and non-commissioned officers from excellent material, usually from the middle classes, for it was these officers who really commanded the regiments. But many of these retired early in disgust at the absence of promotion. Of such men Masséna is the greatest example; the best sergeant-major of his regiment, he

left the army when, in spite of the recommendations of his officers, he could not obtain a commission, and then set up business as a small shopkeeper until the Revolution gave the opportunity to his talents. There were thus numbers of young men, often of middle-class extraction, who had retired as sergeants, and in the regiments many older men of slightly higher birth struggling to live on their pay. Recruitment was entirely on a voluntary system. At the beginning of the Revolution this army consisted of, excluding the Guards, 114 regiments of infantry, mostly of two battalions, and 62 regiments of cavalry, each of four squadrons, with 8 regiments of artillery, each of 20 companies. There were also 106 battalions of Territorials, the composition of which was constantly being altered by the reformers in their efforts to create a more efficient and more numerous reserve. About 200,000 men could be put into the field.

On this small but fairly efficient and well-trained army came the sudden strain of providing for the defence of every frontier of France. Within a year the Republic was maintaining twelve separate armies, those of the North, Ardennes, Moselle, Vosges, Rhine, Alps, Italy, East and West Pyrenees, La Rochelle, Vendée, and Brest. Nearly a million and a half men were in arms, and by June 1794 the two armies on the northern frontier alone contained in the first line, apart from reserves and garrisons, as many men as in the whole regular army before the Revolution. There were no funds for equipment, everything had to be created amidst unexampled political disturbance and financial dissolution. Nearly all the officers had emigrated: 1,900 left France in 1791, and many others followed Lafayette in 1792 and Dumouriez in 1793. And even before the later

emigrations there were no trained generals to command: colonels and majors were rapidly promoted, but all were, as Duhesme admitted, in the infancy of the military art, and not a general in France had ever manœuvred more than a regiment. No effort which England is called upon to make now can be compared in magnitude to the achievement of the smaller population of the French Republic, in raising men, in finding officers, in discovering generals, at a time when the Republic had no trade, no finances, and no command of the sea, and was absorbed in evolving an entirely new political and social system.

The French Government was, it is true, assisted primarily by the military incompetence of its enemies; but this advantage, which we do not know ourselves to possess now, was more than balanced by the political disunion, the disappearance of the corps of officers, and the want of material resources. These were evident facts, sufficient to shake the confidence of any new army, but the incompetence of the enemy command was not suspected at the time. The German generals were the most learned in Europe, and they were credited then, as now, with a complete mastery of the art of war: their incompetence arose, as we have since discovered, from their adherence to old standards, tactical, moral, and political, and was proved only by the facts of the war. History may show that in this war also the methods of the enemy command have been the greatest resource of the Allies, that the military conceptions of the Germans have in fact not been in advance of their moral and political ideas.

Of the internal elements of success in the creation of the army which recovered Belgium in 1794, the first lay in the existence of a small regular army which had been

largely rejuvenated by the effect of a great colonial war, a force which contained so much good material and which, allowing for the aristocratic basis on which it was constituted, was surprisingly progressive, serious, and hard-working.

It is this which distinguishes the Republican armies from those raised for the Civil War in America. The old army provided almost all the artillery, the greater part of the cavalry, and a very high proportion of the officers of all arms. It bore the brunt of the earlier fighting, and gave the new troops time to gain experience of war and confidence in themselves.

The second great element of success was the voluntary principle, by which the old army was expanded. The French volunteers have been the subject of many special studies, and the results of the volunteer movement need only roughly be sketched. 100,000 national volunteers responded to the first call in January 1791; 200 additional battalions had been formed, and the army raised to 500,000 before the war seriously began in 1792. The invasion of France by the Prussians and the victories in Belgium produced 300 more battalions by the beginning of 1793. These men with the old army formed the main fighting force: many of them had served in the army, or the territorials, or the national guards, and they rapidly responded to training: their superiority lay in the fact that they were intelligent men who knew what they were fighting for, and believed in the greatness of the cause of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.

There is indeed a dark side to the picture of the volunteers: insubordination, desertion, and panic were constant incidents in the first three years of war. After the fall of Verdun, for instance, the volunteer regiments involved in the capitulation refused to remain in the

Argonne with Dumouriez, and marched to camp at Châlons, Marceau, who then commanded the Eure-et-Loir battalion, throwing up his post in disgust at the behaviour of his men and joining a line regiment. But indiscipline was almost as marked in the line regiments, and it had a special cause in the political disorders of the time. The same explanation can be given of the constant panics. Time after time, and especially after the regular cavalry had been broken by the desertion of Dumouriez, the new troops fled in shameful terror, abandoning their guns and defensible positions ; but this was less because they were new troops than because of the continual and well-grounded terror of treason, and the incessant changes in the higher command. Desertion also rapidly reduced the effectives both of volunteers and regulars, but this too had a special cause in the extraordinary sufferings of the troops owing to the State bankruptcy and the lack of every kind of equipment. It is the best tribute to the voluntary system that in spite of their privations, so high a proportion of the first volunteers kept to the colours, and that the initial impulse of enthusiasm was never lost to the armies. But with their wastage and the increasing pressure on the frontiers, the desperate need of the Government of the Terror for more troops led to a gradual abandonment of the voluntary principle, and recourse to requisition *en masse* and irregular conscription. There was an immediate decline in moral, and the greater part of the new forced levies disappeared as soon as they reached the front. The difference in quality is represented in the careers of the officers who rose to high rank in the later wars ; the great majority came from the old army, and nearly all the remainder from the volunteers of 1791 and 1792 : scarcely any soldier of the forced levies of 1793 and 1794

rose to be a general officer. The character of the later levies may be illustrated by a story told by Pion de Loches of his own town in Burgundy, called to produce so many men for the army. In the meeting which was called, Pion ingeniously proposed that the town could have no finer representatives than the hottest Jacobins ; this was carried by acclamation, and the town was thus rid of its worst ruffians—but only for a time, for they deserted almost immediately and returned to politics. By the beginning of 1793 all the best military material had in fact joined the armies, the men who for the rest of their lives were proud of having been ‘Volunteers of 1791 or 1792’. That the voluntary system ultimately failed was due partly to the length of the campaign, but mainly to the inability of the Government to provide on even the most moderate standard for the necessities of the troops. As late as 1796 the army of Italy was famished and in rags. The analysis of the armies of 1793–4 shows indeed the immense superiority of volunteer to conscript recruitment, but it also shows that for volunteers a high standard of supply is required.

While it was the voluntary principle which gave the new army its enthusiasm, it was perhaps the territorial principle which gave it cohesion sufficient to withstand the strain of constant privation. The old regular regiments had for the most part territorial names, apart from those regiments which as in the English army were specially associated with the royal family ; but the territorial connexion had for the most part disappeared. The new volunteer battalions were not, however, attached as extra battalions to the old regiments, but were given the names of the departments in which they were raised, while the companies or smaller units often represented particular localities within the depart-

ment. This process was easy, as most of the earlier volunteers had been serving together as the national guard at their own homes. The same system was ever applied to the numerous battalions raised by the city of Paris, each battalion being associated with a special quarter and bearing its name, such as the 1st des Lombards, the Arsenal, the Filles St. Thomas. There were also some special battalions representing professions, as in the new English army. Of these the Arts battalion was the most famous; but most broke up at an early date. The advantage of a system by which all the soldiers and officers in the battalion were of the same *pays*, knowing each other by reputation, need hardly be insisted on. Many of these local battalions, such as the first Isère, the 4th Moselle, the 1st Ile et Vilaine, made their names as famous as those of the regular regiments. But this wise provision was neglected in the later levies *en masse*, who bore vague names like Fédérés, Volontaires Nationaux, or the absurd titles of Jacobin fanaticism, a cause which may well have contributed to their more rapid disintegration.

The force of circumstances compelled also to a large extent the territorialization of the armies themselves. A Welsh or Irish army would be no new idea in military organization. Having to meet invasion on every frontier, the French Government formed each army from the line troops of the local garrisons and the volunteers of the neighbouring departments; many of the garrisons had long been resident at their head-quarters, and had been filled up with local recruits. Each army was therefore from the beginning local. The army of Italy, for instance, was predominantly Provençal; that of the Alps was composed of the regiments of Dauphiné, Savoy, and Lyon; and that of the north was based on Artois,

Picardy, Paris, and Normandy. And the local character was maintained by the assignment of certain departments to the maintenance of the armies both in supplies and in men. There were disadvantages undoubtedly arising from this territorialization: the troops were more affected by local politics, desertion and irregularities of discipline were more rife, but the armies gained much by losing a little of that strangeness which must fall on hastily grouped bodies of men if they have no obvious common link. Staff work was considerably facilitated, and so also was the promotion of officers, not to mention the special gain in many cases from the knowledge of the country in which the new troops were fighting.

These, then, were the three elements in the success of the new French army, the obligation to the small well-trained regular army, the voluntary principle, and with it the overwhelming enthusiasm for the political and moral cause for which the army was fighting, and the element of territorial cohesion. All three elements were brought together in the creation of the new corps of officers. The loss of officers by emigration between 1791 and 1793 has already been referred to. Practically all the remaining senior regimental officers, for the most part elderly men who had no other resource than their military pay, at once became colonels and generals, and the Republic had therefore to find officers for both the old and the new forces. It found them very largely in the non-commissioned ranks of the old army, and it may be claimed that the successes of the armies of the Republic and Empire were essentially triumphs of the ranker. Of Napoleon's twenty-four marshals, six had been officers and fourteen non-commissioned officers of the old army. The position is best shown in the case

of individual regiments. In 1793 the famous Navarre infantry regiment had but four left of the thirty-nine officers on its strength in 1789: twenty-eight officers had emigrated. Of the four survivors, one was the quarter-master, one, a lieutenant in 1789, was the colonel, and the other two had risen from sub-lieutenant and cadet to be captains. Eighteen of the new officers were non-commissioned officers promoted from the regiment, five were promoted sergeants from other regiments, and eight were newly-joined cadets. It is, however, remarkable that the wholesale promotion of non-commissioned officers in the regulars did not meet with the same success as their more careful selection in the volunteers. These battalions of compatriots were given the power of electing their own officers, and they naturally chose men with some military training, provided that with their special local knowledge of their companions they felt some confidence in their capacity to lead. Some officers, like Moreau and Gouvion St. Cyr, were, however, chosen though they had no training at all—one was a law student, the other an art student—simply because they were felt to be leaders of men; the volunteers were staking their lives upon the correctness of their choice. Thus in the end the volunteer cadres became better than those of the regular regiments: in the latter men were promoted because they were sergeants, in the volunteers military experience was welcomed, but only if accompanied by education and capacity to lead. It was in this way, through selection by their fellow countrymen, that most of the great generals of the Empire emerged: of the twenty-four marshals, thirteen got their first commission in the new army, and of these, nine were former non-commissioned officers in the old army.

The obligation of the volunteers to the regulars may

be illustrated by the case of the 4th Moselle battalion. In 1793 it had as colonel an old officer of fifty-five, shortly to be commander-in-chief of the whole army corps in which the battalion served : one major had also been an officer, and was sixty-eight ; the other major, who really commanded the regiment, was a retired sergeant who had volunteered : he was still only 31 years of age, and in a few months became general of division. Seven of the nine captains had been privates in line regiments, yet it should be noticed that the officer in the regiment who was to reach the highest distinction, Molitor, Marshal of France in 1823, had had no previous service ; he owed his election as captain only to merit. Nine out of the twenty lieutenants had served as privates. The debt of the new French army to the old was indeed very great : of the 117 infantry and cavalry generals commanding in Napoleon's Grande Armée of 1805, when the corps of officers had been sifted by nine years of war, and by Napoleon's judgement of men, 83 had served in the army of Louis XVI, and of these, 40 had been in the ranks : 34 only were volunteers in origin. Yet the debt to the voluntary system was almost equally considerable : it allowed the non-commissioned officers to emerge rapidly, and it completely revived the army by the admission into the corps of officers of all professions, all classes of society, and all types of ideas. So the French army became national while the allied armies remained for many years professional. The choice of officers by election is perhaps suited only to the peculiar genius of the French people, and in a country less completely democratic the effect of territorialization also is perhaps reduced. The history also of the corps of officers in the armies of 1793 shows that while so much was gained by throwing over the old

aristocracy, the volunteers did trust at first too much to mere professional experience, with the result that in the next few years there had to be a rapid discarding of officers who were too old for active service, and of promoted rankers who were not intelligent enough to command. The French passed in turn from the theory that all officers must be aristocrats to the belief that all must have previous military service, and then even, in a brief period of political fanaticism, to the idea that all officers must be politicians. It was, however, the volunteers of 1791 and 1792, with their system of election, who most nearly recognized the paramount importance of intelligence. The subsequent promotion of the officers was facilitated by the very elastic staff system in the early days of the Republic. Each army had a number of adjutant-generals who were majors and colonels on the staff either at army head-quarters or with the divisions; and each adjutant-general had a number of 'adjoints'. These posts provided outlets for the young regimental officers. The colonel, newly promoted general, would take with him his best captain to be adjutant-general, and the latter would secure some personal friend as 'adjoint': there was in this way constant interchange between the regiment and the staff. This reflects the character of the fighting in Belgium in these early years: there was none of the rigidity of form which Napoleon imposed. Armies were groups ever changing in numbers according to the point of local pressure on the long line from Switzerland to the sea, and the fighting was carried on less by divisions, brigades, and regiments, than by bodies of varying size led by the adjutant-general or even the adjoint. Young officers were helped by the territorial organization in obtaining recognition of their special qualities, and then had as

adjutants unequalled opportunities of learning to handle considerable bodies of troops in the field.

Of the general system of training the volunteers little can be said : military and political necessities left no time for systems. The volunteer movement in 1791 began indeed with a definite scheme of training : large camps of instruction were formed at Paris and other large towns : each battalion had attached to it an active and well-educated non-commissioned officer as adjutant—men like the future Marshals Soult, Augereau, and Masséna. The early levies had therefore a considerable measure of instruction before they saw active service. While also the first battalions of 1792 were sent straight to the garrison towns on the frontier, yet when the war broke out their training was still more important than the fighting. The divisions of Dumouriez at Maulde, of Lafayette at Sedan, of Kellermann at Metz, of Luckner at Châlons, were far more camps of exercise than ‘ corps of observation ’. There were so-called military operations, but the actual work of the troops was rather that of field-days and route-marching, with some skirmishing with an inactive enemy. Real fighting began in September, and the enormous levies which appeared in the enthusiasm of the resistance to the Prussians marched direct to the front ; but Dumouriez was from the first reluctant to use in the firing line any but the best trained volunteers, mainly the regiments of 1791. These he brigaded with the line regiments, two volunteer battalions with every regular battalion, following in this the policy of Lafayette, an officer who from his experience in the American War of Independence was perhaps better able to judge of the capacity and needs of the volunteers than were more professional soldiers like Dumouriez. Meanwhile the newer levies had oppor-

tunities for gaining instruction on lines of communication or in the very numerous frontier garrisons. This was, as regards organization, the best period for the volunteers, whose position then more closely resembled that of the new British army. On them, however, the disastrous retreat from Belgium and the treason of Dumouriez fell with crushing effect. Though the infantry of the line were left comparatively untouched, many of the senior officers of the old school were removed, and these, though incompetent commanders, had been excellent instructors for new troops. The ruin of the regular cavalry sorely tried the moral of the young soldiers, who felt that they had now no protection in the open against the fine Austrian and English horsemen. The collapse of the administrative services, which had been supported largely by the resources of Belgium, enhanced the sufferings of the soldiers and increased desertion. The strength of the volunteer battalions was then greatly reduced, and the numbers could only be brought up by the additions of new recruits entirely untrained.

The figures for a division of the army of the Moselle in July 1793, consisting of 7 line battalions, 6 volunteer battalions of 1791, and 7 volunteer battalions of 1792, show, for instance, that while the regulars had only 270 recruits joining since May, 5,000 of the 12,000 volunteers had only just entered the army. All their training now had to be carried through during active service at the front. This particular division was then commanded by an old Lorraine officer, General Schauenbourg, the most famous infantry instructor of the wars of the Revolution and Empire, who has left interesting notes of the system by which he kept his whole division continually under instruction whenever the enemy allowed

the army to rest. Instruction was the preoccupation of all the good officers, and explains the inactivity on the frontier until late in the year 1793. Training was to some extent facilitated by the dispersion of the troops in garrisons. At the same date, July 1793, of the 160,000 men who held the line from Maubeuge to the sea, 42,000 only are shown in general terms as 'the army' in a mobile covering force which linked up the four entrenched camps held by 55,000 other first line troops, while no fewer than 63,000 were in the second line in 35 separate garrisons in Picardy and Artois ; but local politics unfortunately interfered with their training almost more than did the enemy with the instruction of the first line.

In this strange picture of an army receiving much of its first training in the intervals of fighting there were two salient features, the value placed upon early peace training, as shown by the greater trust given to the battalions of 1791 and 1792 in spite of the large admixture of recruits in 1793, and the success of brigading the volunteers with the regulars : the new troops learned their duties from the old, and in the end, in 1796, the regular battalion was amalgamated into one regiment with the two linked battalions of volunteers.

Most favourable of all aids to the instruction of the new army, and to its transformation into the most formidable army in Europe, was the nature of the fighting in which it had to engage. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr describes his discussions in the army of the Rhine with his friend Desaix as to the best method of using the new troops. Desaix, an aristocrat, one of the few surviving officers of the old régime, a professional soldier of the best type, wished to show his skill in manœuvring in the plains of the Rhine valley. St. Cyr, a volunteer of

1791, who, like Moreau, always retained the style and manners of a civilian in spite of his eminent military capacity, insisted that the great training-ground for his new troops was the forest country of the Vosges. Here was the opportunity for small important successes which the enthusiasm of the French troops and the intelligence of their selected leaders could secure, without that strain on the coherent action of masses of troops which was demanded by large operations in the open, and which could only be carried out successfully when the troops were fully disciplined and the leaders fully experienced. St. Cyr perhaps exaggerated; it was less the indiscipline of the troops than the complete inexperience of their generals which unfitted the new army for the 'grande guerre'; Napoleon felt no such difficulty when he had armies of raw troops with veteran generals for every unit. But it is true that the formation of the new army was immensely helped by the natural features of the French frontier, and the character of the fighting which was established by it. The dyke country of Flanders, the woods and farms of Hainault, the mountainous regions of the Ardennes and the Vosges, the Alps and the Pyrenees, all protected the French troops from decisive battles in form, and gave them continual opportunities for displaying their peculiar qualities. In the open the volunteers had no confidence in themselves against the precisely moving professional troops, whose fire tactics were so much more closely controlled. Above all, the French had so few cavalry; cavalry could not be improvised, and by 1794 only twenty regiments had been added to the original sixty-two. The cavalry, too, suffered more by the loss of their aristocrat officers, and several regiments deserted with Dumouriez, while the disorganization of the country made it impossible to reconstitute the regiments by a

proper system of remounts and fodder supply. It was not until June 1794 that the army of the North, then consisting of 300,000 men, could form a single cavalry division. This weakness in cavalry explains the exaggerated fear of that arm, in which the enemy were strong, and was the cause of many panics so scornfully noted by the allied commanders. But when the new troops were fighting in redoubts supported by their fine professional artillery, which was at least equal to that of the enemy in training and material, or when the army had to advance over difficult country by a series of small intelligent movements, their essential qualities were brought out, the military virtues of men who were fighting as volunteers for a cause which each individual appreciated, the innate capacity for leadership in officers who had been chosen by men who knew them and trusted them for these qualities. So the troops in this confused fighting for positions over the long frontier line became more and more warlike, more confident in the superiority of republicans over the 'slaves of the tyrant'. All that was needed was a higher command which would take real advantage of the final element of success in the new French armies, their superiority of numbers, by giving real coherence to these small actions. Finally, by the middle of 1794, a curiously modern solution had been reached. The operations were strategically combined by a rudimentary general staff, a committee deriving its powers from the Committee of Public Safety, but acting with considerable independence. Its members were professional soldiers mostly of the technical arms headed by the engineer Carnot. Under this general staff was General Pichegru, commanding-in-chief from the Moselle to the North Sea. It was impossible for him in those days to control so long a line, but the committee

preferred to have a single commander-in-chief, and, even when he won the battle of Fleurus, General Jourdan, commanding the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, was nominally subordinate to Pichegru.

It is hard to assess Pichegru's services to the army : in his tours up and down the long line he was often absent at critical moments of attack—it was Souham's splendid resolution in the absence of the commander-in-chief which won the victory of Tourcoing ; but Pichegru taught his army commanders to recognize their interdependence, and he communicated to his army his determination, his submission to the Government, his abnegation of personal glory. He and all his principal officers had been promoted from the volunteers, and to this was due the modesty and, for the rest of France and still more for the enemy, the anonymity of the higher command. And so this army of the North which recovered Belgium in 1794 and in 1795 had conquered Holland and the Rhineland remained the most republican and the most modest of the French armies : even in conquests it never became an army of plunderers or an army ' en panache '. It was the national and volunteer army of France, strongly contrasted to the ' mamelukes ', the personal army of Napoleon in Italy, created by him and corrupted by him to serve his ambitions. The army of the North had no promises of plunder by bulletin, and its conquest of Belgium and Holland was not marked by the organized pillage and the meditated terrorism which both provoked and subdued the Italians. Even the selfish and calculating Soult, so easily tempted by the opportunities of the Empire, recalled half regretfully in his memoirs the finer emotion of 1794 in the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse. Throughout the Empire there was an undercurrent of hostility

to personal rule from the republican army which had recovered Belgium and the Rhine frontier. In 1798 the disputes between the 'gentlemen' of Bernadotte's division from the Sambre-et-Meuse and the licensed brigands of the army of Italy were a cause of the disturbances in Rome. In Egypt the same rivalry occurred, and the opposition to the personal ambition of Napoleon was led by Kléber. In 1804, not only Pichegru and Moreau, but also Souham, Duhesme, Macdonald, and Delmas were in disgrace, while Jourdan was but grudgingly honoured. Napoleon never entirely won over the conquerors of Belgium.

This, then, is the precedent of a hundred and twenty years ago for the new army of England. Immense must be the differences due to the political disorders of France under the Terror. Yet the example remains of an army facing the same problems on the same ground, an army formed on the nucleus of a fine professional force by an immense voluntary effort, inspired not only by a sense of national emergency, but by enthusiasm for the principles of progress by freedom. And there could be no more encouraging example than that of its ultimate success essentially by its moral qualities, and of its adherence even in the time of conquest to the principles which had given it strength. Victory came, it is true, to the side of the big battalions, but it came at the call of the spirit by which they had been formed.

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UNDER
PRUSSIAN RULE

1864-1914

BY

W. R. PRIOR

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NORTH SLESWICK UNDER PRUSSIAN RULE

1864-1914

AN Englishman who had seen the war of 1864, in which Denmark was attacked by the powerful States of Austria and Prussia and compelled to surrender the Duchies of Sleswick, Lauenburg, and Holstein, commented on the Treaty of Vienna (October 30, 1864), by which Denmark acknowledged her defeat, in the following prophetic words :—

This is the result and the reward of Austro-Prussian policy ; it is unjust to the weaker side, grossly inconsistent with the obligations of the stronger. When time shall have brought about a state of things more favourable to Denmark than has existed through 1864, when perchance the oppressed Danish nationality of Sleswick shall be rescued from alien tyrants, then, if this Treaty of Vienna should be used as evidence against the Danes, let Englishmen remember what it is, and how it was obtained.

Under the treaty Denmark had to cede not only the German Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg, which were members of the German Confederation, but also the ancient Danish borderland of Sleswick, or South Jutland, to give it the name preferred by the Danes. The Holsteiners had expected that, as a result of the treaty, they would be formed into an independent German State of 'Schleswig-Holstein'. But these hopes were not fulfilled either in 1864, or when Austria and

Prussia had gone to war (1866) over the Duchies, among other questions, and Austria had been beaten by her rival. The reason which Austria and Prussia had given for attacking Denmark was that they regarded the Duke of Augustenborg as the lawful heir to the Duchies. Austria and the smaller States of the German Confederation had honestly supported the Augustenborg claim. For Bismarck, who already controlled Prussian policy, this claim was only a stalking-horse. It was reduced to a dead letter by the decision at which the Prussian law-officers arrived in 1865. The question which Bismarck submitted to them was this: Who was the rightful heir to the Duchies after the death (1863) of Frederick VII, the last Danish king of the House of Oldenburg? The two claimants were Christian IX, who had succeeded Frederick on the Danish throne, and the Duke of Augustenborg. The lawyers decided in favour of Christian IX. But, by the Treaty of Vienna, he had ceded all his rights in the Duchies to Austria and Prussia. Hence, in 1865, these two Powers practically partitioned the Duchies. After the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 they were entirely annexed by Prussia.

Thus the Holsteiners and the Germans of South Sleswick saw their dream of independence annihilated; and the Danish element in Sleswick was handed over to the tender mercies of Prussian bureaucracy and militarism. At the date of the Treaty of Vienna the Duchy of Sleswick possessed a population of about 400,000 souls, distributed as follows: some 190,000 in North Sleswick, 150,000 in South Sleswick, 60,000 in the central district. A census taken in 1855 had shown that of this population there were 190,000 who spoke German only, 150,000 who spoke Danish only, while the remainder were bilingual. But then, as now, the

language of daily life was not altogether an infallible test of political sympathies. This was particularly the case in Central Sleswick, where the population had either lost all interest in Danish nationality or were in favour of an independent 'Schleswig-Holstein' which should be included in the German Confederation. The principal town of Central Sleswick was Flensburg; in 1864 the inhabitants were on the whole German-speaking—a state of things which has changed in the past fifty years—and yet were Danish in their sympathies. The exact opposite was the case with Tönder, a town in the west of Central Sleswick.

Flensburg and Tönder are connected by a railway, and it is to the north of this line that the present Danish population of Sleswick, numbering about 150,000 souls, is concentrated. It is Danish not only in the sense that it speaks the Danish language; its members regard themselves as compatriots of the Danes of Denmark. The frontier which was drawn between Denmark and the Duchies in 1864 is an unnatural frontier. It does not correspond to the distribution of the Danish and German nationalities.

These expatriated Danes are largely yeoman farmers; but there are also the tradesmen and the artisans of the small towns of Haderslev, Aabenraa, and Sønderborg. The whole population holds its own in the face of opponents who have steadily become more powerful, and of a calculated policy of oppression which is now far more severe than it was fifty years ago. Prussia vanquished Denmark after a campaign of some four months. But the battle against Danish nationalism in Sleswick has been proceeding from that time to the present; and in this battle the aggressors are further off from victory than they ever were.

The early years of Prussian rule in Sleswick were a period of transition; the final destiny of the Duchy was still undecided. Bismarck was chiefly occupied in thwarting the hopes of the 'Schleswig-Holstein' party; and during 1865 the rule of the Prussian police over North Sleswick was comparatively mild. Bismarck carried his policy of favouring the Danish population to such a point that he caused the local official gazette to publish the following declaration:—

The oppression of the Danish nationality in North Sleswick would be not only unjust, but also extremely impolitic, because it would produce a constant agitation among the inhabitants, and would have the necessary result of causing the North Sleswickers to turn their gaze continually towards the north; they would lose their sympathy with the Duchies, and would maintain their friendly feeling towards Denmark.

In fact, the 'Schleswig-Holsteiners' were told that they would only frustrate their cherished hopes if they endeavoured to germanize their Danish fellow citizens. Very different was the tone which Prussia adopted when both elements in Sleswick, the Danish and the German, had definitely been brought under her rule.

While the 'Schleswig-Holsteiners' saw their last hopes fade with the Austrian defeat in 1866, the Danes gained a definite promise in the Treaty of Prague, 1866, a promise which, though never carried out and cancelled in 1878, still forms the Magna Charta of the Danes in North Sleswick.

By the fifth article of this treaty, inserted on the suggestion of Napoleon III, the population of the northern districts of Sleswick should be ceded to Denmark, when it expressed the desire of a union with Denmark by means of a free vote.

Soon afterwards the Danes had an opportunity granted them of a 'rehearsal' of such a referendum. This was afforded by the elections of 1867 to the Constituent Assembly of the North German Federation and to the North German Reichstag.

At the first of these elections 27,488 Danish against 39,593 German votes were registered in the whole of Sleswick; Flensburg and the other towns, except Tönder in the northern part, showed a Danish majority; and many districts of the south showed Danish minorities.

On the second occasion the votes were 25,598 against 24,664; but though the Danes had been able to return two candidates at the previous election, their present majority only secured the election of one Danish candidate against three Germans.

This is the first instance recorded of what in Sleswick is called 'electioneering geometry', in America 'jerry-mandering'; shuffling the various counties about so as to form an electoral division favourable to the Germans.

The two overwhelmingly Danish counties of Haderslev and Sønderborg form one division, though separated by the county of Aabenraa. The latter, with its fairly considerable German minority, has been joined on to that of Flensburg, where there are few Danish votes; and the strong Danish minority in Tönder County also finds itself without representation in the Reichstag.

In the Prussian Diet, which is returned by a restricted electorate, the Danes are, however, still able to maintain their two members.

The article in the Treaty of Prague (1866) whereby North Sleswick's right of free action received treaty recognition, proved, however, somewhat injurious to the Danish cause. The first representatives sent to Berlin

were Messrs. Krüger and Ahlmann; they refused to take the constitutional oath as members of the Diet, claiming that they only attended to indicate the unsettled position of North Sleswick and to demand the fulfilment of the promise granted them :

We are Danes, we wish to remain Danes, and as Danes we wish to be treated according to the provisions of international law.

This was their one and only election cry.

As time passed and the promise of reunion with Denmark became more and more a dead letter, a somewhat bitter quarrel broke out among the leaders of the movement. ' Oath-refusers ' opposed ' oath-takers ' ; the former were in favour of passive resistance to Prussian aggression ; the latter desired the more active policy of taking part in parliamentary discussions in order to press the claims of the Sleswick Danes. Up to the death of Krüger (1881) the party of passive resistance prevailed—a circumstance which, as the event proved, was detrimental to the interests of the Danish population.

The North Sleswickers had discovered that the promise made at Prague was as worthless as that other promise, to respect all legitimate national characteristics, which King William of Prussia had given when he annexed the Duchy. Between 1864 and 1870 many a young Dane asked the question why he should be obliged to swear allegiance to the Prussian King and to serve in the Prussian Army, if the promise of a referendum was honestly meant. The Treaty of Vienna had granted the population the right of choosing, within that period, between Prussian and Danish nationality. Each individual should have been allowed to make, if he so wished, a public declaration that he desired to

remain a subject of Denmark. Before 1870 the Sleswick Danes had actually the right of settling in Denmark. The outbreak of the Franco-German War caused about 8,000 men of military age to leave their old home. According to one authority, nearly 40,000 of the Sleswick Danes had become 'optants'—that is, had taken the 'option' of Danish nationality—or had emigrated, by the end of 1880. As Prussia objected to these 'optants' returning to their original home after a short residence in Denmark, a conference was held in 1872 between the two Governments. The result was that most of the 'optants' were allowed by the Prussian authorities to return and remain unmolested, provided that they gave no well-founded cause for complaint, and did not display a hostile spirit towards Prussia.

Thus a final settlement had been made of the question of the 'optants'. They were liable to be expelled at any moment as 'objectionable' characters. To have allowed them to become naturalized would have meant an increase in the majority of Danish electors; and therefore these North Sleswickers who had returned found themselves political outcasts in their own country; and they were debarred from all social intercourse with their friends and relatives if such intercourse was thought to have the slightest political tinge. They were treated as scapegoats by the Prussian authorities, whenever an election resulted unfavourably for the Government. The Danish voters, however, refused to be influenced by the peril to which their 'optant' relatives and neighbours were exposed.

At the elections for the Reichstag in 1886 North Sleswick gained a new leader in Gustav Johannsen, a skilful politician who enjoyed great personal popularity, not only among his fellow countrymen but also

in parliamentary circles at Berlin. He inspired new life and heart into the movement as no leader before him had done. Early in this period the younger generation, who had passed unscathed through the ordeal of Prussian schools and Prussian military service, made their influence felt. The emigrations had ceased; the gaps in the ranks of the opposition were filled up; and a network of patriotic associations was formed all over North Sleswick. There was an association of voters which took in hand the work of political organization. There was a language society which founded Danish libraries in every province. A school society undertook to pay the fees of indigent North Sleswick children at the Danish 'High Schools'. Then there were lecture societies, whose lecturers were of necessity drawn from the North Sleswick district; temperance societies and young men's associations were founded; other societies concerned themselves with agriculture, and the Danish co-operative movement and the Danish dairy industry found their way into Sleswick. Last but not least there was a society to save the land from being bought up by the Prussian Government for the use of German farmers and small-holders. When the number of German church-services increased—any petition for German services from a few German newcomers in a Danish parish has always found a favourable answer—the Danes replied by founding Free Church communities with separate places of worship. These societies are not allowed to use any public assembly room or country inn; but they have erected more than fifty meeting-halls in North Sleswick.

The influence of the Danish local press has been a source of strength to the nationalist opposition. Four daily papers are published in North Sleswick;

of these the most important are the *Flensborg Avis* and the *Heimdal* of Aabenraa. The editors of both these organs have been conspicuous as leaders of the nationalist movement. J. Jessen, the intrepid editor of the *Flensborg Avis*, succeeded Johannsen as the leader of the North Sleswick party in the Reichstag (1901); but his career was cut short in 1906 by his untimely death, which was doubtless due to the long and frequent terms of imprisonment (amounting in all to four years) that he incurred for 'press offences'. He has been succeeded in the leadership by H. P. Hanssen, the editor of the *Heimdal*, who has shown himself an apt pupil of Gustav Johannsen.

Without such leaders, and such varied methods of opposing German pressure, the people of North Sleswick could hardly have held their own in the era of oppression which began in 1888, a few months after the accession of the present Kaiser. His Christmas gift in that year to his Danish subjects was the practical exclusion of the Danish language from the schools; the children were only allowed to use their native tongue in future during the four hours a week which were provided by the time-table for religious instruction. Many of the clergy, even of the German clergy, protested against this regulation and petitioned that at least two hours a week should be devoted to instruction in Danish, the only language which many of the children understood. But the protest and the petition were unavailing. All private schools and private tuition had long ago been prohibited. Since 1888 attendance at the public secondary schools has been made compulsory. The books used in these schools—they are written expressly for North Sleswick—are full of the most contemptuous references to Denmark and everything Danish. It goes

without saying that they give a most distorted version of the history of Denmark and of Sleswick. 'If the children do not understand German, they must be treated and taught like deaf-mutes'; such is the rule that has been prescribed by a Prussian educational authority.

Any lingering hopes of a more liberal system, to say nothing of a fulfilment of the promises of 1866, soon disappeared under the rule of the new Kaiser. Nothing could be blunter than the speech, delivered at Frankfort-on-Oder two months after his accession, in which he declared that he would see eighteen army-corps and forty-two million inhabitants dead on the battle-field rather than surrender a single stone of what Germany had conquered. Of the same significance was the inspired remark in the *Cologne Gazette* that the separation of Sleswick from Germany could only be imagined as happening after a war disastrous to Germany. The Pan-German movement found a fertile field for its operations among the North Sleswickers.

A new governor-general, Von Köller, was imported from Alsace-Lorraine in 1898. A more 'active' and less scrupulous host of new officials willingly executed the Draconian instructions which he issued in the five years of his governorship. About a thousand expulsions were carried out, without the slightest attempt to prove that the victims had broken Prussian laws and regulations. Many a man who had been born and bred in Sleswick suddenly found himself subjected to the disabilities of an 'optant'. Danish farm-hands were expelled, as a means of putting pressure upon their employers, or were ordered to seek employment with 'loyal' farmers. The campaign was even extended to cover the children of 'optants', who, in accordance

with a regulation of 1883, had been entered on the conscription lists and had been enrolled at the age of twenty. Now, when such children applied for papers of naturalization, they met with a curt refusal and were no longer required as conscripts. They were not Danish citizens, and yet they were not allowed to become citizens of Prussia. Some of the local officials tried to deprive parents of any control over the upbringing of their children. In one case a German chimney-sweep was made the guardian of a widow's children; but this particular piece of tyranny was disallowed by the Prussian courts of law.

Even in Germany there were some protests against the policy of Von Köller and his subordinates. Professor Hans Delbrück wrote, in the Prussian *Jahrbücher* :

The last expulsions in Sleswick are most revolting . . . But worse than the brutality which makes us the abomination of the civilized world is the infatuation which believes that lasting results can be secured through such measures as these.

In 1899 Gustav Johannsen gained so much support, when he referred to the subject in the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet, that the Government yielded before the protests of enlightened Germans. The 'Köller era' gradually ebbed out; the Kaiser paid several friendly visits to the Danish Court; and the order went forth from Berlin that gentler tactics should be employed. Expulsion orders were reduced to normal proportions, and most of the children of the 'optants' were admitted to the full rights of Prussian citizenship. The only 'homeless' people who are now to be found in Sleswick are the children, born before 1898, of Danish immigrants into the Duchy.

Every election since 1890 has proved that the

population of North Sleswick is increasingly conscious of its Danish nationality. The elections of 1912 for the Reichstag showed an increase of about 2,000 in the Danish vote ; and this in spite of the coercive measures employed by an ever-growing number of German officials, who compelled every functionary and many of the small tradesmen to vote as directed. In the Haderslev-Sönderborg district, the stronghold of the Danish influence, there were 11,736 Danish votes as against 5,340 polled by the Germans and the Socialists together. In the Aabenraa-Flensburg and Tönder-Husum divisions there were slight increases in the Danish minority. The elections of 1913 for the Prussian Diet showed an even more marked progress, especially in the southern districts of North Sleswick. In the Aabenraa division the Danish candidate was returned with a safe majority. In the towns many of the German inhabitants refused to vote for the German candidate, who was a local official, in order to show their disapproval of the treatment of their Danish neighbours by the police. The results of this election were a subject for rejoicings both in Sleswick and in Denmark ; the election was regarded as a trial of strength because it occurred just before the fiftieth anniversary of the separation of the Duchy from the mother-country. Many young Sleswickers, whose parents had supported the 'Schleswig-Holstein' movement and the Prussian candidates, had now joined the camp of their Danish fellow countrymen. It was hoped that, in course of time, all the 16,000 Danish-speaking inhabitants of central Sleswick might follow the example. The present war has for the moment postponed the fulfilment of such hopes.

No less than 15,000 North Sleswickers of military age

have loyally obeyed the Prussian call to arms. Whether living abroad or in the country, they made no attempt to evade the stern duty which was imposed upon them of fighting against their natural friends on behalf of their natural enemies. While the mobilization was in progress, this loyalty was rewarded by the arrest of all the prominent Danes, both men and women, in North Sleswick. The intention of the Prussian authorities was to strike terror into those who remained at home.

North of the river Eider, the old frontier between Denmark and Germany, there stands beside the parish church an elder-tree, about which there is a local prophecy that, when it is large enough for a horse to be tethered to it, then the King of Denmark shall keep tryst here with the King of the Germans, a man with a withered arm; and then the frontier line shall be fixed in peace and amity. The elder-tree has long since reached the girth demanded by the prophecy.

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INTRODUCTION

To reconstruct the picture of a modern battle the student must use several different kinds of information. (1) First in importance are the dispatches of the commanders at the front. These give the broad outlines of the struggle, but as a rule do not dwell on episodes; they explain the strategical and tactical considerations which dictated certain moves, but say little about the actual fighting which ensues. (2) Second in importance, but often of far greater interest, are the narratives of men who were in the fighting line. These narratives seldom show much perception of the strategy of the battle, though they often elucidate the minor tactics of the combatants at particular points on the field. (3) Thirdly, we have often vivid accounts from non-combatants of scenes witnessed on the outskirts of a great battle, or in the course of sudden advances and retreats which bring the armies into a zone not evacuated by the civilian population. (4) Lastly, we have often to use official communications, drawn up at a distance from the field, but based on the interim reports of commanders. These often give details which are omitted in the final and formal dispatches.

In the following pages we give samples of these four sorts of narrative, to illustrate the operations of the British Expeditionary Force, under the com-

mand of Field Marshal Sir John French, during the retreat from Mons to the line Noyon-Chauny-La Fère (August 23-8, 1914). First of all we print (pp. 7-20) the dispatch of Sir John French which is dated September 7; this supplies the outline narrative to which all our other documents are supplementary. With it must be studied a statement published a week earlier by the War Office (pp. 20-3), which is founded upon the interim reports of Sir John French, and which is useful because it gives some details omitted from his formal dispatch. Next we give a group of soldiers' letters (pp. 24-36), chiefly relating to the early stages of the retreat. Many such letters might have been given, but these will serve as examples of our most picturesque source of information. Lastly, we give a diary (pp. 36-9) of an onlooker at Tournai, who witnessed the beginning of the German flank movement towards the British left, and the efforts of the gallant French Territorials to delay that movement. These French troops were sent forward by General d'Amade from the direction of Arras to relieve the pressure on the British Force. He was the only French commander supporting our left flank, and his work is appreciatively mentioned by Sir John French. It is a curious fact that he became aware of the German flanking movement about twenty-four hours before it was known at Mons. About the same interval of time elapsed between the French evacuation of Charleroi on the English right and the communication of this important fact to the English Commander-in-Chief. Hence our troops were exposed on Sunday, August 23, to

the danger of an attack on both flanks simultaneously. Fortunately no attack appears to have been delivered from the direction of Charleroi; and that from Tournai was delayed for some hours by the great gallantry of a French Territorial battalion, under General de Villaret, as described in our document. This battalion was eventually captured; but the good work which it had begun was continued by other bodies of the troops which General d'Amade had under his command.

The theatre of the English operations is described in some notes added to the maps which we print below (facing p. 21). The exact composition of the English force cannot be given at present; but some facts are disclosed by Sir John French. The infantry was grouped in two Army Corps; the First Corps operating on the east (the English right) under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Haig; the Second Corps on the west (the English left) under General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. There was one Cavalry Division under Major General Allenby; and the 5th Cavalry Brigade operated independently under Brigadier-General Sir Philip Chetwode.

The numbers of the force so constituted are not given. But we are told of five Infantry Divisions in all. The First Division formed the right, the Second Division the left of the First Corps; the Third Division (under Major-General Hubert Hamilton) formed the right of the Second Corps, and the Fifth (under General Sir Charles Fergusson) its left. The Fourth Division (under General Snow) was pushed up by train to Le Cateau on August 23

and reinforced the Second Corps on the morning of the 25th. Earlier than this, on the morning of August 24, the Second Corps had been reinforced by the 19th Infantry Brigade coming up from the line of communications. An Infantry Brigade is one-third of a Division. We may take the normal strength of the Infantry Division at 18,000 men, of a Cavalry Division at 9,250 men. It results that, on Sunday, August 23, the English force numbered at least 72,000 men of the Infantry Division, and 9,250 men of the Cavalry Division (possibly over 10,000 cavalry, if Sir Philip Chetwode's Brigade was not part of the strength of General Allenby's Division). On August 24, the arrival of the 19th Infantry Brigade may have brought up as many as 6,000 men; and on August 25 the arrival of General Snow's Division may have added 18,000 men. Against this Army, which can never at any given moment have much exceeded 100,000 men, the German General Staff launched five Army Corps, containing at least 250,000 combatants. In artillery, as we are told by Sir John French himself, the English were outnumbered by at least four to one. Under these circumstances, the retreat, in spite of the heavy losses suffered, stands out as the finest British feat of arms since Waterloo. It was a retreat in which the assailants suffered infinitely more than the assailed, and were completely unsuccessful as to their main object; which was to outflank the Expeditionary Force and to pin it against the fortress of Maubeuge.

THE RETREAT FROM MONS

I

War Office, September 9, 1914.

THE following despatch has been received by the Secretary of State for War from the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, British Forces in the Field:—

7th September, 1914.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to report the proceedings of the Field Force under my command up to the time of rendering this despatch.

POSITION AT MONS, AUGUST 22-3.

1. The transport of the troops from England both by sea and by rail was effected in the best order and without a check. Each unit arrived at its destination in this country well within the scheduled time.

The concentration was practically complete on the evening of Friday, the 21st ultimo, and I was able to make dispositions to move the Force during Saturday, the 22nd, to positions I considered most favourable from which to commence operations which the French Commander-in-Chief, General Joffre requested me to undertake in pursuance of his plans in prosecution of the campaign.

The line taken up extended along the line of the

canal from Conde on the west, through Mons and Binche on the east. This line was taken up as follows:—

From Conde to Mons inclusive was assigned to the Second Corps, and to the right of the Second Corps from Mons the First Corps was posted. The 5th Cavalry Brigade was placed at Binche.

In the absence of my Third Army Corps I desired to keep the Cavalry Division as much as possible as a reserve to act on my outer flank, or move in support of any threatened part of the line. The forward reconnaissance was entrusted to Brigadier-General Sir Philip Chetwode with the 5th Cavalry Brigade, but I directed General Allenby to send forward a few squadrons to assist in this work.

During the 22nd and 23rd these advanced squadrons did some excellent work, some of them penetrating as far as Soignies, and several encounters took place in which our troops showed to great advantage.

DEVELOPMENT OF GERMAN ATTACK, AUGUST 23.

2. At 6 a.m., on August 23rd, I assembled the Commanders of the First and Second Corps and Cavalry Division at a point close to the position, and explained the general situation of the Allies, and what I understood to be General Joffre's plan. I discussed with them at some length the immediate situation in front of us.

From information I received from French Headquarters I understood that little more than one, or at most two, of the enemy's Army Corps, with per-

haps one Cavalry Division, were in front of my position; and I was aware of no attempted out-flanking movement by the enemy. I was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that my patrols encountered no undue opposition in their reconnoitring operations. The observation of my aeroplanes seemed also to bear out this estimate.

About 3 p.m. on Sunday, the 23rd, reports began coming in to the effect that the enemy was commencing an attack on the Mons line, apparently in some strength, but that the right of the position from Mons and Bray was being particularly threatened.

The Commander of the First Corps had pushed his flank back to some high ground south of Bray, and the 5th Cavalry Brigade evacuated Binche, moving slightly south: the enemy thereupon occupied Binche.

The right of the 3rd Division, under General Hamilton, was at Mons, which formed a somewhat dangerous salient; and I directed the Commander of the Second Corps to be careful not to keep the troops on this salient too long, but, if threatened seriously, to draw back the centre behind Mons. This was done before dark. In the meantime, about 5 p.m., I received a most unexpected message from General Joffre by telegraph, telling me that at least three German Corps viz. a reserve corps, the 4th Corps and the 9th Corps, were moving on my position in front, and that the Second Corps was engaged in a turning movement from the direction of Tournay. He also informed me that the two reserve

French divisions and the 5th French Army on my right were retiring, the Germans having on the previous day gained possession of the passages of the Sambre between Charleroi and Namur.

BRITISH RETIREMENT TO BAVAI-MAUBEUGE LINE.

AUGUST 24.

3. In view of the possibility of my being driven from the Mons position, I had previously ordered a position in rear to be reconnoitred. This position rested on the fortress of Maubeuge on the right and extended west to Jenlain, south-east of Valenciennes, on the left. The position was reported difficult to hold, because standing crops and buildings made the siting of trenches very difficult and limited the field of fire in many important localities. It nevertheless afforded a few good artillery positions.

When the news of the retirement of the French and the heavy German threatening on my front reached me, I endeavoured to confirm it by aeroplane reconnaissance; and as a result of this I determined to effect a retirement to the Maubeuge position at daybreak on the 24th.

A certain amount of fighting continued along the whole line throughout the night, and at daybreak on the 24th the 2nd Division from the neighbourhood of Harmignies made a powerful demonstration as if to retake Binche. This was supported by the artillery of both the 1st and 2nd Divisions, whilst the 1st Division took up a supporting position in the neighbourhood of Peissant. Under cover of this demonstration the Second Corps retired on the

line Dour-Quarouble-Frameries. The 3rd Division on the right of the Corps suffered considerable loss in this operation from the enemy, who had retaken Mons.

The Second Corps halted on this line, where they partially entrenched themselves, enabling Sir Douglas Haig with the First Corps gradually to withdraw to the new position; and he effected this without much further loss, reaching the line Bavai-Maubeuge about 7 p.m. Towards midday the enemy appeared to be directing his principal effort against our left.

I had previously ordered General Allenby with the Cavalry to act vigorously in advance of my left front and endeavour to take the pressure off.

LOSSES OF 2ND CAVALRY BRIGADE.

About 7.30 a.m. General Allenby received a message from Sir Charles Fergusson, commanding 5th Division, saying that he was very hard pressed and in urgent need of support. On receipt of this message General Allenby drew in the Cavalry and endeavoured to bring direct support to the 5th Division.

During the course of this operation General de Lisle, of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, thought he saw a good opportunity to paralyse the further advance of the enemy's infantry by making a mounted attack on his flank. He formed up and advanced for this purpose, but was held up by wire about 500 yards from his objective, and the 9th Lancers and 18th Hussars suffered severely in the retirement of the Brigade.

SUPPORTS BROUGHT UP FROM VALENCIENNES.

The 19th Infantry Brigade, which had been guarding the Line of Communications, was brought up by rail to Valenciennes on the 22nd and 23rd. On the morning of the 24th they were moved out to a position south of Quarouble to support the left flank of the Second Corps.

With the assistance of the Cavalry Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was enabled to effect his retreat to a new position; although, having two corps of the enemy on his front and one threatening his flank, he suffered great losses in doing so.

At nightfall the position was occupied by the Second Corps to the west of Bavai, the First Corps to the right. The right was protected by the Fortress of Maubeuge, the left by the 19th Brigade in position between Jenlain and Bry, and the Cavalry on the outer flank.

FURTHER RETIREMENT TO CAMBRAI-LE CATEAU-
LANDRECIES LINE, AUGUST 25.

4. The French were still retiring, and I had no support except such as was afforded by the Fortress of Maubeuge; and the determined attempts of the enemy to get round my left flank assured me that it was his intention to hem me against that place and surround me. I felt that not a moment must be lost in retiring to another position.

I had every reason to believe that the enemy's forces were somewhat exhausted, and I knew that they had suffered heavy losses. I hoped, therefore,

that his pursuit would not be too vigorous to prevent me effecting my object.

The operation, however, was full of danger and difficulty, not only owing to the very superior force in my front, but also to the exhaustion of the troops.

The retirement was recommenced in the early morning of the 25th to a position in the neighbourhood of Le Cateau, and rearguards were ordered to be clear of the Maubeuge-Bavai-Eth Road by 5.30 a.m.

Two Cavalry Brigades, with the Divisional Cavalry of the Second Corps, covered the movement of the Second Corps. The remainder of the Cavalry Division with the 19th Brigade, the whole under the command of General Allenby, covered the west flank.

The 4th Division commenced its detrainment at Le Cateau on Sunday, the 23rd, and by the morning of the 25th eleven battalions and a Brigade of Artillery with Divisional Staff were available for service.

I ordered General Snow to move out to take up a position with his right south of Solesmes, his left resting on the Cambrai-Le Cateau Road south of La Chaprie. In this position the Division rendered great help to the effective retirement of the Second and First Corps to the new position.

Although the troops had been ordered to occupy the Cambrai-Le Cateau-Landrecies position, and the ground had, during the 25th, been partially prepared and entrenched, I had grave doubts—owing

to the information I received as to the accumulating strength of the enemy against me—as to the wisdom of standing there to fight.

Having regard to the continued retirement of the French on my right, my exposed left flank, the tendency of the enemy's western corps (II.) to envelop me, and, more than all, the exhausted condition of the troops, I determined to make a great effort to continue the retreat till I could put some substantial obstacle, such as the Somme or the Oise, between my troops and the enemy, and afford the former some opportunity of rest and reorganization. Orders were, therefore, sent to the Corps Commanders to continue their retreat as soon as they possibly could towards the general line Vermand-St. Quentin-Ribemont.

The Cavalry, under General Allenby, were ordered to cover the retirement.

Throughout the 25th and far into the evening, the First Corps continued its march on Landrecies, following the road along the eastern border of the Forêt De Mormal, and arrived at Landrecies about 10 o'clock. I had intended that the Corps should come further west so as to fill up the gap between La Cateau and Landrecies, but the men were exhausted and could not get further in without rest.

The enemy, however, would not allow them this rest, and about 9.30 p.m. a report was received that the 4th Guards Brigade in Landrecies was heavily attacked by troops of the 9th German Army Corps who were coming through the forest on the north of the town. This brigade fought most gal-

lantly and caused the enemy to suffer tremendous loss in issuing from the forest into the narrow streets of the town. This loss has been estimated from reliable sources at from 700 to 1,000. At the same time information reached me from Sir Douglas Haig that his 1st Division was also heavily engaged south and east of Maroilles. I sent urgent messages to the Commander of the two French Reserve Divisions on my right to come up to the assistance of the First Corps, which they eventually did. Partly owing to this assistance, but mainly to the skilful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his Corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night, they were able at dawn to resume their march south towards Wassigny on Guise.

By about 6 p.m. the Second Corps had got into position with their right on Le Cateau, their left in the neighbourhood of Caudry, and the line of defence was continued thence by the 4th Division towards Seranvillers, the left being thrown back.

During the fighting on the 24th and 25th the Cavalry became a good deal scattered, but by the early morning of the 26th General Allenby had succeeded in concentrating two brigades to the south of Cambrai.

The 4th Division was placed under the orders of the General Officer Commanding the Second Army Corps.

On the 24th the French Cavalry Corps, consisting of three divisions, under General Sordêt, had been in billets north of Avesnes. On my way back from

Bavai, which was my "Poste de Commandement" during the fighting of the 23rd and 24th, I visited General Sordêt, and earnestly requested his co-operation and support. He promised to obtain sanction from his Army Commander to act on my left flank, but said that his horses were too tired to move before the next day. Although he rendered me valuable assistance later on in the course of the retirement, he was unable for the reasons given to afford me any support on the most critical day of all, viz. the 26th.

At daybreak it became apparent that the enemy was throwing the bulk of his strength against the left of the position occupied by the Second Corps and the 4th Division.

At this time the guns of four German Army Corps were in position against them, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien reported to me that he judged it impossible to continue his retirement at daybreak (as ordered) in face of such an attack.

I sent him orders to use his utmost endeavours to break off the action and retire at the earliest possible moment, as it was impossible for me to send him any support, the First Corps being at the moment incapable of movement.

The French Cavalry Corps, under General Sordêt, was coming up on our left rear early in the morning, and I sent an urgent message to him to do his utmost to come up and support the retirement of my left flank; but owing to the fatigue of his horses he found himself unable to intervene in any way.

There had been no time to entrench the position

properly, but the troops showed a magnificent front to the terrible fire which confronted them.

The Artillery, although outmatched by at least four to one, made a splendid fight, and inflicted heavy losses on their opponents.

At length it became apparent that, if complete annihilation was to be avoided, a retirement must be attempted ; and the order was given to commence it about 3.30 p.m. The movement was covered with the most devoted intrepidity and determination by the Artillery, which had itself suffered heavily, and the fine work done by the Cavalry in the further retreat from the position assisted materially in the final completion of this most difficult and dangerous operation.

Fortunately the enemy had himself suffered too heavily to engage in an energetic pursuit.

I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the Army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation.

The retreat was continued far into the night of the 26th and through the 27th and 28th, on which date the troops halted on the line Noyon-Chauny-La Fere, having then thrown off the weight of the enemy's pursuit.

On the 27th and 28th I was much indebted to General Sordêt and the French Cavalry Division which he commands for materially assisting my retirement and successfully driving back some of the enemy on Cambrai.

General D'Amade also, with the 61st and 62nd French Reserve Divisions, moved down from the neighbourhood of Arras on the enemy's right flank and took much pressure off the rear of the British Forces.

This closes the period covering the heavy fighting which commenced at Mons on Sunday afternoon, 23rd August, and which really constituted a four days' battle.

At this point, therefore, I propose to close the present despatch.

I deeply deplore the very serious losses which the British Forces have suffered in this great battle; but they were inevitable in view of the fact that the British Army—only two days after a concentration by rail—was called upon to withstand a vigorous attack of five German Army Corps.

It is impossible for me to speak too highly of the skill evinced by the two General Officers commanding Army Corps; the self-sacrificing and devoted exertions of their Staffs; the direction of the troops by Divisional, Brigade and Regimental Leaders; the command of the smaller units by their officers; and the magnificent fighting spirit displayed by non-commissioned officers and men.

I wish particularly to bring to your Lordship's notice the admirable work done by the Royal Flying

Corps under Sir David Henderson. Their skill, energy and perseverance have been beyond all praise. They have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information, which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations. Fired at constantly both by friend and foe, and not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather, they have remained undaunted throughout.

Further, by actually fighting in the air, they have succeeded in destroying five of the enemy's machines.

I wish to acknowledge with deep gratitude the incalculable assistance I received from the General and Personal Staffs at Headquarters during this trying period.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Murray, Chief of the General Staff; Major-General Wilson, Sub-Chief of the General Staff; and all under them have worked day and night unceasingly with the utmost skill, self-sacrifice, and devotion; and the same acknowledgment is due by me to Brigadier-General Hon. W. Lambton, my Military Secretary, and the Personal Staff.

In such operations as I have described the work of the Quartermaster-General is of an extremely onerous nature. Major-General Sir William Robertson has met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic energy, skill and determination; and it is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater.

Major-General Sir Nevil Macready, the Adjutant-

General, has also been confronted with most onerous and difficult tasks in connection with disciplinary arrangements and the preparation of casualty lists. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to meet the difficult situations which arose.

I have not yet been able to complete the list of officers whose names I desire to bring to your Lordship's notice for services rendered during the period under review ; and, as I understand it is of importance that this despatch should no longer be delayed, I propose to forward this list, separately, as soon as I can.

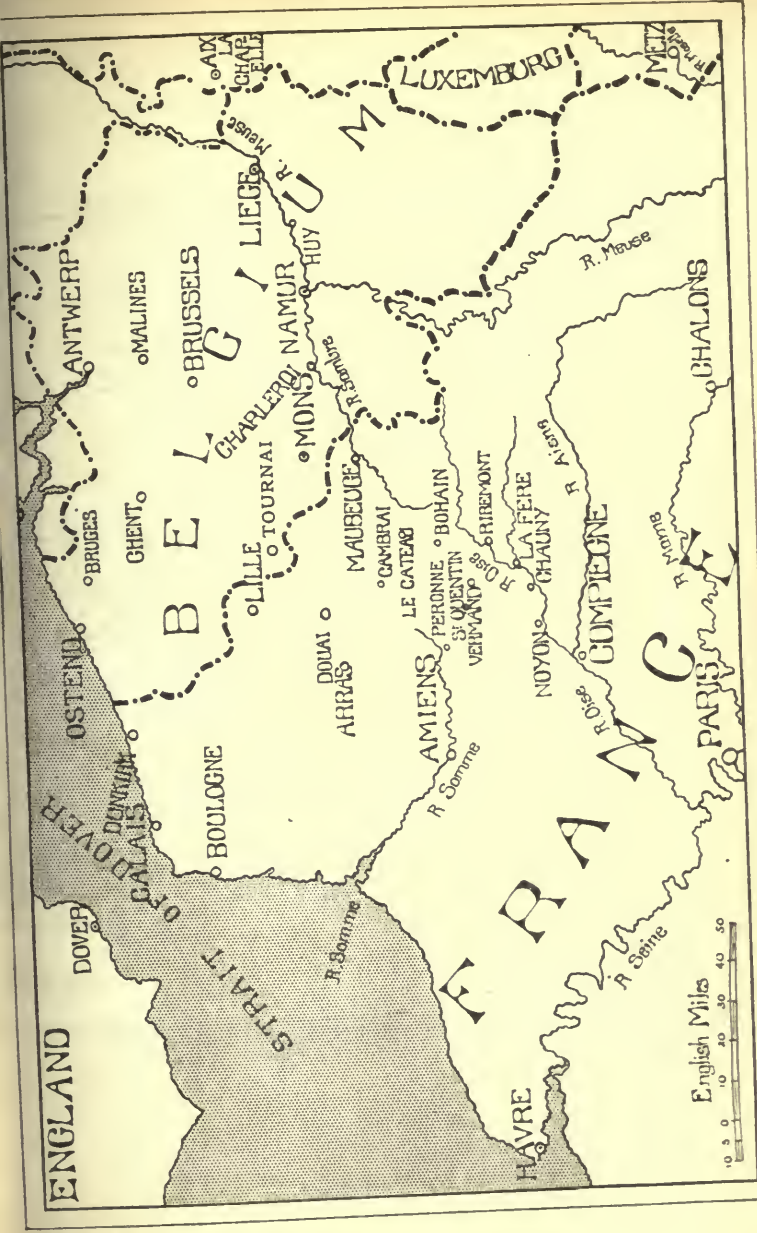
I have the honour to be,
Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
(Signed) J. D. P. FRENCH, Field-Marshal,
Commander-in-Chief,
British Forces in the Field.

II

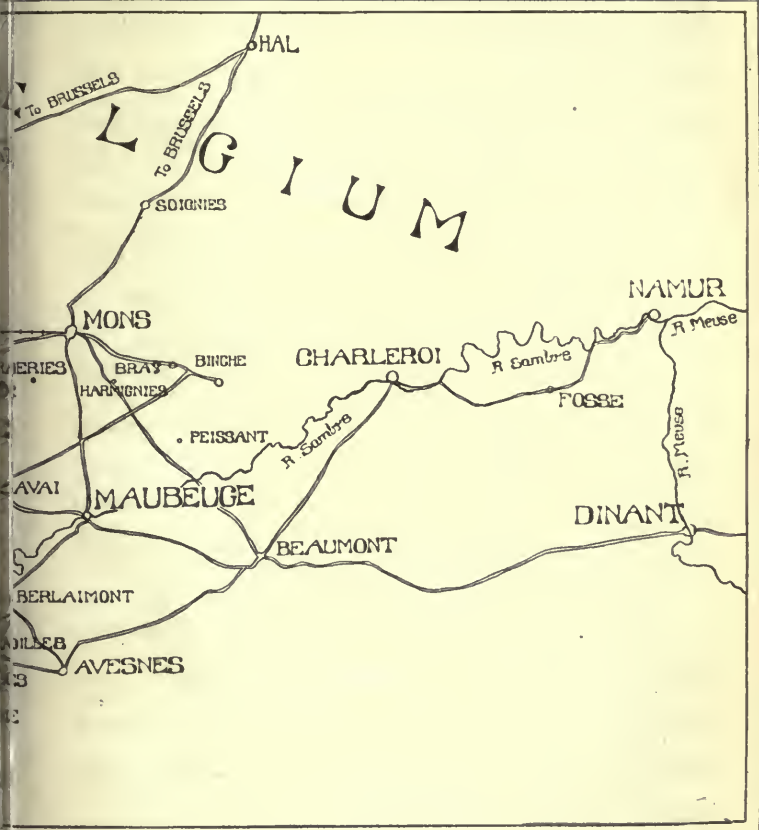
The following statement, issued by the Secretary of State for War, was published in the newspapers of August 31, 1914 :—

Although the official dispatches from Sir John French on the recent battles have not yet been received it is possible now to state in general outline what the British share in the recent operations has been.

There has, in effect, been a four days' battle—on the 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th of August. During the whole of this period the British troops, in conformity with the general movement of the French







INDEX OF PRINCIPAL PLACES ON MAP II

- Arras.** A French industrial town, strongly fortified, with a population of 20,000.
- Avesnes.** A French manufacturing town of less than 5,000 inhabitants.
- Bavai.** A French village with iron works and marble quarries.
- Binche.** A small Belgian town of 10,000 inhabitants between Mons and Charleroi.
- Cambrai.** A French cathedral and industrial town, strongly fortified, with a population of 24,000.
- Charleroi.** A strongly fortified Belgian town on the river Sambre, a centre of coal-mining, iron-founding and various manufactures; the population is 20,000.
- Condé.** A small fortified town, important as a centre of the coal trade.
- Douai.** A strongly fortified French industrial town with a population of 30,000.
- Dour and Frameries.** Small Belgian towns of 10,000 inhabitants each, centres of coal-mining in the Mons district.
- Landrecies.** A French market town of less than 3,000 inhabitants.
- Le Cateau.** A French town, of historical associations, but slight actual importance; population 10,000.
- Maroilles.** A French village of less than 2,000 inhabitants, famous for its cheese.
- Maubeuge.** A French town (strongly fortified) with a population of 12,000; a centre of iron-founding and hardware manufactures.
- Mons.** A Belgian town in the province of Hainault with a population of about 25,000; a centre of coal-mining, iron, and glass works; connected with Condé and the river Scheldt by a canal, to the south of which the English Second Corps was stationed on August 23.
- Orchies.** A small French market town, with a population under 4,000.
- St. Amand.** A French manufacturing town, with a population of 12,000.
- Solesmes.** A French town with a population of 6,000 inhabitants, a centre of textile industries.
- Tournai.** A Belgian cathedral town, with spinning industries, and a population of 35,000.
- Valenciennes.** A French fortified and manufacturing town, with a population of about 28,000.

armies, were occupied in resisting and checking the German advance and in withdrawing to the new lines of defence.

The battle began at Mons, on Sunday, during which day and part of the night the German attack, which was stubbornly pressed and repeated, was completely checked on the British front.

On Monday, the 24th, the Germans made vigorous efforts in superior numbers to prevent the safe withdrawal of the British Army and to drive it into the fortress of Maubeuge. This effort was frustrated by the steadiness and skill with which the British retirement was conducted, and, as on the previous day, very heavy losses, far in excess of anything suffered by us, were inflicted upon the enemy, who in dense formation and in enormous masses, marched forward again and yet again to storm the British lines.

The British retirement proceeded on the 25th with continuous fighting though not on the scale of the previous two days, and by the night of the 25th the British Army occupied the line Cambrai-Landrecies-Le Cateau.

It had been intended to resume the retirement at daybreak on the 26th, but the German attack, in which no less than five Corps were engaged, was so close and fierce that it was not possible to carry out this intention until the afternoon.

The battle on this day, August 26th, was of the most severe and desperate character. The troops offered a superb and most stubborn resistance to the tremendous odds with which they were confronted,

and at length extricated themselves in good order, though with serious losses and under the heaviest artillery fire.

No guns were taken by the enemy except those the horses of which were all killed, or which were shattered by high explosive shells.

Sir John French estimates that during the whole of these operations, from the 23rd to the 26th inclusive, his losses amount to 5,000 or 6,000 men. On the other hand the losses suffered by the Germans in their attacks across the open, and through their dense formations, are out of all proportion to those which we have suffered.

In Landrecies alone, on the 26th as an instance, a German Infantry brigade advanced in the closest order into the narrow street, which they completely filled. Our machine guns were brought to bear on this target from the end of the town. The head of the column was swept away, a frightful panic ensued, and it is estimated that no less than 800 to 900 dead and wounded Germans were lying in this street alone.

Another incident which may be chosen from many like it was the charge of the German Guard Cavalry Division upon the British 12th Infantry Brigade, when the German Cavalry were thrown back with great loss and in absolute disorder. These are notable examples of what has taken place over practically the whole front during these engagements, and the Germans have been made to pay the extreme price for every forward march they have made.

Since the 26th, apart from Cavalry fighting, the

British Army has not been molested. It has rested and refitted after its exertions and glorious achievements.

Reinforcements amounting to double the loss suffered have already joined. Every gun has been replaced and the Army is now ready to take part in the next great encounter with undiminished strength and undaunted spirit.

To-day the news is again favourable. The British have not been engaged, but the French armies, acting vigorously on their right and left, have for the time being brought the German attack to a standstill.

Sir John French also reports that on the 28th the 5th British Cavalry Brigade, under General Chetwode, fought a brilliant action with the German Cavalry, in the course of which the 12th Lancers and Royal Scots Greys routed the enemy, and speared large numbers in flight.

It must be remembered throughout that the operations in France, vast though they are, are only one wing of the whole field of battle. The strategic position of ourselves and our Allies is such that whereas a decisive victory to our arms in France would probably be fatal to the enemy, the continuance of resistance by the Anglo-French armies upon such a scale as to keep in the closest grip the enemy's best troops can, if prolonged, lead only to one conclusion.

APPENDIX A

By the courtesy of the *Evening News* and *The Times* we are able to give extracts from two narratives of soldiers who were in the front line at Mons. The first writer (a private in the 1st Royal West Kent Regiment) was in action to the north of the Mons-Condé canal. The second, a sapper, was on the canal and south of it. Both writers describe the retreat; but the details which they give are of little importance.

I

It was Sunday, the 23rd August, that we were at Mons, billeted in a farmyard, and we were having a sing-song and watching people home from church.

At about 12.30 an orderly had gone down to draw dinners when an aeroplane appeared overhead, throwing out some black powder. After this, shrapnel burst overhead, acquainting us of the fact that the Germans were in the vicinity.

All was confusion and uproar for the moment, because we were not armed and our shirts and socks were out to wash, that being the only chance we had to get them washed.

It did not take us long, however, to get in fighting trim and to go through the town of Mons to the scene of operations, which was on the other side of a small canal that adjoined.

Here we found the A Company of the Royal West Kents engaged in a hard tussle in keeping off the enemy until support arrived. The A Company had been engaged in outpost duty, so that they were the first to meet the enemy. The A Company lost very heavily here, losing all the officers except one.

BLOWING UP THE BRIDGE.

This was Lieutenant Bell, who showed great valour in going out to bring in the wounded. Most of the damage was done by the shells, although at times the enemy were within three hundred yards of our troops.

We arrived in the nick of time and took up position in a glass-blowing factory. We loopholed the walls and held that position until darkness set in. With darkness upon us we fixed our bayonets and lay in wait in case the enemy made an attempt to rush us.

About 11 p.m. we received orders to retire over the canal. Two sections of C Company were left to keep the enemy in check whilst the remainder of the battalion retired. After all had crossed, the bridge was blown up, so that we were likely to be left in peace until the Germans could find a means of crossing the river.

The two sections of C Company that had been left behind, unfortunately, could not retire over the bridge before it was blown up, and they had to find their own ways and means of getting across. Most of them managed to do so.

We retired from the town of Mons and got into open country, but we still kept on moving throughout the night. When daylight arrived we saw that Mons had been practically blown away, and that the Germans were also firing at times at the hospital.

Throughout the morning we continued to fight a rear-guard action. We did not leave off trekking until six in the evening.

VANQUISHED GERMAN AIRMAN.

About eight o'clock all lights were ordered to be put out and no noise to be made, and we all lay down for a well-earned rest, putting out pickets in case of surprise. About an hour

before dawn we were all ordered to stand to arms, and the column was once more engaged in a retiring movement.

There was one interesting sight I saw as the column was on the march, and that was a duel in the air between French and German aeroplanes. It was wonderful to see the Frenchman manœuvre to get the upper position of the German, and after about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour the Frenchman got on top and blazed away with a revolver on the German.

He injured him so much as to cause him to descend, and when found he was dead. The British troops buried the airman and burnt the aeroplane.

During that day we were not troubled by any more German aeroplanes, and about 5 p.m. a halt was ordered, and we took things comfortably, hoping to have a rest until daylight came again. We were fortunate enough not to be disturbed that night, and at dawn we again stood to arms, and we found the Germans close upon our heels.

The column got on the move, and several regiments were ordered to entrench themselves. We found it very hot and fatiguing work with such small tools to use. We soon found, however, that where there's a will there's a way, and quickly entrenched ourselves so as to be protected from the artillery fire.

It was not long before the German artillery found our trenches and gave us rather a warm time. Our own artillery had to open fire at 2,100 yards, which was very close for artillery. I saw a battery in front of us put right out of action.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM.

There were only about six men left amongst them, and they were engaged in trying to get away the guns. This disaster was due to the accurate shell-firing of the German artillery.

In their efforts the brave gunners were not successful, owing to their horses being killed. It was interesting to see an officer engaged in walking round the guns and putting them out of action, or, in other words, seeing that they would be of no use to the Germans. This action required a great deal of bravery under the circumstances, because the enemy continued to keep up the heavy firing.

Much bravery was also displayed by wounded comrades of the battery helping one another to get out of the firing line.

About this time the enemy were advancing, owing to the superiority of numbers, and hand-to-hand fighting had taken place in the right trenches, the Argylls and several other regiments being engaged, but the nearest the enemy came to us at this point was about 500 yards.

Owing to the artillery fire being so heavy, and the British being in such comparatively small numbers, the officer in charge of my company deemed it wise to retire. It was rather too late, however, and he said to the men that were in the trenches: 'Now, boys, every man for himself.'

FIRING ON A HOSPITAL.

Having got these orders, we were not long in doing a retiring movement and trying to save our own skins. It was hard to see my own comrades being cut down like corn owing to the deadly shrapnel firing.

I myself was wounded at this point by a bullet from a Maxim gun. I staggered at the time, thinking my hand had been blown off, but I recovered and kept on the run, and got in a trench, where I bandaged myself up. From there I continued to retire on my own, as I had lost touch with my section.

I ran into the General Commanding, and he asked me what was the matter with me. I told him I was wounded,

and he said, 'For God's sake, man, don't go into the hospital: they are blowing it up now!' I did not want telling that twice, and I started to track down country to get into touch with the column, where I knew the ambulance men were, and they would dress my wound.

II

WE were in action all day—fifteen hours of it. We blew up barges lying up the canal. About 12 o'clock we had to get the charges together, and several were laid. While we were laying them we were under fire all the time. But the Germans could do anything but hit us. The shells were flying all round. One of our fellows, a lance-corporal of the Dorsets, if he killed one German he killed 2,000. He was using a Maxim, and was at it all day. He was supposed to be the crack shot of the Army. There were so many Germans all around that we didn't know whether we were shooting dead men or not. The lance-corporal was as cool as anything. Our infantry were firing from about 350 yards range all day. We were quite close enough up. After we had laid the charges, we got back under cover.

At night we had barbed wire to put across the road. We got up pretty close to the German lines, for we could hear them talking. Later on we had six bridges to blow up. The centre bridge was to go up first, and we were to get over quickly after we had laid the charge. While we were waiting—there were ten of us—we saw a chap from the West Kents coming over, and we told him to jump for his life. The fuse was actually burning at the time, and I guess he broke all the records for jumping. When we ran over the bridge there were some German snipers in some trees trying to hit us. After we left we came to some telegraph wires which had been shot away and had fallen across the street. We had to cut the wires away with our bayonets.

On Wednesday morning we went to a village near Le Cateau, and there we had to loophole all the houses, so that the infantry could fire from them. After fortifying the town we left it and went on to another place, where there was a church. We saw the Red Cross flying there, and knew it had been turned into a hospital. Our wounded were being taken in there in dozens, but the Germans shelled it and the place was knocked to pieces. Some of the wounded were got out, but not all. We left there and then had to go and do some trenching. We were hampered by our picks and shovels. We could see some cavalry in the distance under cover, but shells were flying all around them. They got away, but the horses must have had to run like deer.

The soldiers take everything quite coolly. You would have thought they were at a football cup-tie. They were lying in the trenches with German shells flying all around, and they would make bets as to how many Germans they would kill and had killed during the day. They were laughing and joking all the time. A party of the King's Own went into one battle shouting out, 'Early doors this way! Early doors, ninepence!' There were chaps, too, coming in and having their wounds dressed, and going off again to have another go at the Germans. Our men fought simply grand. At Landrecies, while our men were lying in the trenches there were a couple of fellows playing marbles with bullets from shrapnel shells which had burst around them.

The officers are grand. They do everything they can for our comfort. They are always looking after our chaps, and I cannot speak highly enough of them. The men, too, seem pleased to think that they are doing their duty to the officers.

APPENDIX B

THE two following accounts (which we are allowed by the courtesy of *The Times* and the *Observer* to reproduce) relate to the fighting of Monday, August 24, and subsequent days. They are given by men who were on the extreme left of the British position, south of Mons; probably both were attached to the 19th Infantry Brigade, which was sent up from Valenciennes on the 24th to support the Second Corps. The first narrator is a sergeant in a Welsh regiment; the second a gunner.

I

On Monday morning, we found ourselves in a valley just three miles south of Mons. We could not see the town, but on a slope and a thousand yards in front of us was a long line of British batteries shelling the enemy in the town. The Germans replied, and, evidently guessing that the artillery had infantry support, sent many shells bursting over the hill in our direction.

We entrenched ourselves, some 13,000 of us. The German cavalry came swooping down. There were at least three brigades, about 9,000 men. We put up a good fight, but we had to retire, and did so in an orderly style, covered by a strong fire from our artillery.

As we did so, the whole German attack developed. At least one Army Corps and a half were moving along our left flank as fast as they could—some 60,000 men or more. We were now with the rest of our brigade, but it was impossible to meet such a strength of the enemy. All we

could do was to fall back, as there was no help for us from our right flank.

Our orders to retire came from head-quarters, and formed part of a well-considered plan to draw on this rash advance of the German right wing in extended line. Covered by our guns, we eventually reached ——.

I cannot praise too highly the conduct of the rank and file. They had fought a long series of desultory combats and had been under heavy shell fire, and, what to them was far worse, a constant series of thunder-showers. And yet they marched over thirty miles with a cheery confidence, singing nearly all the way. Much of it was a night march, and yet I only heard of one man who fell out and did not report himself by next morning. We reached —— at midnight and were billeted there.

There was little rest for us, however, as most of us moved out at an early hour on Tuesday morning to a line of low hills on the east, which seemed to offer a fine position. Our numbers had been strengthened during the night.

We were entrenched on the hills with our field artillery and also our batteries, which were excellently placed. This time the Germans got the range well. They did not take their usual blundering sighting shots, but plumped right on to our lines. They were admirably helped by aeroplanes, which flew low enough to sight our positions, but still out of range. We tried to wing them, but failed. Later, however, we got one down, and I was told, though I did not see it myself, that the whole aerial fleet was put out of action by our guns.

At 11 o'clock in the morning the German enveloping movement of which they are so fond began again, but our cavalry appeared and they promptly retreated.

II

We fought our way to Mons. Five infantry regiments were already there, and had advanced to attack the Germans, who were entrenched. The latter were too strong for them, and our men were severely mauled. We took up a position on the left flank, and we opened fire at a range of 1,000 yards. Our aim was very good, but it took the Germans a long time to get the range. They are good artillery men but bad shots. Then the German artillery opened fire heavily. The infantry had to wait while we made a clearance for them, and they did not get along for two hours.

There were eight or nine Germans to every Englishman. As fast as we killed them they came on, but we succeeded in pulling down the odds. We retired to Donicourt, and when three parts of the way up the hill the traces of my gun broke and fetched the gun down on top of me. I could not move until a Frenchman took me along and put me in the hospital at St. Quentin.

The gunner mentioned that the British captured a German gun at Donicourt. One of his comrades, he said, had his legs blown off, and the limber waggons were full of British wounded. 'The Germans are frightened of the bayonet,' he added, with a laugh. 'They're a foul lot. When they catch any of our wounded they cut their wrists with their bayonets to prevent them using rifles, or jam them on the ground with the butts of their rifles.'

The gunner declared that the German losses were three times as heavy as the British, and was confident that the Allies would be successful. 'I want to get back to the front as soon as the doctor says I'm fit to man a gun. I don't want to stop here.'

APPENDIX C

AN interesting glimpse of the fighting round Cateau is given in the following narrative. The narrator, a soldier in the Connaught Rangers, was apparently stationed west of Cateau on Tuesday, the 25th ; his Division, the 4th, under General Snow, was engaged in repelling the German flank attack from the direction of Cambrai. We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Evening News* for leave to reproduce this account.

'A GRAND TIME.'

It was a grand time we had, and I wouldn't have missed it for lashins of money. It was near to Cambrai when we had our best time.

The Germans kept pressing our rear-guard all the time, and at last our colonel could stand it no longer, so the word was passed round that we were to give them hell and all. There were at least five to one, and we were in danger of being cut off.

With that up got the colonel. 'Rangers of Connaught,' says he, 'the eyes of all Ireland are on you to-day, and I know you never could disgrace the old country by allowing Germans to beat you while you have arms in your hands and hearts in your breasts.

'Up then and at them, and if you don't give them the soundest thrashing they ever got, you needn't look me in the face again in this world or the next.'

And we went for them with just what you would know of a prayer to the Mother of our Lord to be merciful to the loved ones at home if we should fall in the fight. We charged through and through them until they broke and ran like frightened hares in terror of hounds.

After that taste of the fighting quality of the Rangers they never troubled us any more that day.

APPENDIX D

THE following account (which we print by the courtesy of *The Times*), gives a good picture of the method in which the British Force held its own during the temporary halts on the retirement. The place of this particular action is not indicated; but it is vividly described. The narrator is a non-commissioned officer.

A CHARGE OF THE HUSSARS.

As the Germans came into view in the open in front of our hastily dug trenches our men opened on them with a steady fire that never once went wide, and we could see clean-cut gaps in the tightly packed ranks as the hail of lead tore its jagged way through them. They were a game lot, however, and kept closing up the gaps in their ranks as though they were so many marionettes. Flesh and blood cannot stand this sort of thing for ever, and after a while they began to come along with less confident step. Then they halted for a few minutes, gazed about them in a dazed sort of way, and ran like hares. Their place was taken by another bluish-grey mass behind them, and this body came on in much the same way until they too had had as much as they could stand, and then there was another bolt for the rear.

This advancing and retreating went on for hours, each retirement unmasking a fresh body of men, and by the time they were close enough to hurl themselves on our trenches it was an entirely fresh mass of men, who had suffered little from our fire. As they scrambled up they seemed cocksure of themselves, but they had forgotten our men posted under cover on their right, and just as they were steadying themselves for one last rush at us a withering fire was opened on them, and at the same time we cleared the way for the

Hussars, who were at them right and left as soon as the fire of our men ceased.

Hell's fury blazed from the eyes of the trapped Germans as they tried to grapple with their new foe, and we stood there silent spectators, lest we should hit our cavalry. It only took them a few minutes to make up their minds, and, with a blood-curdling wail that I shall remember to my dying day, they ran as though all the fiends were after them. They were cut down like chaff, and it was at this point that most of the prisoners were taken by our men. Rifles, bandoliers, caps, and everything else that could be cast off was sacrificed to speed, and many of the scared men outpaced easily the tired horses of our Hussars.

Later, during a lull in the fight, we went out to collect their wounded lying near our trenches, and you would hardly believe the fury that was manifested against us. I think they hate us ten times worse than they hate the French, and that is saying a lot. Those of them who talk English tell us that had it not been for our interference they would have been in Paris now dictating terms of peace, and that is why they hate us so.

APPENDIX E

THE following (which we print by the courtesy of *The Times*) is the diary of a civilian who witnessed the fighting in Tournai on Monday, August 24, between the flank-guard of the German right wing, which was marching in the direction of St. Amand to attack the English left at Valenciennes. The French troops who attempted to hold Tournai were part of a Territorial corps which had hurried up by forced marches. They were opposed by picked troops in superior numbers, and were ultimately captured on the retreat from Tournai.

TIME TABLE OF THE BATTLE.

7 a.m., Monday, August 24.—A French advance guard entered Tournai, and at once took position in the northern suburb. They had a 'section' of 'Dragoons' and four companies of the 84th Territorial Regiment, 1,000 in all, led by Brigade-General Marquis de Villaret. These men had left Orchies at 3 a.m., a march of eleven miles, and needed rest, which many of them only found in the grave. Hardly had they halted when a German column was signalled north-west, on the Renaix road, one mile only from the French outposts. The conflict was imminent, and General de Villaret posted infantry 'sections' at all street corners and railway viaducts.

At 8 a.m. the guns began to thunder so near and so loud that we thought all the time they were part of the French artillery. A sergeant near my door told me his major was already killed, and we saw his horse led back across the station square, pierced everywhere in body and limbs, spilling floods of blood.

8.30 a.m.—The French are holding the whole town south of the Brussels-Calais line, behind the big station buildings, sidings, and fences. They had retreated already from the suburb, leaving the northern side of the railway to the Germans, but tried to keep two bridges that lead into Tournai from both sides of the station. A man came running and warning the sergeant that the Germans were crawling along the fences just over the railway, and going westwards unseen to turn the French left.

9 a.m.—The rifle reports become so frequent that I rush home and take my wife, children, and servants to the cellar. No more civilians are to be seen in the streets or avenues; the French themselves have disappeared. The artillery

fire has ceased, but we hear the shooting of rifles so much nearer. My poor folks are helplessly frightened.

9.30.—I remember that a window has been left open in our bedroom, and that usually brings trouble, the invaders always pretending to have been shot from private houses. I run upstairs to shut it, and what I saw at that very moment I shall never forget. The square was quite deserted, the sun shining brightly on carefully closed houses and windows. The shooting was incessant, bullets fell everywhere, on the cobblestones, on the pavements, on the garden balustrades, raising almost undiscernible little flakes of dust. Suddenly I stood amazed, unable to move, fascinated by this novel sight; from the far end of a boulevard there came crawling along the trees grey shadows, some holding bicycles, some shooting as they walked on.

Before I had time to realize who they were the station square garden was full of them, taking cover under the bushes, behind the statues, shooting towards all the streets that converge to that place. One darted to jump over the railing; I distinctly saw a bullet prick the ground close to his foot. He jumped aside and fell behind a big lamp-post. Was he wounded? I did not stop to watch; for the first time I felt my curiosity too unsafe indeed. I ran down to join my family, all crying and praying, a most desolate scene, amongst our little babies horrified by our distraction, although unconscious of the real horrors that were taking place in front of our house.

10 a.m.—We could see a part of the action through the kitchen window, always dreading that bullets might find us, as we heard ricochets on all the outside walls. Then we suddenly listened to a new and strange sound, the most nerve-racking of that distressing morning, and saw the Maxim guns driven to all street corners successively. Their quick, continuous reports recall a very loud motor-cycle

engine. We had to endure that horrid noise for more than one hour, ever thinking of the deadly havoc they ought to make at the other end of the boulevard. Louder still there rang the hoarse commands of officers and non-coms., the running and marching of new platoons, the stamping of their heavy boots. How we feared they should break our door open, loot the house, and maltreat us; and yet we had not heard of Louvain, and that they could reach such wanton barbarity.

What struck me was the wonderful discipline of these men during the two hours of fighting I witnessed, most of all the great prestige of the non-com. officers, their firm and imperious handling of their detachments, truly an invaluable asset for such an offensive force. So much greater was their responsibility for relaxing that ascendancy and letting loose their furious slaves to drink and loot.

The grey-clad Germans now and then ventured out of cover, running cleverly from corner to corner, and, to say the truth, appeared quite courageous and fearless under the firing of the French, now making a last stand before the bridges of the Scheldt. And these old Vendée Territorials of forty, pressed by young and picked men of a choice Regular corps, also did wonders indeed, for they bravely held their ground a whole morning against artillery and Maxims, of which they had none, and only gave way when surrounded by German reinforcements pouring from all sides.

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NATIONAL IDEALS¹

It may seem inopportune at this moment to be discussing such an abstract subject as 'national ideals'. We are continually told, and rightly told, that we must think of nothing but fighting the enemy until we have thoroughly defeated him : that the one thing necessary is 'munitions of war' : that we must not consider terms until the enemy is beaten to the ground. I cannot express too strongly my concurrence with this view. Day by day we learn more of the immense organization and the determined spirit of the enemy. Every nerve must be strained to meet the forces—material and moral—which we have to face. And yet even if that be so, what could be more relevant to the situation or indeed more imperiously demanded of us than that we should examine our resources and take stock of our national possession in the spiritual as well as in the material sphere ? We believe—the vast majority of us believe—that, whatever the immediate occasion of this war may have been, it is at bottom a conflict of principles, of ideals : and if that be so, it cannot be amiss to consider what the principles are for which as a united people we stand—Mother Country, Dominions, Crown Colonies, and India alike—side by side with our allies, against the military forces, long and carefully prepared, of Central Europe. It cannot indeed be expected that all who are fighting on our side will realize to the full

¹ An address given at University College, Nottingham, on May 5, 1915.

the magnitude and wide bearing of the issue ; but unless from those who are better informed a knowledge of the meaning of the conflict spreads through the rank and file of our army, we shall fail to achieve the concentration, the unity, and the fervour which are naturally to be found in nations schooled to military discipline and service by long training and taught through two generations to 'think to order'. 'Munitions of war,' yes. But we need the weapons of the spirit as well as bread for our soldiers and ammunition for our guns.

As Englishmen we are all at some disadvantage when we are called upon to state our ideals. Our native inclination is to do the right thing and make no fuss. We are shy of using large language, and of claiming to be better than other people. We prefer to justify our action in off-hand language as 'playing the game' or to speak lightly of our responsibilities as 'part of the day's work', and we are perhaps unduly reluctant to go beyond the opportunism of the particular occasion or to appeal to fundamentals. We gain by this, and we lose. We gain something in that cheerful and undefeated spirit which has been so splendidly displayed on many fields in this war, not 'sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought'; we gain in freshness, in elasticity of mind, in initiative and enterprise. We do not take ourselves too seriously. One result of this is that our enemies call us hypocrites when we do on occasion state a principle, and careless-minded and decadent when we refuse to wear our heart upon our sleeve.

But there is some loss on the other side. We have been too little in the habit of thinking things out. We have often omitted to ask ourselves or to teach our children what our national inheritance means and what England stands for in the world. We have rejoiced in

the wide range of our possessions and the invincible ubiquity of our fleet, but we have given far too little thought to the movements of the world at large and to international politics. That is not likely to happen again for some time after this war. But unless we begin to consider the vital issues before the war is over, we may find ourselves, at the council-table of the nations, weakened and disabled by our want of clear ideas and of a well-defined policy. It is not suggested that we can profitably discuss to-day what should be the terms of peace, but that the more we can make the solid mass of our people understand what principles we are fighting for, the less likely will it be that popular ignorance and prejudice and passion will lead us into error in the day of settlement. It is worth while, then, to consider what is the national ideal that we should put forward when we are called upon to justify our separate existence as a nation, and our position as a Great Power.

When we are discussing national ideals we have to consider them under two main heads, the inward and the outward. There is the inner life of the nation, its growth and development as a body of men and women whose lot is cast to live together within the borders of a single organized State ; and there is the outer life of the nation, its relations to other peoples, and the part it is to play on the stage of the world's history. The two cannot, indeed, be separated : the inner life reacts on the outer, and the outer on the inner. But they can be conveniently discussed apart.

What, then, is our ideal of national life, considered first from within, without reference to the nations who are outside us ? If we are asked to sum up in a few words the qualities which we think most characteristic of our life and existence as a nation, what we aim at

and strive to secure, we should probably answer—Freedom and Justice. Let us analyse these terms. Freedom, the fact and the spirit of individual liberty, is, we all believe, one thing which distinguishes our life from the life of the German people, so efficient and so powerful, but, on the other hand, so wanting in political sense, so dependent on authority. What do we mean by Freedom? Freedom is a noble word, and in our great political traditions, in the facts of English history, with its gradual enfranchisement of classes, that half-conscious process of political development which we believe has achieved national well-being more easily and with less friction than other peoples, this

freedom slowly broadening down
From precedent to precedent

has played a great part. What do we mean by Freedom and the free life? Two or three generations ago, when we in England were dazzled by the wonderful expansion of our manufacture and our commerce, we were too ready to think of freedom as something negative: a removal of barriers, a fair field and no favour, unrestricted competition, and ‘the devil take the hindmost’: and this merely negative idea of freedom has been a potent influence in our politics. But if we question the great masters of English thought and action we shall find that the freedom for which they fought and which they championed in their writings was something more vital, positive, and inspiring than a mere removal of fetters—whether the fetters be those of class or trade or government. An abstract liberty, a liberty ‘*in vacuo*’, is unmeaning. A brave word like ‘freedom’ depends for its meaning and its power on the relation in which it stands to a vast background of

association and tradition, to the inarticulate living and striving of the whole nation, in all ranks and classes—in a word, to national character and the mind of the people. There was a time when we pinned our faith on a policy of *laissez-faire*, trusting, in a serene spirit of optimism, to natural forces to produce a beneficent result, until the products of our policy—in ‘sweating’ and slums and all the disorders of unrestricted industrialism—brought us up sharp and reminded us that abstract freedom, unbalanced by discipline, order, and control, unguided by a positive ideal, can lead to nothing but disaster. Experience, then, has taught us to question the gifts that are offered us in the name of freedom, and to test them by the conception of national well-being and of a common good. In a word, we are beginning to learn that freedom must be interpreted in a large sense if it is to satisfy the cravings of the spirit. It is a century since Wordsworth wrote—

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which to the open Sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed ‘with pomp of waters unwithstood’,
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands—
That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands
Should perish and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever.

Wordsworth had seen the triumph and the disappointments of the French Revolution—the overthrow of barriers, but an overthrow which paved the way for the vast uncompromising militarism which in his great poems on Napoleon he was now eloquently combating. Freedom to him was something positive, vital, intolerant of absolute rule, rooted in character. It was the kind of liberty of which Milton says: ‘Unless your liberty,

which is of such a kind as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, of justice, of temperance and unadulterated virtue, shall have taken deep root in your minds and hearts, there will not long be wanting one who will snatch from you by treachery what you have acquired by arms.'

We, like Wordsworth, have had our times of disappointment as we watched the movements of enfranchisement in our own country: our Reform Bills have not accomplished all that was sometimes hoped of them; but nevertheless, if a large view be taken of their bearing on national life, we contend that on the whole and in the main they have promoted that atmosphere of free life which is the indispensable condition of national well-being.

Freedom, then, regarded from this point of view, means the securing to each citizen of the opportunity of living a free life; not a life of 'unchartered freedom', but a life which gives scope to his natural powers and which makes wise thinking, honest work, and good conduct possible for his achievement: a life which is not limited to personal well-being, but which recognizes a larger whole that has claims upon it, in return for the free conditions, the vital atmosphere which the State supplies. It is in this sense that Justice, our second principle of national life, is complementary to Freedom. What does Justice mean? It has been suggested by a recent writer that 'Russia symbolizes pity, France reason, and England justice'. We trust that the statement is true of England. Justice certainly is part of our ideal: that justice, of which Elyot wrote, 'The ancient civilians do say justice is a will, perpetual and constant, which giveth to every man his right.' To put it in more modern language—Justice secures

to every member of the State the conditions which make a free life possible. When we say all men should be equal before the law, we mean that all members of the State alike are to count as having equal claims upon the State for the exercise of rights, just as all are to be equally bound to contribute according to their resources to the maintenance of the entire system of rights which is embodied in the State. Rights and duties are correlative, and all members of the State must share in both. Justice does not demand that they are to be equal in property any more than it can give them equality in intellectual and physical endowment—but it does demand that on the one hand they should all have equal treatment from those who administer the laws, and that on the other they should so far have regard to the common good as to observe the laws which are the organized safeguard of social well-being and fulfil the duties of personal service and money contribution, which the State by its organs of government has decided to be necessary for the good of the nation.

Both these great words, Freedom and Justice, are but abstract outlines until we view them in relation to the common life of which, as we believe, they are vital conditions. What, then, is our conception of national well-being? We mean a state of things in which the faculties and activities of all men in every class are used to the best purpose, in the production and distribution of material goods, in the pursuit of learning and science, in the daily tasks of common life, and in the fulfilment of the duties which fall to us as a nation occupying a position with great responsibilities. We like to think of our nation as including a great variety of conditions and of gifts, with inequalities of all sorts, no doubt, but inequalities never so great as to close the door to ability

and character in any class of society. We aim at securing in every class material conditions which exclude no one from sharing in that life of the spirit which gives dignity and value to existence. This, or something like it, is the ideal to which we are more and more striving to direct our political efforts. More and more we are looking away from triumphs of party or church or sect, to the promotion of reasonable conditions of life for all citizens. More and more we are endeavouring to provide, through improved means of education, opportunities for every one to share in all that the higher world of thought and imagination has to give—in religion and philosophy, literature, science, the fine arts. Much has been accomplished, but much still remains to be done. The nation with which we are at war has made great use in this struggle of the word 'Kultur'. The word is not easy to render in English, but the suggestion of the Germans seems to be that they are in the van of civilization, that they have absorbed, as no other people has done, the science, the literature, and the art of past ages, and that their nature and character are thereby so enriched and enlarged, and their material resources so magnificently organized, that they may fairly claim, as Athens claimed to be the school of Hellas, to be themselves the school of Europe and of the world. The claim so urged is grotesquely extravagant, but it is probably true that no nation has devoted itself more completely to the organization of education and of research. In that direction we may well take a lesson from them. As a people we are still disposed to pooh-pooh the value of learning and science. This is not the fault of the scholar or the man of science, but of the man in the street, the manufacturer, the man of business, the nation at large. Their attitude has injured our trade and

injured our manufactures. We are reluctant to spend our money on what does not pay, forgetting that in business, as in all other things, he who ventures nothing will win little. Great achievements in business, as in war, demand faith, self-sacrifice, a looking beyond immediate needs and immediate profits.

It is indeed possible to exaggerate the superiority of Germany in research. Those who are inclined to put it too high would do well to read the pamphlet on 'British and German Steel Metallurgy', by Professor Arnold,¹ in which he shows that Germany is far behind in discovery, within the range of this particular branch of applied science. 'There are', he says, '29 constituents or sub-constituents of steel and iron. Of these 26 have been discovered in Sheffield, 3 in Middlesbrough: and the record of Charlottenburg in this branch of research is an absolute blank.' Where the Germans have the advantage of us is not so much in their actual scientific or educational methods as in their readiness to apply scientific ideas to practical purposes, and in their widespread belief in the value and importance of education and science in themselves. The awakening of England to the claims of higher education, which has found expression in the renewal of the older Universities, in the foundation of new Universities, and in such movements as University Extension, and the Workers' Educational Association, is an augury of better days. We may well look forward to a time when as a nation we shall have a profounder sense of the greatness of the things of the mind and a deeper enjoyment of the noble inheritance we possess in the works of our own masters of thought and art. Meantime we may claim one characteristic for our education and our

¹ Oxford Pamphlets, 72.

learning. It is not pedantic or priggish. We do not speak of our 'culture' or our 'civilization', but when the testing moment comes we show that our ideals have somehow worked into our character—*studia abeunt in mores*—and that through every class has penetrated that sense of honour, fair play, and gentleness to women and children which the Germans, who make such large professions of 'Kultur', have failed to embody in their army orders, and which individual Germans have grossly violated in this war. The English soldier has been educated in a society where civil rights are supreme. He knows that he may be held responsible for his acts by the civil authority in time of peace, and his breeding has taught him that in war-time he has a duty towards the weak and defenceless. We are amazed that German education has produced some of the results that we have seen in the war. There are, indeed, some features which we can only admire and emulate—intense patriotism and marvellous organization prepared against every material emergency. If we ask why we find coupled with these qualities such appalling lapses into brutality and such incapacity to estimate moral and psychological factors, the reason is to be found in the fact that the two great principles which have been mentioned, Freedom and Justice as we understand them, have no vital meaning in Germany. Where the press is inspired or throttled by a highly centralized government with no effective parliamentary control, there is not only no real criticism of policy, but there is a blank ignorance of the truth. What fraction of the sixty millions of Germany have any notion of the facts embodied in our White Paper? With the exception of the bold words in the *Vorwärts*, the organ of the Socialist party, there is no attempt to get outside a narrow nationalism. The

professorial class, paid servants of the State, who accept the word of their Government as final, would seem to be hypnotized by a false idea of the absolute value of the German State in the abstract, and have consented to follow blindly the lead of their military class. All classes indifferently appear to acquiesce cheerfully in any brutalities that the War Office or Admiralty demand of them : acts which the instinct of the British soldier or sailor would reject as impossible. The Germans have accepted an ideal—success in war—as justifying all possible means. Having eyes, they see not, neither do they understand. To us, with our free atmosphere of criticism, this triumph of militarism would seem ridiculous if it were not so deplorable and disastrous. Since the failure of the democratic movement in Germany sixty years ago, there has been order and discipline in plenty, but no real political freedom nor ‘civil sense’. If you ask ‘Has there been justice?’ the answer is that the apparatus of justice is there, but that if justice means security of rights for all classes, then it is not realized in Germany. The brutal supremacy of the military class is its open negation. No country has more complete education for its officials than Germany in the details of legal and bureaucratic work : its lawyers have written learnedly and exhaustively on Roman, Mediaeval, and Modern Law : its elaboration of rules and instructions and by-laws is marvellous. You cannot dismount from a tramcar or cross a railway-line without being duly instructed in print how to do it. But when it comes to dealing fairly as between classes, between great landlords and the consumers of their produce, between soldiers and civilians, the bureaucrat and the ordinary citizen, we see at once what gross inequality and injustice may exist side by side with this elaborate machinery. The Zabern

incident was a glaring instance of the spirit which such social conditions produce, as shown towards a German subject. We have had a more recent illustration of the same spirit as shown to a foreigner. On August 3 an Englishman, Mr. Hadley, travelling in a German train, unfortunately fell into an altercation with a Prussian lieutenant, and was shot by him and died of his wounds. The German Government refused to prosecute. The Englishman may possibly have behaved unwisely (though the German official account makes his conduct harmless enough), but what are we to say of the lieutenant and his Government? No nation with any claim to real 'culture' could tolerate such an offence. Though Mr. Hadley, no doubt, suffered partly as an Englishman, his murder throws a lurid light on the German tradition as to treatment of civilians in general. The glorification of war has become a mania. This is not the place to enlarge on the outrages inflicted in Belgium. When the report of our Governmental Committee appears, it may be predicted that there will be found in it an appalling body of well-authenticated facts which will prove that not isolated outbursts only, but deliberate army orders, have been directly responsible for acts which no civilized State should countenance. It is the natural outcome of unbridled militarism, which recognizes no law of humanity or international law to control its own commands.¹

These great principles, which are the vital springs of sound political life, Freedom and Justice, are valuable only if they afford the basis of a sound national character.

¹ Since these words were written the poisoning of the wells in South Africa has added one more crime to the black record of the German Army, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* has illustrated on a larger scale the savage principles of an Admiralty which knows no law.

Have we anything in our national character that we can set against this militarism run mad, this claim to world-supremacy, this pretension to a culture which is above criticism, and which is its own sole judge ?

The eighty years since the Reform Bill have seen such vast social changes that the English world of to-day is immensely different from that of Peel and Palmerston : and yet throughout that period it would be true to say that a certain type of English character remains. Independence, a love of fair play, gentleness to the weak and helpless and wronged, a power of tough resistance to oppression or tyranny, a loathing of intrigue, a love of plain dealing—these are the qualities we associate with the Englishman of our choice. It is not asserted that we all rise to the height of this ideal ; that is not the question. Our quarrel with the German ideal is not that few Germans realize it (it is, alas ! only too widely realized), but that it is a false ideal. It is rooted in inequality and a perverted sense of justice. The German scholars in times past, the great Mommsen and others, have scoffed at our English University education as mere ‘Gentleman-bildung’. We may admit that there was a long period of English University life when scholarship, learning, and science—the purely intellectual side of things—had too little attention : but we have some compensation, as we believe, in the type of character which our education, such as it is, has produced. The word ‘gentleman’ has often been narrowed and abused ; but rightly understood it stands for certain qualities, which we believe are essentially admirable and are characteristic of our national education, both higher and lower. They are qualities which belong to no class, but to the nation : a readiness to take men on their merits, a sense of honour and of the duties of social

position, a love of truth and honesty, a considerateness for the poor and weak, and that spirit of comradeship in danger and difficulty, which to-day, as in many past struggles, has been the vital strength of the British Navy and Army. We may not always rise to this level, but that is our ideal, and it is for this, among other things, that we are fighting. 'I have the highest respect', writes a young subaltern at the front, 'for the British soldier as a fighting man *and a gentleman.*' The experience of all our officers confirms his opinion. And what is true of the Army is true also of the officers and men of the Navy. These qualities are, indeed, often masked by a degree of shyness and reserve which makes the typical Englishman misunderstood by those who do not know him. He is silent and sometimes unsociable, and he is not always very quick to pick up his neighbour's language or point of view. To some, indeed, this reserve may appear a quality of strength. An American writer in *The Times* of March 22 says, 'No race, not even the Chinese, shows less what is going on inside than the English. Some of the world success of the English is due no doubt to their "front". Your Briton is continually fooling the alien races by an appearance of blank stupidity which hides talent or even genius.'

But, whether our reserve, our surliness as some call it, is strength or not, it is happily quick to fall away so soon as men come to close quarters. We see this in the trenches, in the conferences between working men and their professorial teachers, in the difficult negotiations between trade unions and employers, where 'civil sense', the atmosphere of give-and-take and compromise, the readiness to see one another's point of view, and to be reasonable, is the prevailing feature. Again it may be said that we do not always achieve

this ideal—sectarianism, class-feeling, submission to unwise and unreasonable leaders in labour questions or in church politics, may drive us astray into disunion; but it is this reasonable temper which we all aim at in our public life, and which we believe gives it on the whole a firmer foundation and a happier spirit than is found in any State where autocracy or bureaucracy is the dominant fact.

We admit the admirable qualities of industry and organization in the Germans: we may well take a lesson from them in these. We have often been indolent when we should have been energetic; our powers of organization, great as they are, are apt to be too late in the field. We have often to improvise in the stress of danger machinery which might have been thought out in days of peace. But nevertheless we hold that this perfection of German organization has been bought at too heavy a price, at the price of humanity, tact, and understanding of men.

‘*Erkenn’ dich selbst, leb’ mit der Welt in Frieden,*’ Goethe wrote a hundred years ago in one of his noblest poems: ‘Learn to know thyself and live at peace with the world.’ How would Goethe think that his countrymen had learnt this lesson, if he were to see them to-day?

The Germans are indeed self-conscious, but self-consciousness is not self-knowledge. They cannot criticize themselves, and they have never quite forgiven Heine for criticizing them. Take one glaring illustration. They have poured out money like water to saturate their enemies’ countries with spies (one of the least lovely features of their military method), but they have hopelessly failed to read the mind of the peoples whose safety they were trying to undermine. They misread

the signs of the times: in England they could find only decadence and division; they could not believe that we should stir hand or foot to save the civilization of France or to fulfil our international pledges: they fondly believed that the Belgians would waive their treaty rights and obligations, and for the sake of personal security would stand aside and let them pass: they underestimated the stern determination and the fighting spirit of France, and they believed that Russia would once more be awed into impotence by the spectacle of a War Lord 'in shining armour'. It is not a question of the general policy which determined their action—it may have been fear of the Slavs, or it may have been, as many of us believe, an overmastering ambition to exercise an absolute sway in Central Europe and over the world: what we are concerned with for the moment is the fact that their social and political conditions have trained them badly for reading the character and sentiments of other nations. The militarized State, as many Germans now dolefully admit, is a blunderer in diplomacy. It has no civil sense, and it is mendacious on principle. If we admire the wonderful cohesion of all classes in Germany at this great crisis, it is well to remember that it has been purchased at a frightful cost. Where the Press is subservient to Government and the professoriate is controlled by the Prussian bureaucracy, there is little room for the free formation of opinion by the public, and no chance for honesty and truth in relations with other Powers, for the General Staff overrides the pledges and sworn words of the diplomatist. Only a social system organized to exalt the claims of Germany as something divine and different in kind from those of the rest of the world could have tolerated the 'Hymn of Hate'. To us it is more ridiculous than

appalling, because of its curious want of proportion. Most of us do not hate the Germans as a people—but we hate and abominate their methods, both in diplomacy and war, and we are profoundly indignant at the grievous wound which their Government has inflicted on humanity and international law.

Let us return to our two guiding principles. We have to look at Freedom as something more than a mere loosening of bonds, and at Justice as a living force and not a law-book or a series of orders drafted by a cynical and militarist officialism.

Freedom embodies the conditions that make possible the full exercise of all the resources of the State for a common good. Justice is to be found not in bureaucratic regulations nor mere severity of discipline or punishment, but in the provision of fair conditions of life for men, women, and children of all classes. A large proportion of the labour disputes of the last ten years are concerned with the fulfilment of this ideal. They have got a bad name, because of bad leading on both sides, but in themselves they are legitimate and an expression of a wholesome tendency—the striving of the body politic to adjust itself to the industrial and physical conditions of the time. The last word has not yet been said in this field. We have not yet learnt two great lessons—(1) That in the adjustment of industrial conditions, as of all human relations, we need to apply the highest capacity of mind and character. This is all the more necessary because the invention of limited liability companies has removed some of the more human relations between employer and employed, which naturally arose when all businesses were under private management. (2) That no business can succeed without vital co-operation among all who take part in it. This is

one among the problems which await us in time of peace. In the meantime, all of us have to think of nothing but how we can provide what is needed for the life-and-death struggle in which we are engaged.

Freedom, as I have said, has been imperfectly understood by us in the past. The Germans tell us that we have no sense of discipline. It may, indeed, be argued that our belief in personal freedom has often led to selfishness, and that our individualism has tended to weaken our regard for the claims that our country and its ideals make upon us.

We have looked at freedom too much on its negative side. That was what prevented that great man John Bright from seeing that, human nature being what it is, factory laws are desirable. It was the same negative view of freedom which delayed for many years our law on compulsory education. It has prevented us also hitherto from insisting that our children should have those elements of military training which should enable every citizen,

if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,

to enter upon the supreme service of his country with a rudimentary acquaintance with the discipline and order of war. We protest, and rightly protest, against a militarized nation ; but many of us think that the rudimentary training here spoken of would be not only a valuable discipline for character, but in all probability in the long run an insurance against war.

A nation, like every organism, has, indeed, to achieve the union of opposites. It must be strong, it must have unity and discipline, but it must also be free. Freedom of life, freedom of speech, freedom of opportunity.

Parliamentary government is, we all feel, at this moment on its trial, and many of us are ready to criticize it. The problem of the second, revising, Chamber is still but half solved, and the House of Commons, under pressure of business, seems to some of us to have lost its old character as a real arena for debate and the formation of opinion. Meantime, the claims of those free peoples who are associated with us in the British Empire are but imperfectly represented in our institutions. In a word, we are waiting for some constructive genius to find for us a solution of the great imperial problem which shall at the same time simplify our government and the business of the House of Commons. But with all the defects which it is easy to find in our machinery of government, it still remains true that more than most governments in Europe it combines the two indispensable qualities of stability and elasticity—elasticity in its power of adapting itself to new needs and new conditions, stability in a certain fundamental good sense, which prefers compromise and the spirit of give and take, founded on old traditions of free discussion, to the doctrinaire decisions of extreme partisanship. We believe that we have a government which ensures that on the whole, with all the defects of the party-system and its mechanism, the decisions of Parliament are in reasonably close correspondence with the wishes of the majority of the people.

We complain freely of our Government and its doings, and then we criticize trade unions of working men who become critical also, forgetting that it is this very power of complaint which makes our country what it is. We cannot have it both ways. Our power as a people depends on this free atmosphere of discussion, on this liberty of criticism. On the other hand we must guard

against its weakening effect in face of a common danger, and we must be ready, every man of us, to sacrifice personal comfort for the sake of success in a great cause. What is more, we must not merely learn to meet each occasion as it arises : magnificent as may be our power of improvisation, it cannot in the long run take the place of foresight and considered preparation. We must face our tasks with clearer vision ; we must be less wasteful of our resources, material and moral, less hand-to-mouth in our policy, and more deliberately devote ourselves to strengthening and deepening our national character and training our people of all classes to understand our national ideal and to be able to defend it from attack.

If we turn now from our inner life as a nation to our outward relations, we find, as we might expect, that the very spirit of independence which our free institutions have fostered has made us at times indifferent to the ideals of other nations : but if we have paid too little attention to the feelings of other nations it cannot be fairly contended that as a people we have wantonly disregarded the rights of our neighbours. The picture of England as the 'robber State' is the creation of German professors trying to find in our past history an excuse for the policy of conquest they have been taught to admire. It is of a piece with the policy by which, before carrying into act some brutality in warfare, sinking merchant vessels at sight, use of poisonous gases or the like, they deliberately prepare the way by accusing the Allies of some similar offence. Our ideal has been, abroad as at home, to 'live and let live'. In the past our island position enabled us to stand aloof from many of the struggles of the Continent : if we intervened, it was in the interests of the world at large, to prevent the

domination of a single man or a single State to the detriment of the free life of the peoples of Europe. Our struggles with Louis XIV and with Napoleon, like the present war, were life-and-death struggles to preserve our national existence and the existence of other nations. We read a great deal in German journals of England's 'sea-tyranny', but when we ask for explanation the complaint seems to resolve itself into the fact that British possessions are not German, or the contention that Great Britain has no claim to the Dominions or to India or Egypt, because she has not the will or the power to impose on them a ready-made culture. Generalizing from a very imperfect knowledge of the Irish question, the Germans have been ready to imagine that our kinsmen of the Dominions and the subject-peoples under our rule would be ready to turn and rend us if only we were sufficiently hard pressed. They find it convenient to ignore the other side of the shield. They overlooked the cardinal facts of the situation. What has been the significance of our widespread possessions? They have meant that over a large part of the earth's surface there has been free access for the trade and intercourse of all nations: that by gradual stages our colonies have received ever new instalments of political power, until our Dominions stand by our side as self-governing peoples in close alliance with ourselves. They are not indeed stamped with one pattern, they produce each its own type of life and character, but they retain everywhere, as a hall-mark of their origin, the qualities of freedom and justice which we love to think characterize our State. The true spirit of our relations with the Dominions and India is to be read in the lives of scores of great Englishmen who have built up the greatness of our Empire by just and humane dealing, wise

insight, and courageous independence of character : such men as (not to mention the living) the Lawrences and Sir Charles Napier in India, Lord Durham in Canada, David Livingstone in Africa, and Sir George Grey in New Zealand.¹ Happily we can point, in the present as in the past, to a faithful succession of devoted men, some of them servants of the State, others independent explorers and missionaries, whose lives have contributed to make our Empire what it is, the home of free government and just administration. The result is to be found in the splendid patriotism of the Dominions and of India in the present war. Our Empire is indeed not an empire in the old sense, it implies no sovereign rule of an alien power over subject-peoples : except for India and Egypt, what we call our Empire is an alliance or confederation of kindred peoples, bound together by loose ties of political connexion, but closely and intimately united by common ideals and a common belief in the wholesome rule of freedom and justice. In India and Egypt we have something more nearly like what the ancient world called empire, but here again we have stood for freedom against slavery, for personal security against the tyranny of vicious kings or customs, for education and enlightenment as against obscurantism and cruelty. In these countries we have never, like the Germans, made it our mission to remake men in our own image. Just as in our great Dominion of Canada, 'French-Canadian nationality has been preserved in full vigour', so in Egypt we have announced that 'the strengthening and progress of Mohammedan institutions is naturally a matter in which His Majesty's Government takes the deepest interest'.¹

¹ See Sir C. Lucas, *The British Empire*, which admirably expresses the spirit and ideals of British imperial rule.

We have made mistakes, we are still making them ; but still our 'civil sense' and (I dare to say) our generosity, have carried us through, and though there have been voices from time to time which have bidden us let India and Egypt go, they have not been the voice of the nation. Again it may be admitted that we have not always risen to the height of our great task. We have often taken our responsibilities too lightly. We have given too little time and thought to these things. But there are signs that this will no longer be so. Readers of the *Round Table* (the wisest and most unbiased review of imperial politics which this or any country has produced) are aware that the process of educating our Dominions in world-politics and of educating England in the politics and affairs of the Dominions is making steady progress. In this time of united effort we ought not to forget the great debt we owe to the writers in that periodical, who have been strengthening the bonds of our union by the spread of knowledge, and preparing the way for a wider British Commonwealth, which shall give fuller expression to the political genius of our race and to its characteristic qualities.

If we turn again from our own Empire to our relations with other nations, our main policy is, as it always has been, to promote freedom and free life, to prevent any world-tyranny, to encourage and support that national development in all countries which makes for the spiritual riches of the world. On the same principle we desire to preserve the smaller nations in their separate existence. To understand other nations ; to live at peace with them ; to promote by common pursuits, by co-operation in enterprises of learning and science, and by religious sympathy, the friendly relations between them ; and to strengthen, so far as may be, the peaceful

means of settling disputes between nations—these are among the objects which we should aim at in our foreign relations. These are objects which we have, as we believe, honestly striven to promote. If we have failed, it was rather from an indolent ignoring of the workings of the German mind and from a good-natured desire to think well of all men than from any disregard of international obligations.

It has been suggested in some quarters since the war began that the war is the product of secret diplomacy and that if we had had what is called 'democratic control' of foreign affairs in England war might have been averted. There is no foundation for this suggestion. Our diplomatists have acted honestly and straightforwardly. As Lord Cromer has told us (*The Times*, April 19) :

'In the great majority of cases the conduct of the individual diplomatist merely reflects as in a mirror the public opinion and standard of national morality of the people whom he represents, and there cannot be any greater mistake than to confound Continental, especially German, and British diplomacy in one general anathema.'

There has been no concealment of British views ; our main principles of foreign policy have been before the world, and we have openly exercised our influence for peace between the nations. This has been admitted by Germany herself. If for the moment our efforts for peace have broken down, it is because there are certain things more precious than peace ; freedom and justice laid inexorable demands upon us. We were bound to defend the pledged neutrality of Belgium and the independent existence of France, and to save Europe from a threatening military tyranny.

It would seem, then, that both within and without what we seek to secure as the fundamental principles of our State life are freedom and justice, and that on this foundation our ideal is to build a common life, strong and various, rich in the interplay and co-operation of all sorts and conditions of men, with adequate material resources and the possibility for all men of some share in the higher life of thought and imagination. How is this great enterprise to be confirmed and inspired? Many forces must co-operate. For many of us the strongest motive will be religious. They will find their impulse in the spirit of social service, and the personal sense of co-operation with a divine Master in a society of kindred spirits strengthened and inspired by common faith and worship. It is not necessary to dwell upon this. But if the religious motive appeals to most of us, it will appeal in various forms, and it rests with each man to see to it that his religious sympathies stretch beyond the bounds of his own church and society, and that his religion may never be used to divide or to disperse the forces which work for the character and well-being of the nation.

Let us turn to other influences. The English character is rooted in history and tradition; it is rooted also in local associations—the beauty of English fields, the glories of sea and sky, and the charm of ancient buildings. Let us remember that it lies with us to guard these beauties: not to be Huns in our own country—to defend it from outward dishonour and disfigurement. But deeper and stronger even than these incalculable influences which pass into our very substance through the associations of the senses, are those forces of imagination which for many of us control the deepest springs of our being. We have seen in the last six months

countless attempts to express the nation's hopes and fears and aspirations in poetry. Some of these have caught the best spirit of the time, and a few have touched the imagination, such as those prophetic lines of Rupert Brooke, whose death in the Aegean we all deplore :

If I should die, think only this of me :
That there 's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

But the poetry of to-day does not stand alone. In the master-poets of England¹—in the rich pageantry and noble passion of Shakespeare, in the austere organ-voice of Milton, in the national sonnets of Wordsworth, in Tennyson's great 'Ode on the Duke of Wellington'—you will find inspiration for the principles of which you have been reminded to-day. You will find in them what all true Englishmen cherish as part of their ideal—a sense of the dignity of human life and of the gravity of its issues, a passionate love of our country and of all the subtle associations that its history and landscape call up, a conviction that no nation can thrive on tyranny, and an abiding belief in the invincible spirit of man—

Thy friends are exultations, agonies
And love and Man's unconquerable mind.

One word in conclusion. This war has brought home to us, as nothing ever did before, a sense of the value of our own spiritual possessions. As we have seen our young men go forth, radiant in the glory of willing service, to do battle for our great cause, as our hearts have thrilled with mingled sorrow and pride at their death, we have gained a deeper sense of all that England stands for. And we have learnt to respect the ideals of other nations. It will be long before England will

¹ See Professor E. de Sélincourt's interesting lectures on *English Poets and the National Ideal*, to which I owe the quotation from Milton on p. 7.

forget the fortitude and the patience of Belgium, the buoyant courage of the men and the noble devotion of the women of France, the gallant and invincible bravery of the Serbs, the inexhaustible energy and elasticity of that great Russian people, whom we are only beginning to understand, and whose religion and art and science are destined to give new and precious elements to the life of Europe. And we shall always think with gratitude of the valiant, generous, and admirably organized charity of the United States, which has saved the lives of our starving allies and done something to mitigate the horrors of German invasion.

In the great *Commedia* of Dante, a poem of mingled morals and politics, where the virulence of hate and scorn would become intolerable but for the glorious visions of his imagination, each of the great divisions of the poem finds its close in the beauty of the stars of heaven, the guiding influences of the spiritual life. We may find our consolation to-day, amid the anguish of loss and the sorrow for friendships parted and ideals shattered, in fixing our eyes on the guiding principles of our national ideal, seeking in the dangers and distresses of the moment new strength to carry into effect the principles by which our nation—or shall we not say our great Commonwealth of nations?—lives and has its being, new incentives to enrich our national life and character. We have to make it worthy both of the opportunities and of the privileged position that have been given us and of the great and glorious examples that we have inherited from those who have made England what it is.

Winds blow and Waters roll
Strength to the brave and Power and Deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

It is in this spirit that as a united people we must maintain that concentrated and organized effort—with all our powers—which alone can establish our victory; and our victory, we are convinced, is the victory of freedom.

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will and soul;
There is but one task for all,
For each one life to give,
Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?¹

¹ Rudyard Kipling. *For All We Have and Are.*

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THE CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TO WAR

A YOUNG officer who was to give an address to his men on Christmas Eve, and was beginning on a familiar note, 'The greatest event in human history,' was struck by the thought that there might be a doubt whether this meant the War or the birth of Christ, and was led to reflect on the poignant contrast thus implied and the disappointment at such an outcome of nineteen centuries since the advent of the Prince of Peace. Such disappointment shows that we had not realized how little Christianity had taken hold either of the relations between a State and its citizens or of the international relations between States, in comparison with the hold it has taken of the individual conscience and the relations of individual men to each other. The question then arises whether there is any inherent impossibility in the task, however difficult, of Christianizing these wider relationships. This question comprises in itself a number of subordinate questions :

1. What is the relation of Christianity to War ?
2. Does War preclude Christian feeling ?
3. What is the relation of Christianity to Nationality ?
4. Can Christianity be brought into International relations ?
5. What is the duty of national defence ?

1. THE RELATION OF CHRISTIANITY TO WAR

'Resist not evil.' There have been, in all Christian times, some who make this text contain the whole duty of a Christian towards war. 'War is organized murder.'

But the general sense of mankind has decided that things are not so simple as this, and Christian duty not so one-sided. Even the texts make it possible to present the other view. The essential elements of Christianity, as it appears to intelligent non-Christian races, are that it inculcates the sacrifice of everything in a righteous cause, and that its Founder was a man who gave his life for other men; and are not these the two facts which are just the redeeming side of war? It was a great general (Sherman) who said, 'War is Hell,' but a still greater (Moltke) who said, 'War is the most devilish but also the most heroic of human things.' Do not our highest and deepest feelings forbid us to accept 'Peace at any price' as a maxim? Do we not feel already at work among us all the ennobling and the purifying influence of this spirit of sacrifice? Do we not see also how it has brought out in the whole nation the sense of brotherhood, how one month brought us nearer to acting as a true Commonwealth than sixty years preceding? And if we look beyond our shores, could it be a possible conception of Christian duty to look on impassively at the sufferings of Belgium? Would that be loving our neighbours? No, not so simple is the great problem, how to bring both aspects of the Christian spirit to bear upon the facts of modern life; how to interpret the duty of unselfishness without deserting the duty to the oppressed.

It may be that individuals and nations too will find it is not so much their deeds in the heat of war by which they will be judged, as their conduct in cold blood during the long years of peace. Much that goes on in the ordinary life of modern societies is uglier, more fundamentally evil, more anti-Christian than even the cruelty, waste and idiotic folly of war. And it is

a well-known experience that supreme examples of beauty and sweetness of character and the deepest religious sense have been found among soldiers and sailors.

If we are to take the New Testament literally, we cannot say that in it we find anywhere an express prohibition of war, but what we do find absolute and express, is denunciation of wealth. Of all Dante's tremendous verdicts, that which sounds most the ring of utter scorn is passed on him *che fece per viltà lo gran rifiuto*, the young man who went away sorrowful for he had great possessions. Is it not true that the soul of modern societies is exposed to a more constant, a more deadly corruption from the pursuit of wealth than the pursuit of war? Now, it is significant that the first obvious and immediate effect of this war is the total annihilation of at least £5,000,000,000 of capital in one year. This, by itself, makes the war introduce a new economic era. A little thinking will show that this means also a new era in our political and social life. But, a new spiritual era? Yes, this too must be the outcome, in greater or less measure, according to our greater or less sincerity and clear-sightedness. A great national war means the generating and the liberation of a mighty spiritual force. It was so in the Civil War of the seventeenth century, and in our war against Napoleon; but we let the former run to waste in the orgies of the Restoration, and the latter in the orgies of expanding 'Manchesterism'. Even the recent South African War produced a passing phase of humility, of seriousness, of zeal for national amendment; a passing phase, because the politicians soon let it evaporate. But if only we use aright the mighty moral and spiritual force which is now being generated, the war will have

been worth its cost, not only its cost in millions of pounds, but its cost in killed and wounded, in widowed and orphaned and childless.

2. CHRISTIAN FEELING IN WAR

But if war is to be admitted on any terms into Christian ethics, those terms must be high indeed. To love all, to pray for our enemies, these are Christian duties without any doubt. They are hard sayings, but not too hard for human nature even now. Most of us have known soldiers and sailors capable of rising to this noble height; and that doctors and nurses rise to it, goes without saying. Indeed, it is perhaps we who stay at home that are more in danger of being carried away. It is not those who have been at the front who have talked of 'reprisals'; and the Belgian refugees regard the very word with horror. At present we have been saved from falling into that insanity of hatred which has taken possession of men in Germany whom the whole world regarded as religious leaders. But what has saved us? Not a religious motive, not even a mental effort to enter into the German point of view; but probably our dislike of what is undignified or ridiculous. The result is, we rate the manifestation too lightly; we do not realize that 'every man, woman, and child in Germany regards England as the deliberate, jealous, hypocritical enemy, the traitor to kinship'. This is an appalling atmosphere in which to have to plant some seed of better relations for the future, to plant a concert of Europe. Two questions arise:

(i) What can we do to dispel it? After we have taken adequate security against Prussian militarism, some manifestation of good feeling, even generosity

after victory, would be the only thing that might be of some avail.

(ii) When we see a whole nation thus capable of being led astray, in the teeth of what seem to us glaring facts, a whole nation hypnotizing itself into a set of *idola gentis*, national illusions, an uncomfortable doubt comes over us in our insular complacency—can ours be the only people which has no such obsessions or illusions? What of our national habit of making the best of both worlds, by keeping our religion and our daily practice in two watertight compartments? What of the social evils we find it convenient practically to ignore? It is a wholesome corrective for once to see ourselves as others, even Germans, see us.

Does this mean we follow Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardt, in glorifying war? God forbid! When Nietzsche says, 'War has achieved more than was ever achieved by love of one's neighbour,' that is as false an historical proposition as was ever put forth. When Treitschke says, 'War is of God, it is God's dreadful medicine,' the same can be said of cholera, but we do not therefore advocate cholera. When Bernhardt quotes the text, 'I come not to bring peace but a sword,' we know he is making a perversion of its sense; when he calls war 'a biological necessity' we know he misinterprets Darwin; when he says it is 'a survival of the fittest' we know this is false, both of nations and of individuals. In war, as in currency, 'bad money drives out good,' too often. What ultimate theory all this leads to is seen in the ravings about displacing Christ by Odin; what it comes to in practice is seen in this war, which in savagery has gone back three centuries to the Thirty Years' War, and in deliberate terrorism of non-combatants has gone back to pre-Christian times. It is true that even here there is

heroism of men singing the 'Wacht am Rhein' as they come to certain death in the trenches or refuse to surrender on the sinking *Gneisenau*. But that is because in human affairs you cannot make men non-human, you cannot eliminate the possibility of the heroic element, the Divine. To attempt to combine this with the devilish principle of 'ruthlessness' is an attempt that must defeat itself.

3. CHRISTIANITY IN RELATION TO NATIONALITY

Christian duty must sometimes seem to clash with civic duty. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' but 'obey God rather than man.' This collision of duties is an old problem. It is one that can never be brushed aside; and that is a sound instinct which leads us to pay honest respect to the conscientious objector, though in the anarchical individualism which the eighteenth century made characteristic of England, and which the economists elevated into 'the gospel of self-interest'—truly the strangest form in which a gospel was ever put—we have almost encouraged and invited objectors, whether against vaccination, or education, or sanitation, or taxation. But on the Christian plane itself, as the family is a higher ideal than the individual, so the community is higher than the family.

On the other hand, while it is true that Christianity is a world-force and transcends mere national boundaries, yet that cannot be a true conception of it which would make it in any sense anti-national. It cannot be 'against the State' or 'against nationality' any more than it can be against trade, or art, or learning. Indeed, the development of nationality is itself, the best part of it, a spiritual development; more and more the

higher things in life come to rest on a purified national consciousness ; the history of the unification of Italy of the resurrection of Poland, shows the regenerating power of this spiritual basis in such movements. Is there not a justification and a fundamental reasonableness in the existence of national Churches ? We must beware of letting this great hope of future advance, the spirit of Nationality, become discredited by the aspect it has taken in Germany. Throw aside the sham philosophy and the sham history which have been used to clothe it there, and look at the finer side of their ideal, the wonderful national unity, the single-minded efficiency, the self-sacrificing discipline. Was there unity in England till a threat at our national existence frightened us into it ? Was there efficiency ? Has there ever been discipline ?

4. CHRISTIANITY AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

‘The Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the State, for there is nothing higher than the State.’ ‘Morality has no place in the relations of State to State.’ To this we answer, the common interest of humanity is higher. Christian duty is not a sacrifice, a loss, properly regarded, but a subordination of what is less worth to what is most worth ; ‘What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?’ would apply still more to the soul of a nation. Morality, on the lowest view, has come into being among men because it paid. More slowly between States, because between them there are more complex conditions, it has come into being in the form of International Law ; why ? because it pays. The nation that made indiscriminate war on non-combatants and killed all

wounded would lose more thereby than any possible military or political gain, as is being rapidly demonstrated in this war. Mankind has come to a general consensus in favour of limiting military destruction and of setting up military hospitals and the Red Cross, more perhaps from a sense of expediency than from Christian charity; but the two motives at any rate agree, as they would always do, if our sight was clear. To the phrase, 'In war nothing is so imbecile as moderation,' the answer is easy; that nothing is so imbecile as immoderateness; extremes are always suicidal, even in war. Else why not poison the wells by cholera germs, and kill all the women under fifty? An instinct tells us this would be 'bad business'; and this instinct revolts against the bomb-dropper who kills a child in an unfortified place being acclaimed as a hero.

In truth, this stuff is only Machiavelli at second-hand; if Machiavelli, in the favourable atmosphere of sixteenth-century Italy, failed to make it acceptable or even logically watertight, Treitschke is not going to carry the twentieth century with such a doctrine. Even Treitschke does not dare to be as consistent and thorough as the Florentine; 'raze conquered places,' 'do not wound but slay outright,' 'break faith wherever expedient,' 'use religion as a cloak,'—he almost but not quite reaches these heights. Not that Machiavelli was himself an irreligious man; he was a good husband and father, a conscientious Catholic; only he advises you to keep your conscience at home wrapped in a napkin. He tried to set up an abstract non-moral science of politics, as later writers tried to set up an abstract non-moral science of economics. The absolutely non-moral economic man is unreal enough and has done harm enough to be a warning against a similar figment.

in the more complex political sphere. In that sphere religion is an inseparable constituent. The fact is that Christianity has made it impossible for the world to acquiesce in war carried on as Julius Caesar made war in Gaul. It has not yet made men act as brothers, but it has at least made them conscious of their kinship and of mutual obligations which are no longer confined within State boundaries. Either the moral law is universal, as Dr. Cairns says, or there is none at all. We owe justice, mercy and truth to all men everywhere, or we do not owe them to any man anywhere, not even to our own fellow countrymen. If a nation acts with violence and deceit towards other nations, the contagion will spread through all its own people. German writers have proposed the repudiation of the German national debt. Apart from the effect on German credit outside, what would be the effect of such a measure on financial morality inside Germany ?

It is curious to see that the very writers who would have the State independent of all law, morality and religion, yet illogically apply these standards in condemning other nations as robber-States, morally decadent hypocrites. The theory does not really satisfy its own exponents. They cannot make it the basis of an appeal against others ; even their own sense of justice feels the theory is inadequate.

We may take it, then, that instead of sweeping away all rules of international law, this war must tend to strengthen them. Some of the Hague Conventions will be reaffirmed under a tremendous double sanction, that is, the unanimous verdict of the civilized world, and the penalty of failure on those who violated them. It is manifest, for example, that the rules against mines in the open sea, and the bombardment of unfortified

places, as well as those which affirm the trading rights of neutrals, must and will receive clearer definition and more emphatic enunciation. 'Must and will,' because ultimately the only alternative to rights between nations is a condition of rightlessness, that is international anarchy, and this would bring the modern financial and industrial system to a standstill. International finance may be one of the root causes of modern war, but it cannot put up with a chronic state of war, and that a war without limitations. Two new factors which have come into this war, aerial battle and aerial traffic, of themselves demand and ensure a great future development of international law, which began in the controversy over navigation (*Mare Liberum*) and is now facing the greater problem of the air. Again, the new form which a Concert of Europe must henceforth take will evidently have to provide something other than a rigid maintenance of the European *status quo* by a Balance of Power expected to act as a sort of automatic stabilizer. Europe will have to provide for the expansion of nationalities, for the readjustment from time to time of political boundaries on living lines. History is at last enforcing heed to its warnings, vainly repeated through the nineteenth century in the explosions required to make room for the rising spirit of nationality, Belgian, Dutch, Greek, Italian, German. There still remain the potential volcanoes of Alsace, Poland, Croatia, Roumania. This war will discredit the policy of preventing explosions by sitting on the safety valve. Another problem which the civilized peoples can no longer leave to be settled by scramble, is the problem of dealing with the undeveloped territories of the world and the yet unexploited races. Already the division of Africa has had to be done by concert. There will have

to be agreement and concert over Mesopotamia, Persia, the rest of Africa, and other lands. The mere fact of such concert will introduce more humanity and justice into future relations. The future would be a very different story from the past. A Chinese student said if the West wants China to listen to Christianity, it must begin by showing it wishes to make amends. It may well be that the future of Christianity as a world-force will turn on our conduct to China.

5. CHRISTIANITY AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

We must not expect an era of disarmament to begin at once on the signing of Peace. German writers have said they would begin at once to build up their army as after Jena. Other nations cannot afford to take the chance of this. Our own people have had a tremendous lesson on unpreparedness and a very narrow escape. Whilst taking pride in the responsiveness of our voluntary system and the fine quality of the men it supplies, it is probable that the nation, though still refusing the German or French form of conscription, will agree now to the universal training which Lord Roberts spent the last ten years of his life in preaching. Would such a universal obligation make for militarism? It does not in Switzerland. And there are higher grounds on which it might even be welcomed. (1) It would be putting national defence on the sound basis of national duty. It would guard us from a danger of the modern State, which was perhaps the chief cause of the decadence of ancient Rome, the dereliction by the individual of his duties of active citizenship. A prosperous society getting all its fighting done for it by professionals is in a soul-destroying condition. 'He was right who said Italy was scourged for her sins, but he should have said the sins were the

neglect of citizens' military duty and the reliance on mercenaries.' Think what took place in English society of the eighteenth century when the atrocious penal code was left to professionals, and boys of 12 and 13 were hanged in weekly batches. (2) The best advocate of universal training was the great Socialist leader, Jaurès. It will, he argues, give to Democracy, which always of itself inclines to peace, the power of ensuring peace; and meantime it supplies an invaluable factor in education. (3) When we get together the youth of the whole country, with no class exemptions, and can subject them to this potent educational discipline during the most plastic years of life, it will be our own fault if they are not turned out better workers, better citizens, and even better Christians.

It is certain that if we are to effect anything we must not be too unhopeful. For we know this may well be the dawn of a new era. Already there are signs of light in the sky. That great movement, the Student Christian Federation, is itself a wonderful thing, to us of an older generation incredible if we had not seen it. So, too, is the union of the missionary enterprise of the whole world in one great forward advance. In fact, to a student of history there is more reality now in the conception of Christendom, the intellectual and moral community of all Christian men and women, than has been the case since the age of the Crusades.

Or, if we look at the world of Labour, nothing is more significant than the premonitions of change in its attitude to the fundamentals of religion. The very cry so often heard, 'If that is Christianity, then I am not a Christian,' is itself the greatest tribute to Christianity as an ideal standard. Again, capitalism is now far more receptive than ever before to such new ideas as that there

is a duty incumbent on the employer, and that duty may help rather than hinder dividends.

Or if we look still further afield, a higher conception of Nationality is making itself felt, as when the German claim to world supremacy, preposterous as it seems, does at least recognize that such a claim can only be based on a spiritual superiority. Even Internationalism, disappointed as we may be that it could not prevent this war, is all the time coming in like a tide, irresistibly and by many channels ; finance, commerce and industry, law, learning and science, social movements, philanthropy, morality and religion, are all assuming a certain world-character. Any one who is inclined to pessimism should be set to study the condition of Europe in 1814.

Most English people, and especially young English people, soon tire of theorizing, and want ' practical ' proposals. They ask, ' Well, what are you going to do about it ? ' The following are some conclusions which may be suggested :

(1) It is chimerical to expect, and therefore unpractical to preach, a general or even a considerable disarmament in Europe immediately after the war. In our country it is likely to lead to a general agreement in favour of universal military training. Rightly handled, such training may be an instrument of good, and on the highest grounds it ought to be welcomed. The idea that Christian principles mean absolute non-resistance is one not very widely held, and is felt by the ordinary layman to run counter to some of his best instincts of helping against oppression and of wagering life for an ideal.

(2) We need not be afraid of meeting discussion on the ordinary economic and social ground. Christianity, though it is something more, is also certainly nothing less than good sense. We ought to be prepared to

produce the evidence that it 'pays' to be just, honest, charitable, and even self-sacrificing. It has 'paid' us well in our Empire. Mr. Norman Angell's argument that war never pays, one-sided as the argument is, has been more widely read than if it had been a volume of sermons expounding the sinfulness of war. The moral seems to be that persons conscious of being well-meaning should supplement that quality by some knowledge of social and economic facts. We may feel quite satisfied that some German teaching is bad ethics; but we are none the worse off for being able to prove it to be also bad history and bad economics.

(3) The time has come to meet the old, narrow, exploded form of individualism in English thought by definitely developing that other aspect of life which is conveyed in the words Co-operation, Community, Corporateness. Our literature, our politics, our society, one might say our religion itself, is saturated with the conception of the 'individual'; in spite of the fact that, literally, there is no such thing among human beings as an individual; and that even if there were, it would still be more intelligent and profitable to regard him in his true character of a member of a community. While scholars have been working out the importance of fellowship, corporateness, as the very life and soul of the Teutonic races, educationists have been setting up primary and secondary schools, training-institutions and new universities, in which this essential thing has been wholly neglected. Here is a field of work for men who have been at a Public School or a College.

(4) A similar neglect on as large a scale has been going on in regard to 'the working classes'. In that region there lay all the time unregarded a splendid soil for education of the best kind, that is where the students

work not to make a career but for 'love', where they do not compete with each other but work as a group together, where they answer to that test of the true student, 'gladly would he learn and gladly teach.' It was lucky for this country that the working-men last August were more clear-sighted as well as more public-spirited than their own leaders ; but had they refused to support the war, it would have been a just retribution on the politicians and the capitalists who had neglected first to educate the masses for citizenship, and then to assist them to educate themselves. Here again is a broad field for University men to work in. If we want more Christianity in national politics, we must get the masses of the nation taught politics on a Christian basis.

(5) But suppose we had secured a more definite acceptance of Christian principles both in the Student world and in the Labour world, can anything corresponding be aimed at for the Business world ? Well, many individual business men have been and are not unworthy to be called real Christians. Moreover, it is certain that with the transformation of all business concerns into joint stock companies, the soulless body corporate must have a soul grafted into it somehow, by law if not by gospel, or else Capitalism itself will go down in a great social revolt. And, most of all, if we eliminate Christian principle from that which is six-sevenths of the life of a modern community, if we keep it as it were for use on Sundays alone, we have no right to be shocked at proposals for elimination of Christian principle from war and international relations. Christianity, like its own great virtue Charity, begins at home ; and if we are hoping to christianize the Hague Conference, we must go to it with rather cleaner hands. The business world, then, offers another fair field of work.

(6) Suppose Christianity had made its way into the business sphere and the sphere of internal politics, and was essaying to enter the international sphere. It must do so by agreement on that part of Christian doctrine which is common ground between all Christians, and which may perhaps be described as the Gospel of St. Mark plus the Sermon on the Mount. We certainly cannot defeat *Deutschum*, which has become a gospel unto itself, by insisting too much on a narrow Anglicanism; but this intolerant insistence on certain sharply defined views as to dogma and hierarchy and ceremonial seems a danger into which some of the best men fall by their very earnestness and intensity. It is a spirit with which laymen otherwise ready to follow them have little sympathy, and which both surprises and disappoints good men in other communions.

(7) The astonishing statement made in some recent writings that 'Christianity has had its day' might with much more truth be put in a directly opposite form. Christianity has hitherto worked mainly by action on individuals; it has yet to show what it can do by way of action on societies and States. It might, for instance, accept the desirability of universal training of a whole community for service, but reject the idea that the only shape that service can take is military. Why should not the whole youth of the country be bound as a part of their education to spend a year in some kind of industrial training? This would supply just the one side now lacking in our higher education. It would make the ruling classes understand the masses, and there would be less heard henceforth of the 'class-war'. This would go some way to supply that 'moral equivalent for war' which we must allow the eulogists of war have some reason to call for. Similarly, is it not practicable

for the various nations, each with its own distinctive 'culture', to focus their joint energies on certain needs and world-tasks, as the laws of aerial navigation, the stamping out of plague, tuberculosis and cancer, the evangelization of heathen countries? This may be said to open out a long vista; but it is short in comparison to the distance which humanity has already travelled from the days of primaeval man; and the guiding spirit now, as then, is religion.

(8) In view of some over-sanguine proposals, it is not superfluous to suggest a caution derived from the lesson of the past. During a thousand years of European history, men who were filled with the highest possible ideal, that of producing the kingdom of God upon earth, endeavoured to put that ideal into an actual material form, to organize society accordingly. They forgot the words, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' That which is spiritual cannot be reproduced in machinery without losing its spirituality. We cannot reasonably expect to have our ideals embodied in the legal terms of a treaty of peace, when peace comes. That treaty must needs confine itself to what is immediately attainable and can be stipulated in a legal document. All that we desire and hope must lie outside and beyond, and is left for us to work out gradually in the long years that are to come. Vast as it is, this war is not an Armageddon which will be followed at once by the advent of a new heaven and a new earth. If good is to come out of the evil, it can only be by a new spirit among men and by a new and unexampled output of patient, self-sacrificing, disciplined co-operation.

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[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly containing names and dates, but the characters are too light to transcribe accurately.]

C H A R A C T E R S

BOMBASTES, a German hero.

SOCRATES.

HEINE.

BAYARD.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A CHILD.

BOMBASTES IN THE SHADES

(The scene disclosed is filled with a kind of dewy light such as promises a clear day. Cool verdure recedes into undefined distances. THE SHADES, of various times and countries, pace to and fro. Among them in the centre SOCRATES sits meditating, with legs crossed, and the knees clasped in his hands. HEINE, passing, hesitates a moment, then standing over SOCRATES, speaks.)

HEINE. Is it Socrates, the wisest of mortals?

SOCRATES. Socrates was my name on earth ;
I am less ignorant now than then. Who, friend,
are you ?

HEINE. One that loved Greece, though he never saw it : perhaps because he never saw it. I was a German poet. All Germany sang the songs of Heinrich Heine. But now they praise me no more ; they call me a bad German, because I loved France, the land of light : because I loved Germany

so much that I dared to make fun of her, romantic, ridiculous, adorable Germany! They dreamed tremendous dreams about her, but I presumed to raise my eyes and see her as she was.

SOCRATES. Few bear to see things as they are till they come here and are taught. And did they put you to death, Heinrich Heine?

HEINE. They spared me that compliment, Socrates. But the Gods punished me, all the same.

SOCRATES. Well, here in the Shades we learn the truth; both our countrymen and ourselves.

HEINE. It seems you are happy.

SOCRATES. I was ever a devout lover of the truth.

HEINE. Truth hurts and humbles. You have been a long time among the Shades, you are used to it. But I am fresher from earth. And it seems to me that my poor countrymen will suffer bitterly, for I hear from down there cries of rage and the thunder of guns and a sound of raving and madness. And ghosts arrive, bewildered ghosts . . .

SOCRATES. Tell me of your Germany; for we Greeks knew it not.

HEINE. I look down into the mists; the vapours part, and I see it, the old Germany of my youth, the hills and the streams and the green and gold forests. A land of forests, a race of the woodlands. Elves with furry ears danced at night in the woods and whispered to sleeping mortals, and they woke and were haunted with forest dreams, with dreams and music. A simple race; joyous eaters, cordial drinkers; something akin to the brutes at bottom; but when the moon shone and the great trees trembled softly through all their leaves, then their hearts were melted, and wonder was born in them, and the oldest thoughts in the world flowed fresh from their mouths in music.

SOCRATES. Barbarians, it seems, of the milder sort.

HEINE. Ah, Socrates, mild no longer. For this folk has been bitten and poisoned. Those woods hold not only the green elves, but in every cave lurk and glare the spectacl'd eyes of a professor.

SOCRATES. A professor? Is that a dangerous animal?

HEINE. The most dangerous of animals, Socrates. The pedant is ferocious by nature. From him as from the brutes is withheld the divine gift of laughter. The world to him is but the stinking trail that his nose follows, and one grotesque theory that a breath of fresh air would blow away is more to him than the sun and the stars. I fought to free my country from the professors, but in vain.

SOCRATES. But these professors will not triumph in the end.

HEINE. You have not heard the worst. Scratch a pedant and you find a sentimentalist.

SOCRATES. What is a sentimentalist?

HEINE. One who is afraid of the truth and hugs the darkness in himself. And the sentimentalist in action is blood-thirsty, filled with the rage of the mediocre and the cruelty of the weak. The day of dissertations is over, the day of action has arrived. In every German cupboard is a uniform.

In a twinkling the professor turns drill-sergeant, a bulk in buttons and helmet. The officers strut, the sergeants swear, the people tramp. In all the world they see nothing but themselves—ten times larger than life.

SOCRATES. You make my flesh creep. And surely now I smell something—a smell as of sulphur and blood. Can it be one of those dangerous animals you speak of coming here?

HEINE. A candidate for the felicity of disillusion!

(Amid the sound of an explosion BOMBASTES appears, with sword drawn, battle-stained and excited.)

SOCRATES. What a terrifying apparition!

BOMBASTES. Forward, swine! Where are the enemy? *(He looks round dazed.)* That confounded shell burst right at my ear. Or is it the wine, that good Burgundy? *(Seeing SOCRATES and shaking him.)* Thunder and lightning, is it the Zabern cobbler? Where are my men? out with it quick!

HEINE (*coming forward*). This is the other world.

BOMBASTES (*with profound disgust*). Civilians! —Not a gun to be heard! Who are you? What trickery——

HEINE. We of the other world have the honour to salute you.

BOMBASTES. There is no other world. I have said it.

HEINE. In this world, when you have said a thing three times it is not always true.

SOCRATES. Do not provoke him; this person is alarming.

BOMBASTES (*with a grand gesture*). There is no other world. There is no . . .

HEINE. A little doubt arrives?

SOCRATES. Doubt is the beginning of wisdom—— He becomes a little calmer.

HEINE. You will learn in time. You will learn much. This is the really interesting world.

BOMBASTES (*still dazed*). So?

HEINE. Permit me to introduce you. Socrates of Athens—Bombastes of Brandenburg.

BOMBASTES (*affronted, though mechanically clicking his heels*). Bombastes?

HEINE. The wielder of bombs, the modern Jupiter!

BOMBASTES (*pacified*). Our German bombs are indeed excellent.

HEINE. Like the rain, that falls on the just and the unjust. And so fired with the Prussian genius that they destroy beauty of their own accord. Aimed at a fortress, they fly straight to a cathedral.

BOMBASTES (*who has been staring at SOCRATES*). So this is Socrates the philosopher. We Germans, you must know, are the greatest of philosophers. You Greeks did a little in your time, you prepared the way for us——

SOCRATES. You shall teach me, Bombastes. I am always glad to learn.

BOMBASTES. What do you do here?

SOCRATES. We learn the truth.

BOMBASTES. Only that?

SOCRATES. The truth about ourselves, and

about the world. An absorbing occupation. It takes a long time, and is usually rather painful. It is like a slow dawn that gradually lights us up, and we see how small we were. Yet some—just a few—find themselves greater than they knew. And the things we did are burned into us, and we know what we might have done.

HEINE. Yes, Bombastes, we are all found out.

SOCRATES. Illusions are dear, we cling to them long.

HEINE. And the disillusion that were sometimes even dearer.

BOMBASTES. Then our good German truth will prevail at last over the lies of our enemies.

SOCRATES. Pardon me. The truth that is German is no doubt the best, but we poor folk have to be content with the truth that is merely true.

BOMBASTES. It is the same thing.

SOCRATES. I always loved learning, Bombastes, and I feel I am to learn from you, for your helmet is worthy of Pallas Athene. Only the brave can bear the truth, and I see you are a brave

man. Come now, you are fresh from glorious deeds. Tell me——

BOMBASTES. Glorious indeed! An insolent little state, called Belgium——

HEINE. Caesar found it troublesome, I remember.

BOMBASTES. An insolent little state dared sacrilegiously to oppose our heroic armies. These little states exist but on sufferance. What right have they to say Yes or No? The world is for the great and the strong.

SOCRATES. And justice?

BOMBASTES. Is the will of the stronger.

SOCRATES. I seem to have heard that before. You would say, then, that size is the measure of greatness?

HEINE. Oh, Socrates, forbear. This asking of inconvenient questions——

SOCRATES. Yes, I bored the Athenians with my questions, that is why they made me drink hemlock. They could not endure to be bored. But, Bombastes——

HEINE. You need not ask. He is telling you.

BOMBASTES. Force, I say, and the will to use force to the uttermost, that is the one truth and the only reality. You, Socrates, I remember, were a citizen of a small state, a mere city and a very talkative city. You could not know.

SOCRATES. Then Germany is the strongest of all the nations.

BOMBASTES. The only strong nation. The most powerful nation, the most resolute, the most learned, the most enlightened. The world is for Germany, and by force she will impose her enlightenment, her arts, her freedom on it.

SOCRATES. Happy world! Truly happy! Hark, do I not hear a murmur of rejoicing borne to us from earth even here?

HEINE. To me it sounds rather like groaning and wailing.

BOMBASTES. Benighted fools! They oppose us. It is incredible, but they resist.

SOCRATES. Man is a creature born perverse.

BOMBASTES. With masterly hand we sow

quarrels and discord among the nations. The races they oppress, already inflamed by admirable pamphlets, written in the proper languages, and distributed by our agents, will run to taste the blessings of our German freedom. Meanwhile we have the biggest guns. Our cannon are colossal. Resistance is vain.

SOCRATES. It is thus, then, that the world is enlightened ?

HEINE. Enlightened indeed !

BOMBASTES. Yes, the whole world shall recognize that we are the most conscientious as the most intellectual of peoples ; in our mailed fist we carry the standard of the noblest morality. When with Siegfried-arm we have struck out and the world is at our feet, then our professors will explain.

SOCRATES. Professors ! But Heine here tells me that professors are dangerous animals.

BOMBASTES. Heine ! The Jew, the renegade, the Paris refugee ! It is he ? This is a plot, a conspiracy. You baldhead that call yourself

Socrates, I believe you are the cobbler of Zabern after all. You are laughing at me, both of you.

SOCRATES. We are infinitely serious, I assure you.

BOMBASTES. You are going to laugh at me. I see it in your faces. It is an insult to this sacred uniform. Reptiles, I will teach you how we deal with such rabble.

*(He lunges with his sword at HEINE.
The sword crumples up in his hand.)*

HEINE. Is a smile permitted?

BOMBASTES. Damnation!—I will not soil myself by chastising you. Civilians!

HEINE. We were soldiers too.

BOMBASTES. Soldiers! Food for powder! What war, then, did you fight in?

HEINE. In the liberation war of humanity.

BOMBASTES. Journalists' cant.

HEINE. It is true we were always defeated.

BOMBASTES. I should think so.

HEINE. But the victory goes on, though we died.

BOMBASTES (*stamping*). Are there no police here? These talkers should be clapped in prison. (*Fuming up and down.*) It is intolerable the impudence of these civilians. They even treacherously take weapons to shoot at armed men, a thousand times their number.

HEINE. O grossly disrespectful!

BOMBASTES. Our glorious Zeppelins, inflated with German genius, fabulously costly, colossal, sailing with eagle pride over land and sea, even on these a miserable civilian, afraid for his wretched roof, has dared to fire. Well may it be said, the age of chivalry is over!

HEINE. Here comes one who can tell you of chivalry,—Bayard, the chevalier without fear and without reproach.

BOMBASTES. At last a soldier!

(BAYARD *enters*. *His eyes are fixed on certain SHADES who begin to appear from the background; French and Belgian old men, women, and children, dishevelled, with torn clothing and the*

marks of murder on them. Some cling together, immobile with terror at the sight of BOMBASTES; others draw themselves up with proud defiance, others wander with dazed looks. BAYARD moves slowly towards them. They remain mute. The mothers draw their children to them, distrustful of the sight of men.)

HEINE. Chevalier! . . . But who are these? New apparitions from the world of the slain? One would think they had lost their way. What a darkness is in their eyes!

BOMBASTES (*turning round*). Do you follow me here, vermin? Must we exterminate you twice?

HEINE. Chevalier, behold the conqueror and the conquered. Behold Europe's modern hero; the flower of a great nation. It is a flower with an odour of blood.

BAYARD (*deeply moved, to the SHADES*). My children!

BOMBASTES. They presumed to defend their homes, such was their base treachery ; and they were righteously punished.

BAYARD (*ignoring him*). My children. You suffered, you bled, you were tortured, you were trodden down and slain. But yours is the victory. Even now in the hearts of your sons and your brothers you breathe invincible ardour. The fields of France and Flanders are red with a glory that is yours. Courage ! Truth is here.

BOMBASTES. War is war.

BAYARD. And beasts are beasts, but men are men. I fought for France. I fought with brave men, sword to sword. We made no war on women and on children. But now it seems the victors butcher, and applaud themselves for butchery.

BOMBASTES. My heart bleeds for the victims. Truly generous is the German soul. But humanitarian sentiments must yield to the necessity of war. There, he who would be truly merciful must show no mercy. He must strike

down all in his path with the hammer of Thor. Your age of Paladins is over. This is the age of science. France has grown effete, luxurious, pitiful. We Germans alone, the sons of Odin, grasping in firm hand the torch of science, have dared to face reality. We alone dare to be sincere, and make war with ruthless will. It is inexorable Nature that cries, Woe to the vanquished !

BAYARD (*turning for the first time to BOMBASTES*).
Woe to the conqueror rather !

HEINE. Which has he bought dearer, the tears of men and women or the laughter of the Gods ?

BOMBASTES. What, are we to forgo the spoils and the reward of all our sacrifices ? We too have suffered, not as casual victims, but as heroes who knew and braved the worst, prodigal of our utmost efforts because our purpose was of steel, sacrificing all with clear eyes to the sublime will of the State.

BAYARD. We know of no State here. There are but men and women. In all the world there are but men and women. You too are but a man,

though you have forgotten it. You have made an idol of your State to be a traitor to your kind.

(BAYARD *passes out.*)

BOMBASTES (*roaring*). A traitor, I? A puny Frenchman dares to say it!

HEINE. It is time to escape. Now he will explode like one of his beloved bombs. (*Passes out with SOCRATES.*)

BOMBASTES. Traitor! These are the traitors. Miscreants, hirelings of the hypocrite England—England clutching her money-bags in terror of the German name and egging on the world to strike us in the back. England, the detestable, the arch-traitor.

Q. ELIZABETH (*entering, with alert firm steps*). Who speaks of England?

BOMBASTES. I spit upon her name. Civilization disowns her. What woman are you?

Q. ELIZABETH. England's sometime queen. So this is our new Spaniard, but without the Spaniard's manners, it appears. What, then, are England's crimes?

BOMBASTES. The colony-snatcher, dead to every sentiment of honour, mean, calculating, covetous, cold! We hate her, we hate England with our very souls. Our very greetings to each other are a curse on England. Treacherously she seizes our commerce, inhumanly she blockades our coasts and seeks to starve our noble, our highly-educated population.

Q. ELIZABETH. And what will you do to England, O most magnanimous people?

BOMBASTES. We will seize her colonies, we will sink her merchant ships at sight, we will starve her out, the land of cowards.

Q. ELIZABETH. You follow where she leads the way. Fie, to ape inhuman cowards!

BOMBASTES. When the Fatherland is in danger, all is permitted. Away with moral superstitions! Ah, when we get there, when London shrieks and is in flames! We have foreseen everything. Our German organization is irresistible. Neatly, with the fire-engines of the English, we shall pump petroleum into their homes. To warm

one's hands at the blaze, to shoot them down as they run screaming like rabbits from their houses ! We will kill, kill, kill ; we will destroy everything, everything.

Q. ELIZABETH. Fee, fi, fo, fum. This is a pretty devil, to button itself in a panoply of all the virtues. Were we on earth again, I would box those big ears^s of yours, woman as I am.

BOMBASTES. In my country we listen not to women. When the officer walks the pavement women must take the gutter. What right has England to complain ? The bones of a single German soldier are worth more than all this British Empire. Empire ! An Empire is built of blood and iron. This thing they call an empire, scattered over the globe, without logic, without organization, we will break it in our German hands, we the world-hammers on the anvil of destiny. It transgresses every rule laid down by our professors ; it has no right to exist. We forbid its existence.

Q. ELIZABETH. The things that grow

outlast the things that are built. My adventurers sowed the seeds, and while we slept a great tree branched abroad.

BOMBASTES. Robbers ! But we will take it all ; we will rule it as it should be ruled. Everywhere shall our iron heel be pressed. We will impose on it at last our glorious German freedom.

Q. ELIZABETH. What a plague of big words has this monster got ! Terrify me not with spiked helmet and moustachios : there is a man somewhere within, behind these mouthings—just a man, if we could prick him. A man that has to learn and to unlearn. England has learned and unlearned. The waves and the winds have taught her. Does the sailor who learns to outface the storms set his ignorant will against the ocean ? Does he destroy to subdue, or forbid the winds to blow against him ?

BOMBASTES. I talk of men, not wind and water.

Q. ELIZABETH. The race of men are as

the sea-streams—turbulent, alive. As the captain makes the will of the wind his own, so must he who would be master of men. Free men only are worth the leading. Learn of the sea, our rough cradle, the most glorious of English graves.

BOMBASTES. Ha, ha! England grasps the trident, but we will wrest it from her feeble hand. Then she will use a different speech; then will she learn the way of the true conqueror.

Q. ELIZABETH. The destiny of conquerors is noble, but it is not to conquer; it is to provoke the spirit of the free, and kindle them to burning.

BOMBASTES. What do you know of conquerors, woman of England? We, the race of heroes, will destroy you with the fierce blast of our hate. We hate with a holy hatred.

Q. ELIZABETH. Hate is but rubbish here; the world's old rubbish.

BOMBASTES. Nothing shall tear this hate from me. It is in the violent beat of this heart: it is our health, our blood.

Q. ELIZABETH. Hate is for fools. Would you stick your head in a sack and stumble in darkness? then hate your fill. For he who hates understands nothing: he cannot even see the one he hates. You will be late in learning, but you will learn at last. Here in the Shades we see, we have no need to hate.

BOMBASTES. I will hate, I will hate to the end.

Q. ELIZABETH. Poor conqueror! Having seized all the virtues and the arts, you would conquer truth too.

BOMBASTES. Sublime ambition! To conquer truth! The last and most splendid of all the German conquests! To conquer truth and make it German. To sweep through the Shades—thus!

Q. ELIZABETH. Fill your mouth, strike your attitudes. Be sublime, while you may. (*She passes on.*)

(HEINE and SOCRATES re-enter.)

HEINE. Not yet exploded? Is he turned to stone? Alas, how like a German statue!

(BOMBASTES, *still fixed in heroic attitude, seems to turn pale and shiver. A child stares up at him.*)

CHILD. Why does the big Boche tremble? Is he afraid of us?

SOCRATES. A child's eyes are like the truth. It is the truth he is beginning to see. And truth sometimes is terrible. But it will be a long time before he sees it all.

HEINE. A long, long time. Unfortunate Bombastes! Already his own deeds begin to appear before him, one after one, the deeds he gloried in: not as they used to appear, dazzling in haloes of argument and saluted with boasts and applause, but naked and small and ugly, and stale and evil-smelling. The dawn of the drunkard! It is no use to shut your eyes, Bombastes. Truth is truth, and must be faced. It is your soul that is invaded now. The menacing helmet that made fat grocers in the café quake like a blanc-mange lest they should offend you by their existence; the sabre whose rattlings sent exquisite thrills of

blood-thirstiness down the spines of black-coated professors ; the uniform, sacred insignia of almightiness ; even that splendour of stupidity against which the Gods strove in vain,—you will be despoiled of all, Bombastes. And he who comes cannot be killed, cannot be escaped. He will stand in your eyes for ever, you will see him clearer and clearer. He is yourself, Bombastes, your very self. Your victims are avenged.

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THE EASTERN QUESTION

EUROPE has never been without an 'Eastern Question' of some kind. The division between East and West is a very ancient one, and wherever such a division exists there must necessarily be a wide debatable land in which there will be interaction or conflict political, social, and religious. At times some powerful political organization, such as the Roman Empire, or a unifying spiritual force, such as Christianity, may impose peace on this debatable land and encourage a period of fruitful intercourse between the two 'civilizations', to use a convenient though a dangerous word. At other times, as for instance during the wars between Greece and Persia, at the time of the great Mahometan attack, or during the Crusades, East and West have been in violent spiritual and military conflict. The frontier has naturally shifted backwards and forwards, and it is difficult at any given moment to say where Europe ends and Asia begins. At all times there has been much that is Asiatic about the eastern part of the 'Europe' of our maps, and in the Middle Ages the frontier of Latin Christendom, of those countries whose religious life had its centre in Rome, was in many respects the boundary of Europe. In the south the Eastern Empire, that is to say that eastern half of the old Roman Empire which had its capital at Constantinople, tended to become more 'oriental' as time went on; and in the north there was a great difference between the Russians, who had been converted to Christianity by missionaries from Con-

stantinople, and the Poles, who owed religious obedience to Rome. This Asiatic character of eastern Europe was naturally intensified when in the thirteenth century the Mongols, a people who had come originally from northern China, conquered and settled in Russia, and when in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Ottoman Turks became the masters of the Balkan Peninsula and of many lands to the north of it. At the close of the Middle Ages, therefore, and for the two centuries that followed, the 'Eastern Question' was concerned with the Turks, their victories and their defeats. In the eighteenth century a new power appeared in the North, Russia, still in many respects oriental in character, but prepared and anxious to carry on with the now pacific and weakening Turkish Empire an uninterrupted struggle for the mastery of the East. Thus in the nineteenth century the Eastern Question was concerned with the relations between Russia and Turkey, as well as with the internal condition of those two empires. So matters stood in 1912; then suddenly with the first Balkan war and the driving back of the Turks to the region of Constantinople the whole problem was changed. The Turks seemed to be practically obliterated, the antagonism between the rival Christian nationalities that had once been under Turkish rule was raised to fever-heat, and, most ominous change of all, the danger of foreign intervention became acute. Hitherto it had been the aim of England and France, and indeed of all lovers of peace, to isolate the storm region in South-east Europe, to promote either better government under the Turks or to see that what they lost should be gained by the small Christian states and not by any of the Great Powers. Thus would both the peace of Europe be secured and the independence of small states. For the moment this policy was successful. The Turkish

spoils were divided between Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia, and the Great Powers looked on. Austria did, indeed, insist on the preservation of Albanian independence in order to limit Servia on the west ; but the proposal was in itself perfectly reasonable, though no doubt difficult to carry out, and it met with general agreement. Unfortunately that victory of peaceful diplomacy was not to be lasting. The racial quarrels within the old Turkish frontiers merged into a wider movement which extended far beyond the Balkan Peninsula, the Servian question passed into the Southern Slav question, and the diplomatic barriers which had been set up round the storm region were swept away. Russia and Austria came into the conflict and the world was ablaze. It would be absurd to say that Servia is the *cause* of the War ; that cause is to be found in much more far-reaching antagonisms, but it cannot be denied that it was the Eastern Question, in this its most recent phase, that provided the spark. That evil spirit which had so troubled our fathers, and which was thought to be finally laid when the Christians of Europe had been emancipated from the Turk, suddenly reappeared once more in fatal conspiracy with German war-policy.

These few words of introduction show how great is the part played in this Eastern Question by 'races', 'racial movements', and 'racial problems', and before describing the conditions in south-eastern Europe it is essential to turn for a moment to the meaning of this word, 'race'. It represents obviously enough certain broad distinctions between men. An Englishman, for instance, is in a number of ways unlike an Italian. But when we try to obtain an accurate definition we find that the term is elusive. What exactly is the Anglo-Saxon race ? Does it include the Scotch or the Irish ? If we make

'race' simply a matter of hereditary descent then English, Scotch, and Irish are all mixed races, and the 'Anglo-Saxon' race seems to vanish altogether. In order to get a clearer definition it is not uncommon to make language the test of race. Yet this is a most untrustworthy test. Men with very different racial characteristics often speak the same language. In any case it will tend very much to clearness of thought if we make a distinction between 'race' and 'nationality'. The latter term should be kept for the description of a definite body of people, large enough to be to some extent self-sufficient, who have a permanent wish to be united in a political community. Race, language, religion, past history, geographical position—all these bonds of union will help to produce the state of mind which makes a nationality, but they should not be confused with it. Thus the Swiss are a nation because they desire to be united politically. This desire they have in spite of the absence of nearly all the ties mentioned above; and it should be respected by other nations. In other words 'nationality' is a question of human will and desire, 'race' is one of hereditary descent or physical characteristics.

Now during the last hundred years race and language have had more influence on nationality than they have ever had before. In the eighteenth century, for instance, political and racial divisions cut across each other in many directions, and the French Revolution took no account of race. But in the nineteenth century the principle that populations of the same race and language should be politically united and independent gradually came to be recognized as almost self-evident. It became, in fact, one of the most powerful political forces of the century, breaking some states to pieces and building

up others. Its triumph, however, has not been without danger. In the earlier stages 'oppressed nationalities' naturally attracted sympathy; but in time nationalities, once they had grown powerful, proved that they too could be both oppressive and warlike, and they added racial bitterness to oppression and to war. It is not altogether an advantage that the wars of races have taken the place of the wars of kings. Again, race instead of being recognized simply as one of the sources of national feeling has been put in its place, physical characteristics have been preferred to human will and political loyalty. The people of Alsace, in spite of being German by descent, were enthusiastically attached to France; Germany, however, maintained that she had the 'right' to compel them to become Germans mentally as well as physically. To-day, too, there are many Germans who claim Holland and the Flemish parts of Belgium because the people in those countries are of Teutonic stock. We should not, therefore, be too ready to accept racial similarity as the basis of territorial rearrangements. Each case must be examined on its own merits. It is, indeed, quite possible that political systems which can link together different races, as the British Empire does, may prove a greater benefit to mankind than those in which political divisions are deepened by racial exclusiveness.

The Balkan Peninsula, to which we must now return, is a country where races were numerous and contentious even before the coming of the Turk; yet the share of these Turks in the Eastern Question has long been so predominant, and their power is still so much alive, that it is natural to begin with them.

The Ottoman Turks were a branch of a people who in the eleventh century had migrated from central into

western Asia, and who, though for a time driven back by the Crusades, settled down permanently in Syria and Asia Minor. This westward movement the Ottomans resumed once more in the fourteenth century. They crossed into Europe and rapidly extended their conquests over the greater part of the Balkan Peninsula. They owed their success to fine military qualities, to the mutual antagonisms between the small Christian states with whom they came into contact, and to the absence of any substantial or enduring resistance from the nations of the west. In 1453 Constantinople, and with it the last fragment of the Eastern Empire, fell into Turkish hands and became the capital of constantly expanding dominions. The great Sultans of the sixteenth century exercised a real, if unequal, authority over south-eastern Europe, western Asia, and northern Africa. Even as late as 1683 the Turks were knocking at the gates of Vienna. From that moment their decline was rapid, and they lost much territory in central Europe; but at the beginning of the nineteenth century the Turkish Empire still nominally included the whole of the Balkan Peninsula south of the Carpathians, and it had lost little in Asia or Africa. The ties which kept these scattered provinces together were religious and military. The immense majority of the Sultan's subjects were Mahometans, and amongst them, as amongst most Eastern peoples, patriotism is mainly religious. Acceptance of the Moslem religion overrides, to a degree astonishing to us, every distinction of colour, race, or class. A pure-blooded Turk who is as white as any European is prepared to treat a Mahometan negro on lines of absolute equality. Religion, too, as in mediaeval Europe, entered into everyday life, into the legal system, into military service, and into the political and social organization.

It is indeed hard to think of any tie but religion which could bind together the many peoples and races, Berber, Egyptian, Arab, Syrian, Albanian, and Turk, which made up the Mahometan part of the Empire. This religious bond was strengthened by the fact that since 1517 the Sultans have been recognized as Caliphs by the larger of the two sects into which the Moslem world is divided. The Caliph is to some extent looked upon as the successor of the Prophet, though it is doubtful what authority the Sultan could exercise as Caliph beyond his own political dominions.

The government of the Turkish Empire was entirely oriental. The Sultan was supreme within the limits allowed him by Moslem religious law ; and under him the governors whom he set over the different provinces were uncontrolled except by their fear of the Sultan, their fear of rebellion, and the strength of custom. A strong governor would sometimes make himself practically independent, and the Sultan might have to encourage a local rebellion in order to secure his fall. There was nothing corresponding to a legislature, nothing like a modern administrative system. Taxation was haphazard and primitive in its methods, and the property of individuals but very ill protected against the illegal exactions of the governor or his agents. Under such a system there was almost unlimited scope for personal tyranny, but there was none of that steady administrative pressure which a modern government can bring to bear upon a population. A bad governor might cause a great deal of suffering to his subjects, but he could effect no permanent change in their thoughts or their manner of living.

It is not easy for the West to understand the East. We may, therefore, easily exaggerate the evils of oriental

government. Much depended on the personal character of the ruler. Life and property were insecure: the economic development of the country, and the establishment of much that we know as civilization, was therefore impossible. Yet the supreme test of a government is the type of character which it produces or allows to develop. Judged by this standard the East has a strong defence. Few Europeans have acquired a knowledge of Eastern peoples without doing justice to many admirable qualities. Nor would it be easy to say whether, on the whole, there is more happiness in the East or the West. Many of the worst moral and social evils which are the fruit of our economic conditions are absent in a simpler society where family life is very vigorous and men are content to live as their fathers lived before them. Though every European who has lived in the East realizes the necessity of many practical reforms, few would wish to see a wholesale introduction of Western civilization. It is evident, however, that such a system will be least successful where the bond of 'religious patriotism' is absent; and the government by the Turks of their Christian subjects became a difficult problem as soon as Turkey began to lose her prestige as one of the great military Powers of the world. It then became possible for foreign Powers to interfere in the internal government of Turkey, and to encourage resistance. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the Turk was considered the 'sick man' of Europe, and that his speedy death was prophesied at intervals throughout the nineteenth century. It must be remembered, however, that his authority did not rest simply on his military power: no authority can do so for any length of time. It depended on the fact that, however bad his government might seem from a Western point of

view, it had at least the saving virtue of not interfering with the national habits and ideas of the different Christian peoples. No effort was made, even in the days when Turkish military power was unquestioned, to 'assimilate', to use government pressure in order to change the character of a people. On the contrary, the Turks, while treating the Christians as inferiors, still recognized their religion, their language, and even their corporate organization. Thus Bulgarian and Greek villages were able to live side by side and to preserve their national life in a manner which has been impossible since Turkish rule has been removed. Nor is it fair to account for this toleration by a cunning policy of strengthening Turkish authority by dividing its adversaries: for the Turks acted in this manner in the days of their strength as well as in the days of their weakness. It is rather to be explained by the oriental character of Turkish rule and their familiarity with the idea of political organizations based on religion.

The Turks, perhaps unfortunately for them, were not content to remain oriental. Throughout the last century there was a movement among them in favour of introducing European reforms. Some of these, such as the military reforms of Mahmoud II, were essential to the existence of Turkey; others were obvious practical reforms, such as the regular payment of officials. There were other changes more distinctively Western, such as the introduction of European education and dress, and attempts to imitate Western political institutions. This movement culminated in the 'Young Turkish' revolution of 1908. It was brought about by the impossible government of the late Sultan, who had set all the educated classes, whether Turkish or Christian, against him; and at first the 'Young Turks' included, besides others,

much of what was best in Turkey. After a time, however, the worst elements in the party began to prevail. These were partially westernized individuals who had often lived in European capitals and had, in any case, lost all respect for the religion and the practices of their own people—men, in a word, who illustrate the difficulty of combining East and West without loss of character. The constitution which the Young Turks set up was intended to conciliate the Christians, and it succeeded at first, but not for long; while, on the other hand, the army was revolutionized and weakened. The Balkan States saw their opportunity; and they succeeded, much to the surprise of Europe, in both forming a League and defeating the Turks. The Young Turkish party still appears to prevail at Constantinople, but it is to be hoped that its place may soon be taken by men who are better representatives of the good qualities of the Turkish race.

Without good qualities the Turks could not possibly have kept even elementary order in the Balkan Peninsula. It is a patchwork of rival nationalities, a population amongst whom a genuine love of fighting and an astonishing courage are found combined with a remarkable capacity for hatred and cruelty. The second Balkan war showed that these passionate little peoples could attack one another more fiercely than they had fought their old Moslem masters.

The relative positions of the Balkan States will be best studied in the map, but it must be remembered that so-called racial maps record the frontiers not of race but of language, and that in many districts, especially in Macedonia, such maps are of no value at all, since the races were inextricably mixed up with one another. Since the recent wars migration and massacre have considerably simplified these racial puzzles.

Of all the Christian populations of the Peninsula the Greeks are by far the most numerous. The old Greek stock has been mingled with many of the races which at different times have visited the country ; but, whatever their origin, the modern Greeks form a very distinct nationality, and they speak a language which, thanks to a modern classical revival, is very like ancient Greek. They played a great part in the old Turkish Empire ; for besides peopling Greece and the islands with a hardy and primitive population, they were scattered through all the towns and became successful merchants and administrators. The Turk has never taken kindly to any profession except those of the farmer and the soldier, and he was glad to use for all kinds of official work the Greek, whose military incapacity he despised. The Greeks were the first among the Christian races to secure the complete independence of at least a portion of their race. This success they won in 1828. They owed it more particularly to the indomitable perseverance of the semi-barbarous peasantry and islanders ; but since those heroic days it is the urban and educated Greek who has become the most characteristic type. The Greeks, too, controlled the ecclesiastical organization of the Christian subjects of Turkey. The immense majority of these belonged to the orthodox Greek Church, and its head was the Patriarch at Constantinople. The Turks, who were themselves organized on a religious basis, recognized the authority of the Patriarch and bishops over their flocks ; and all members of the Orthodox Church ; whatever their race, were habitually known as Greeks, just as all Moslems were called Turks. It was only by degrees, during the course of the nineteenth century, that the other Christian populations of Turkey, Servian, Roumanian, and Bulgarian, emancipated themselves from

this Greek rule. After the formation of the kingdom of Greece a very considerable Greek population still remained subject to the Turk. They were to be found particularly in Salonica, Constantinople, and all the coast towns round the Aegean Sea. They formed, too, the majority of the population in most of the islands; and in Crete, where they have preserved the vigour with the barbarity of the heroic days, they have steadily destroyed or pushed out the Turkish minority. On the mainland they have been more peaceful. They challenged the Turks indeed in 1897, but with very unfortunate results. They are very successful traders, and they have devoted much care and money to education. They are great politicians, but their politics have not got a good reputation. In the recent Balkan wars the Greeks fought much better than in 1897, but they had to meet neither the best Turkish nor the best Bulgarian troops. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that they destroyed Bulgarian villages and their inhabitants in a cold-blooded manner and, apparently, with the deliberate purpose of claiming the districts as entirely Greek. Since Greece was the only Power which possessed a fleet she was able to secure a large share in the spoils of these wars. Salonica fell to her lot with 17,000 square miles of territory, and in addition to this a number of islands. For the present the appetite of Greece is probably satisfied, though she is doubtless allowing her semi-independent guerillas to invade southern Albania. Her main preoccupation must be to keep what she has recently acquired, and she probably looks for danger from two quarters, either from the buying or the building of a fleet by the Turks or from a Bulgarian revival. In the first case her newly acquired islands and her own coasts would be exposed, and in the second she might easily

lose some of her Macedonian conquests. We may hope that with enlarged territories and new responsibilities the Greeks may bring into their political life a dignity, a reserve, and an honesty which have hitherto been lacking; but in any case the Greek of the future is not likely to emulate the Greek of ancient days. It is no discredit to them to say that whatever may happen their great achievements lie behind them in the past.

It is the future which we instinctively think of when we turn to any section of the Slav race. The Slavs are the most numerous race in Europe. Out of a population of some 400,000,000 over 150,000,000 speak one of the numerous Slavonic languages. They are not recent immigrants into Europe. There is evidence of their existence, at least in the neighbourhood of the Danube, very early in our era. Their movements in the sixth and seventh centuries are on record. They are, therefore, an ancient as well as a very numerous race. Yet they seem to have profited neither by numbers nor time. Numbers should have meant power, and time brings opportunities for rule. As a matter of fact Slav 'empires' of considerable extent have from time to time come into being in different portions of the vast Slav lands. But they have never lasted more than a few generations. Russia is the one exception, and even in Russia there is hardly as yet a stable political organization. In the last century, however, there was much stirring among the Slavs. Russians, Poles, and Bohemians have in very different ways borne witness to the vitality of the race. It is difficult not to believe that they will play a very much greater part in the political history of the future. The most southern of all the Slav populations is to be found in south-eastern Europe occupying a

wide belt of country roughly speaking between the Danube and the Drave on the north-east, and the Adriatic on the south-west. The south-eastern half of this district is inhabited by the Servians; north-west of them come the Croatians, and finally a small Slav people, with whom we are not concerned, the Slovenes. East and partly south of the Servians are the Bulgarians, a people who speak a Slavonic language and have long been considered Slavs; but they are not Slavs by origin, and they will be dealt with later on. The Servians have been, on the whole, one of the more backward of the Slav peoples, though they had a brief period of glory in the fourteenth century, not long before their conquest by the Turks. They were often restive under Turkish rule, but rarely successful. A considerable number of Servians became Moslems. The first step towards their independence was made in 1812 with Russian help, and in 1878 the Kingdom of Servia secured its complete independence. It did not, however, include all the Servians. Austria was allowed to occupy the large province of Bosnia, and many Servians remained under direct Turkish rule. There was also the little principality of Montenegro established in a rugged and mountainous district not far from the Adriatic and peopled by men of Servian race. It had never owed much more than a nominal allegiance to the Turks, and for generations the Montenegrins carried on a ruthless vendetta warfare with their neighbours the Albanians. They too owed their independence in the nineteenth century to Russian patronage.

As a result of these territorial arrangements Servia became the centre of a movement for a 'Greater Servia'. Her ambition was to include within her frontiers all the people of her race. In the past Servia had often been

helped by Austrians against the Turks, but now Austria became the enemy because she occupied Bosnia, territory claimed by Serbia, and because it was known that many Austrians hoped, if the Turkish Empire broke up, to push the Austrian dominions right down to the sea at Salonica. These territorial ambitions Serbia only very partially satisfied after the two Balkan wars of 1912, the first against the Turks, the second against Bulgaria. To her original 3,000,000 inhabitants she added 1,700,000 more, but she was cut off from the Adriatic by Albania, and from the Aegean by the Greeks at Salonica, while Bosnia still remained in Austrian hands. The Serbian problem is, however, still further complicated by its relations with Croatia. The Croats dwell to the north and north-west of Serbia and Bosnia. They are closely allied to them, but they are a more educated and developed people. Most of them never came under the Turkish yoke, and they have long been members of the Austria-Hungarian Empire. Now it must be remembered that Austria-Hungary is a 'Dual Monarchy', that Austria proper and Hungary are almost separate countries. They have, for instance, distinct legislatures sitting in different capitals, Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The Croats are in the Hungarian part of the Dual Monarchy, and ever since the beginning of the Slav revival in the middle of the last century there has been almost uninterrupted friction between Croat and Hungarian. Of recent years the struggle between the two peoples has increased in intensity. Serbia has naturally endeavoured to profit by this movement and to include Croatia in her schemes for a 'Greater Serbia'. The Servians are born fighters and make excellent soldiers, but they have had in the past an unhappy fondness for assassination and intrigue. The murder

of their late king and queen was creditable neither to the army nor to the people. There can be no doubt that there was an extensive Servian movement within the borders of the Austrian dominions, a 'South Slav danger' threatening both Austria and Hungary, and all the more serious because of the known and natural sympathy between Russia and Servia. Unfortunately the Austro-Hungarian Governments have proved entirely incapable of dealing with this problem and finding any peaceful solution. The Archduke who was recently murdered had, indeed, been endeavouring to reconcile Austrians and Slavs by sacrificing Hungary. His plan was to separate the Slav districts from Hungary and to give them 'Home Rule'. This policy was opposed by the anti-Slav party at Vienna, by the Hungarians, who would lose a considerable province, and by Servians who hoped to unite to Servia the discontented Slavs under Austro-Hungarian rule. After the murder of the Archduke all idea of conciliation was abandoned, and both Austria and Hungary decided for war.

East of Servia, south of the Danube, is Bulgaria. The Bulgarian people seem to have come into Europe with the Huns. They were not Slavs, and spoke a language which did not belong to the European family of languages. Their original home probably lay in the plains north of the Caspian and farther east. Very soon, however, they acquired the language and many of the characteristics of the Slavs whom they conquered, and until the present day they have generally been spoken of as Slavs. Their recent war with the Servians has now revived these almost prehistoric distinctions. At different epochs during the Middle Ages the Bulgarians were the prevailing power in the Balkans, masters of the Slavs, and even at times the successful antagonists of Constantinople. After

the Turkish conquest they suffered an extraordinary eclipse. From a military point of view they were completely under Turkish control, and in other matters Greek influence prevailed entirely over Bulgarian. The ecclesiastical organization was Greek, Greek was the language of all the educated classes. Englishmen traversing the country in the first half of the last century spoke of the people as if they were all Greeks. Slowly, however, the Bulgarian nationality reasserted itself, especially after the Crimean War. By 1870 they had secured ecclesiastical self-government, and five years later they rebelled, largely in response to a Russian propaganda, against the Turks. That revolt was put down in a way which won for the Turks an unenviable notoriety, though recent events both in the Balkan Peninsula and elsewhere have shown that 'atrocities' are no Turkish monopoly. The Bulgarian revolt was followed by a Russian war on Turkey in 1877-8, and the victory of Russia led to the formation of the Bulgarian State. It consisted of the district between the Danube and the Balkans, with a semi-attached province south of the Balkans, a province which was definitely united to Bulgaria a few years later. This new principality was still nominally under Turkish suzerainty, and remained so till 1908, but its chief ambition was to extend itself to the Aegean and to include the districts where Bulgarian villages were to be found, though they might be mixed up with a Greek or a Turkish population.

The history of Bulgaria has been a very stormy one. Though the people owed much to the Russians they dreaded from the first the influence of Russia. On the one hand, Russian propagandism was carried on with extraordinary thoroughness; on the other, the Bulgarian Government fought hard for its independence. The

first Bulgarian Prince, Alexander of Battenberg, was kidnapped by the Russian party, and the strong-willed minister who ruled during the first years of the present sovereign was murdered. Recently the Bulgarian Government appears to have come more under Russian influence, and there is little doubt that the Balkan League which was formed by Ferdinand of Bulgaria against Turkey has secured at least the diplomatic support of Russia. In the war which followed the Bulgarians showed great military efficiency and were unexpectedly successful. Unfortunately for themselves, in a moment of madness they challenged their recent allies, suffered a series of defeats, and lost some of their conquests both on the western and their eastern frontiers. They are considered by many, however, to be the most progressive and the most efficient of the Balkan States, and their friends maintain that when they have recovered from the consequences of defeat and repaired their resources, they will once more endeavour to secure a predominant position in the Peninsula.

The most northerly of the states that were included a century ago in the Turkish Empire is Roumania. The name was originally given to the language spoken by the inhabitants. The people themselves were generally known as Vlachs, and the country consisted of two principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia ; they were currently spoken of as the ' Danubian Principalities'. The language is a Latin language, derived like Italian or French from the popular Latin of the Roman Empire. Considering, however, that what we now call Roumania lay right in the path of so many invasions from the east, of Goths, of Huns, of Slavs, and of other races who poured into the Roman Empire, it is extremely unlikely that the Roumanians represent the old inhabitants of

the Roman Province. They must be a very mixed race. During the period of Turkish supremacy the Principalities were never for long under direct Turkish rule, but normally enjoyed pretty complete autonomy. They suffered, however, very seriously from the Turco-Russian wars which began with Peter the Great and continued intermittently during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Russia exercised certain rights of Protectorate over them, and after 1859 the two principalities were united and called Roumania. In 1866 they elected as their Prince a member of the younger branch of the royal Prussian family, and in 1878 after the Turkish war, in which the Roumanians gave very valuable help to Russia, they secured their complete and formal independence of Turkey. Three years later their Prince took the title of King. The geographical position of Roumania makes it necessarily the most pacific of the Balkan States. Every disturbance of the *status quo* in the Balkans, anything which tends to weaken the separate states renders more likely a Russian intervention, and from such an intervention Roumania would be the first to suffer. She succeeded in almost entirely keeping out of the recent Balkan wars, though, in the interests of peace, she helped to bring about the surrender of Bulgaria. The Roumanians give the impression, therefore, of being the most 'western', the least 'barbaric' of this extraordinary group of little states. Like her sister states, however, Roumania has her national ambitions. Across the Carpathians, under Hungarian rule, live some three million Roumanians who would probably be willing enough to join their kinsfolk on the east. There are also little settlements of Vlachs scattered about the hills of the Balkan Peninsula itself, quiet folk without national

ambitions, as a rule, who got on very well with the Turks and were allowed by them to live in their own way. They will no doubt obtain more regular government but less toleration from their new Servian or Greek masters.

There remains yet another Balkan race, and that the oldest of all. The Albanians, who have been already mentioned as in a sense 'Turks' because they are mostly Moslems, are almost certainly the descendants of the tribes who occupied the same country in Roman times, and they may go back to very much earlier days. Securely established in their very inaccessible hills, they have watched many invaders come and go. The Turks never really conquered them, and they became Moslems chiefly that they might take part in the Turkish campaigns in central Europe. Besides the Mahometan Albanians in the centre, there are Catholic Albanians in the north, close to Montenegro, and Greek Albanians in the south, who are now included in the Greek kingdom.

Even this superficial survey of the Balkan Peninsula as it was in the past century will show that the task of maintaining law and order was one that would have taxed the resources, whether moral or material, of any government. The establishment by 1878 of the states of Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria diminished the responsibilities of the central government, but even then there remained Greeks, Servians, and Bulgarians under Turkish rule. These were constantly being encouraged by their independent kinsfolk to rise against the Turks and to struggle with one another. Nor were the reforms which the European Powers recommended and which the Sultan sometimes adopted of much avail, for the good government of Turkey was not at all to the interest of the Christian states. Each nationality was

working for its own independence and supremacy, not for a law and order which should be common to all.

Under such conditions it would not have been wonderful if from merely internal reasons European Turkey had become a scene of confusion and smouldering revolt. As a matter of fact, however, foreign intervention has been continually at hand to add to the confusion, and at times the Eastern Question seemed to be narrowed down to a struggle between Russia and Turkey. They were the two great antagonists in the East, and the weaker Turkey becomes the greater is the share which Russia will have in the ultimate solution. It is therefore more than ever essential to understand something of the character and aims of Russia.

It is difficult enough to describe briefly the character of any country, however compact and constant; but what can be said of Russia, a country which covers enormous spaces, includes numerous races, contains classes in very different stages of mental and social development, and where, for the last ten years, a revolution has been in progress, partly violent, partly peaceful, which must necessarily affect the character both of the people and of the state? The only possible course is to describe Russia as she was in the nineteenth century, and then to suggest the direction in which changes may tend.

Russia till the close of the seventeenth century may be described, for the sake of brevity, as an 'oriental' state. The process of bringing her into 'Europe' was begun by Peter the Great and it continued fitfully during the eighteenth century, a time which was passed in alternating periods of Western influence and Russian nationalist reaction. During the later years of the century the work of Peter was carried on with extraordinary

success by Catherine II, a masterful woman born of a small German princely family. She understood better than any native Russian sovereign the national sentiments of the Russian people, while she carried out the policy of a great and unscrupulous European Power. The Napoleonic wars left Russia the predominant power on the Continent, and on the whole she maintained that position till near the end of the nineteenth century. The Crimean War was really a drawn battle which did not diminish her prestige. But though Russia was so important a European Power, she was still very unique in character. From a political point of view her population consisted of two very distinct classes. The mass of the people were still very oriental. They consisted then, as they consist now, of peasants to whom religion is really the chief foundation of the State. This vast peasant state was governed by an official class, centralized and autocratic. At its head were some of the ablest statesmen in Europe—few of them were in fact Russians by birth. The chief foreign minister from the time of Napoleon to the Crimean War could not even talk Russian. Between these intelligent, all-powerful officials and the mass of the population there was no intermediate middle class. There were indeed many men and women who had received a Western education in the Universities, people who combined knowledge and high intellectual endowments with something of the primitive Russian sentiments and passions. It was from among these 'intellectuals', as they are sometimes called, that the great novelists came, men who are among the princes in the world of European letters; it is among them too that most of the anarchists have been found. This class indeed, both on account of its passionate and unpractical character, and because of its want of contact

with the peasants, was not able seriously to control the official class. The result was a system of government tyrannous in many of its features to an extent incredible in the West. It was not till 1905 that some of the most elementary principles of religious freedom were admitted by the Russian state. Autocratic government at home was accompanied by a policy of systematic expansion abroad. To such an extent has this policy been successful that a little state, whose name was hardly known at the end of the seventeenth century, included two centuries later one-seventh of the land surface of the globe.

How far this policy of conquest was in accordance with the wishes of the Russian people it is difficult to say, but there can be no doubt that one of the forms which it took, conquest from the Turks, was profoundly popular. To the Russian people the Turkish war was the renewal of the Crusade, the manifest task of Holy Russia : to the statesmen and officials it meant a stage on the road to Constantinople and the Mediterranean. So throughout the nineteenth century the Turkish war continued uninterruptedly in its many shapes and forms. Sometimes it was direct conquest and annexation that was aimed at ; sometimes, as before the Crimean War, Russia tried to control Turkey by securing rights of protection over her Christian subjects ; sometimes, as in the last years of the century, she exercised what was practically a protectorate over the Turkish government itself. In all this policy Russia has had three difficulties to face : first, the military power of the Turks which ought to have been successful in 1829, which did succeed in 1854, and which was near success in 1877 ; secondly, the suspicion with which she was regarded by the Christian peoples in the Balkan Peninsula ; and thirdly, the opposition of

the Western Powers, though the importance of the help which they gave the Turks has been much exaggerated.

If the nineteenth-century policy of Russia can be described very broadly, and neglecting for the moment the reforms of Alexander II, as one of systematic expansion abroad and systematic repression at home, what are we to look forward to in the twentieth? It must be admitted, to begin with, that the high hopes with which the Russian Revolution of 1905 was greeted have not been fulfilled. Revolution has been followed by reaction, though the reaction has never been complete. The essentials of a representative system remain, though legislative power is still in the hands of the Emperor. Underlying this progress is an economic change. The growth of industry is gradually forming a middle class, and, considering what enormous undeveloped forces Russia controls, industry is certain to continue growing. At the same time the beginnings of constitutional liberty, the development of municipal government, and the many efforts made to deal with rural and other problems—all these forms of political and social activity will help to bring the educated classes, the 'intellectuals', into closer touch with the realities of political life, and to give them more sense of responsibility.

Amongst the most immediate consequences of the Revolution of 1905 were the restoration of autonomy to Finland and the grant of some measure of Home Rule to Poland, concessions which were withdrawn when the reaction prevailed at Petrograd. Should Russia, after this war, succeed in uniting under her suzerainty the three parts of divided Poland, the autonomy which has been promised the Poles will become a practical necessity, and the reconciliation between Pole and Russian ought

to change entirely the character of Russian rule ; it should mean the weakening of the central bureaucracy and a tendency towards a federal system. What has been granted to Poland and Finland will be demanded, though no doubt to a lesser extent, by South Russia. Indeed it is obvious that in a country so vast, so heterogeneous as Russia, decentralization is the first condition of any real constitutional progress. Reconciliation with Poland will also modify at once the relations between Russia and the other Slav peoples beyond her frontiers. A loose federal connexion with the Balkan States would be accepted by people who would look upon the supremacy of the old Russian Government in that Peninsula as in every way disastrous. It is at least conceivable that the great Slav movement of the future may be made compatible with the independence of other nations both great and small through this federal solution. A loose federal union between all the English-speaking peoples would not be a danger to the world ; but their formation into a strong centralized and military state would be regarded as an intolerable menace.

A change such as has been suggested in the character of the Russian state would probably modify at once her foreign policy. She has possessions so vast and so undeveloped that expansion, even from the most selfish motives, can hardly be desirable. It will be said, however, that she will still demand 'blue water' and a Mediterranean port, will still want the 'keys of her house', the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Constantinople is indeed a position of great value to an aggressive state. Though it is not as important as it was in the days when politics were European only, and the chief export of wheat came from the Black Sea ports, a strong military power at that incomparable meeting-place of

seas and continents would change at once the whole situation in the Balkans and in Asia Minor; while Constantinople as a naval base would threaten every Mediterranean Power. Should Russia, however, content herself with a policy of peace and development the present situation offers her many advantages. For the last two centuries the Turks have fought none but defensive wars. Constantinople could therefore hardly be in more inoffensive keeping. The trade of Russia has an absolutely safe and free passage through the Straits, while the closing of the Dardanelles to ships of war secures the Black Sea coasts of Russia from attack.

However summary may have been this attempt to survey the conditions and the problems of Eastern Europe, it is clear that after the present war the Eastern Question will be one of absorbing interest. The fate of the Christian nationalities of the south-east and the relations between Christian and Moslem, between West and East, will still be in the balance. If the Allies win it is obvious that the solution of these problems will depend most of all on the character and conduct of Russia, and we have very good reason to hope that when the Slav comes to his own he will show in his political conduct that appreciation of moral forces which in very different ways has distinguished both the man of letters and the peasant.

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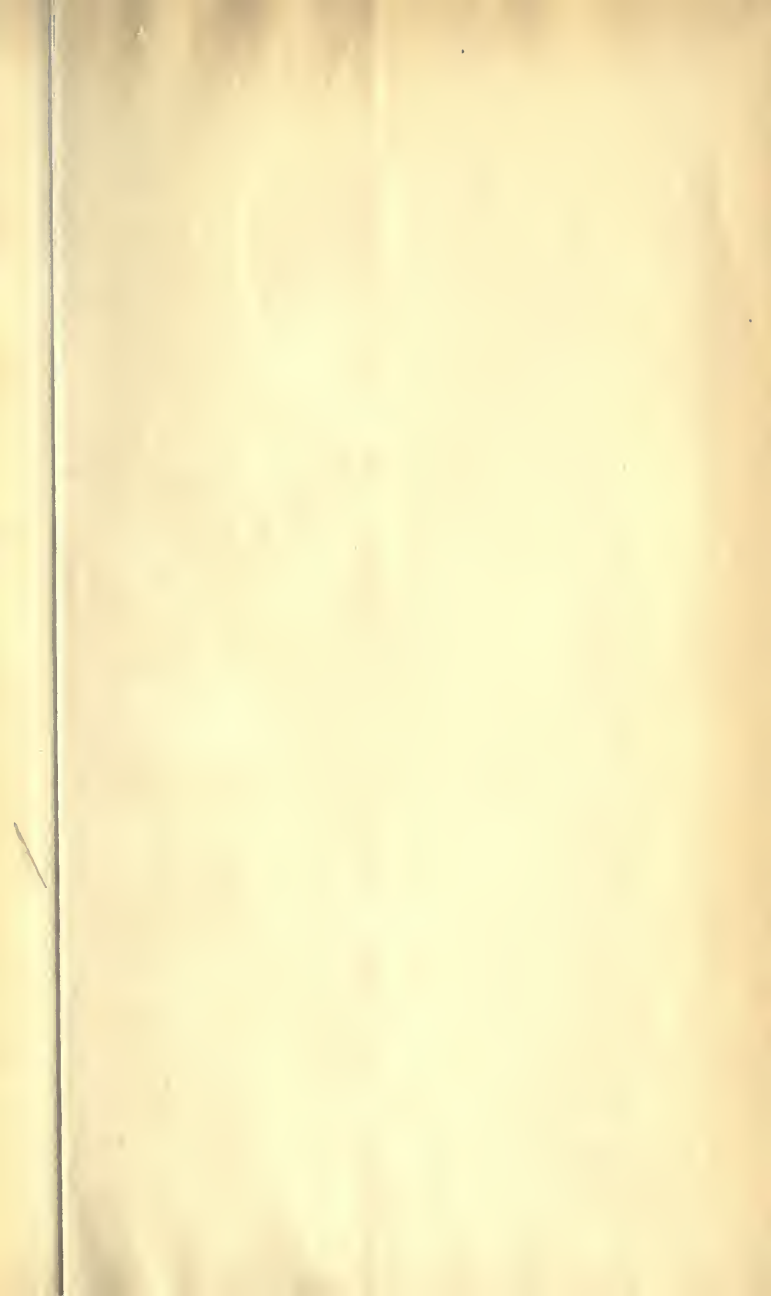
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I have also the pleasure to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

[Name]
[Address]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

[Name]
[Address]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

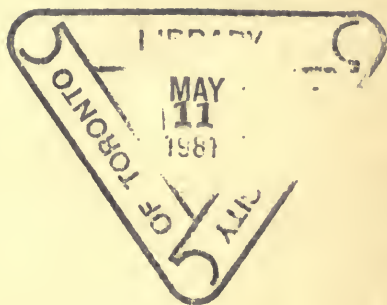
[Name]
[Address]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

[Name]
[Address]



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